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ONE DOLLAR AUGUST 7, 1978

NEW YORK

AUG 2 1978

The Case of the Murderous Mother-in-Law

By Philip Nobile

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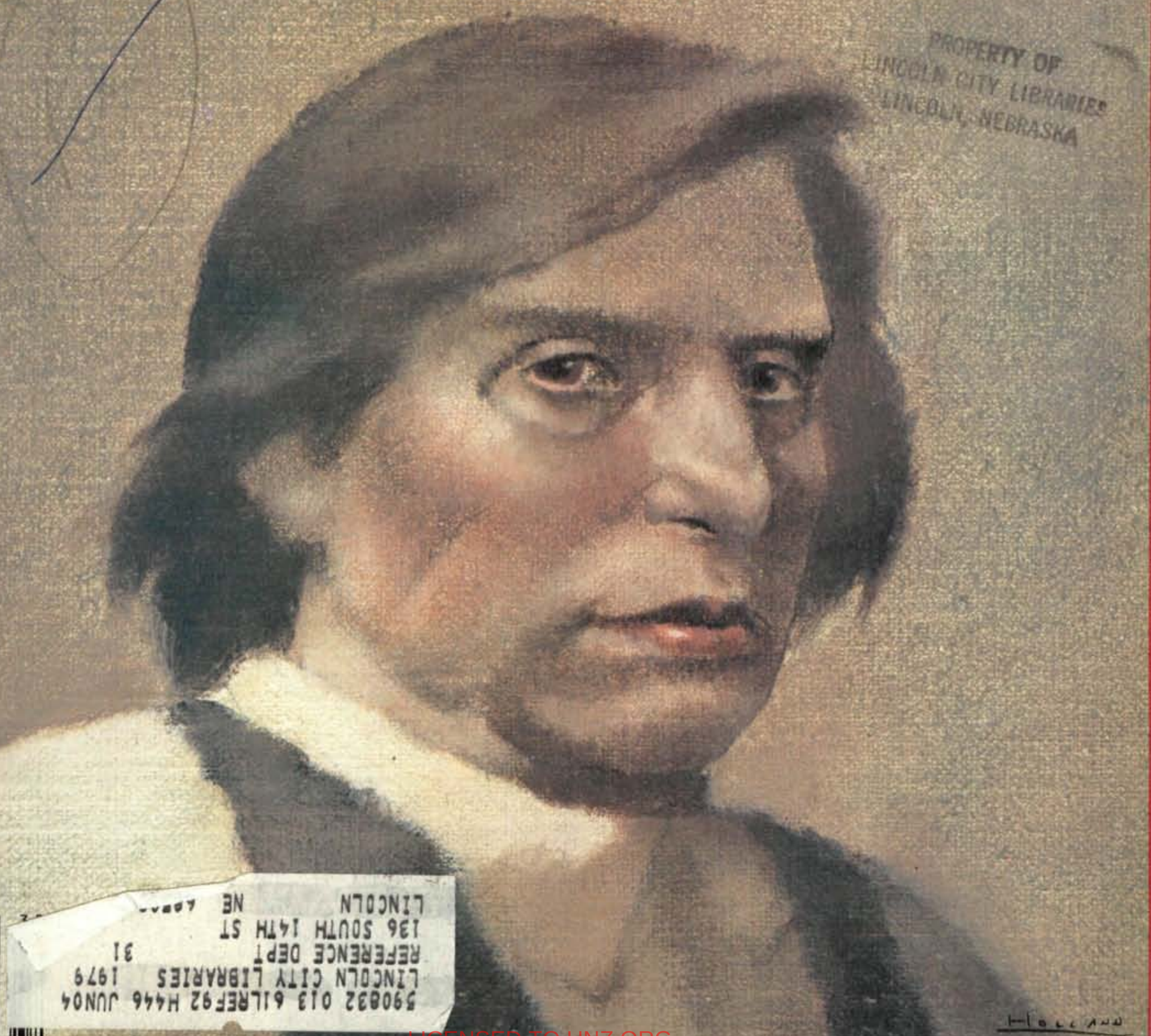

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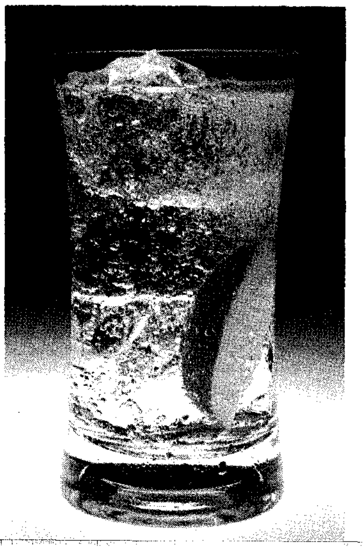

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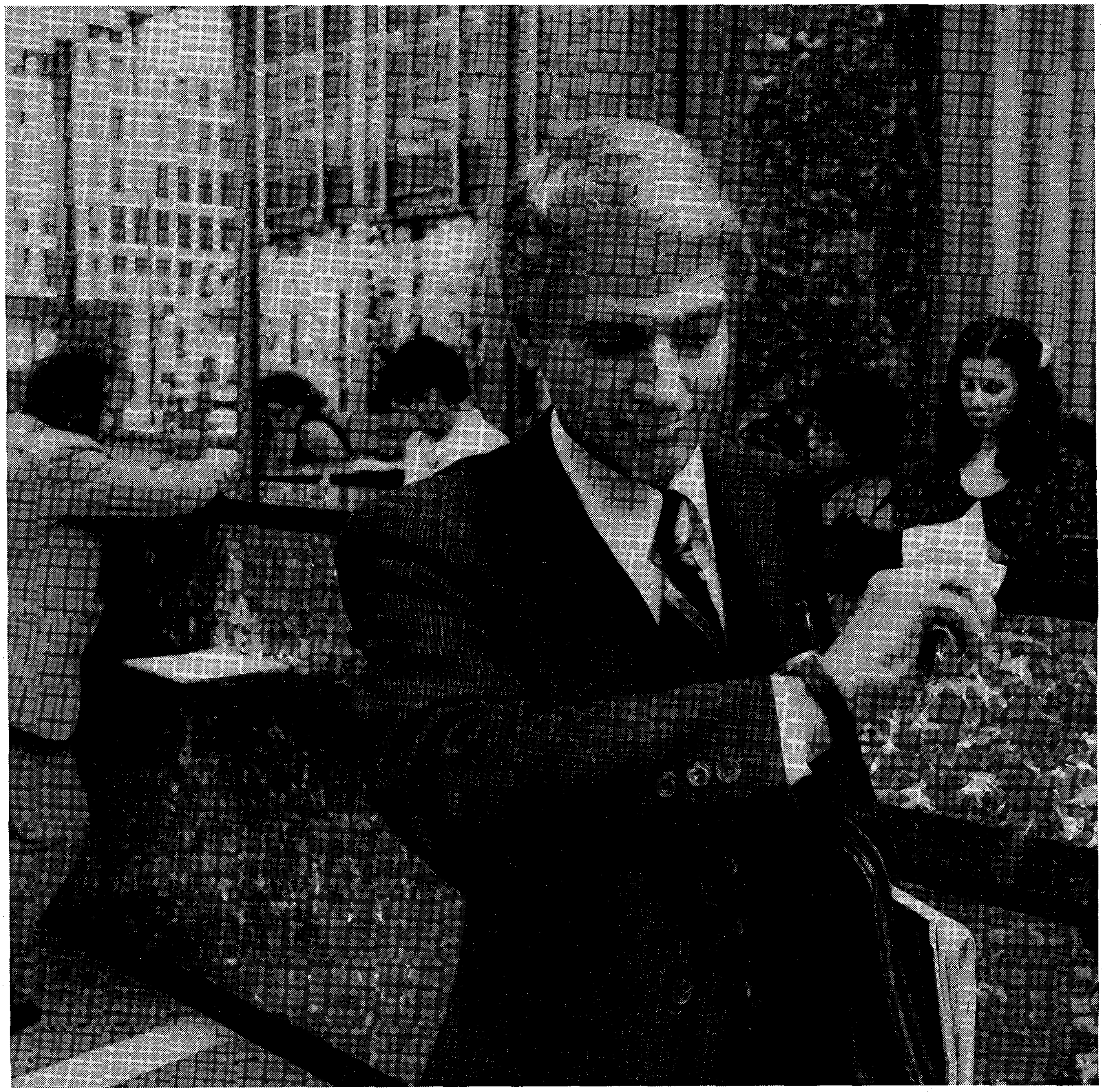

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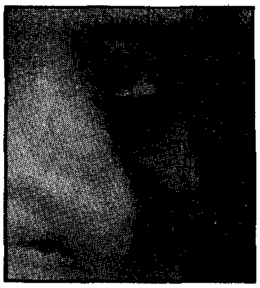

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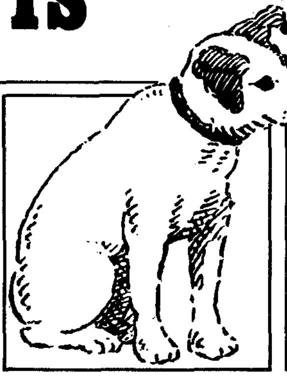

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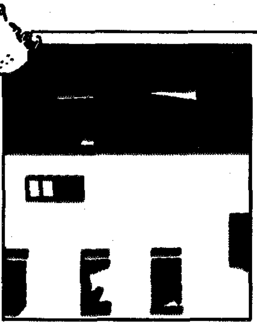

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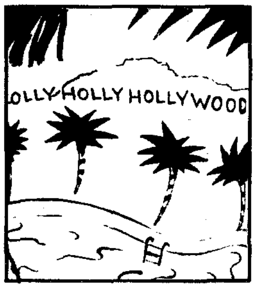

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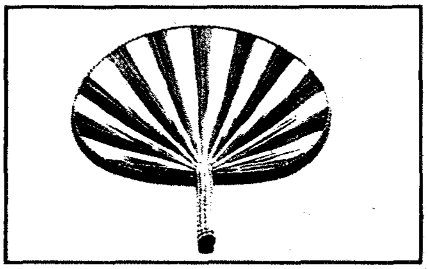
MISCELLANY



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LETTERS

Central Park Safety

I am truly dismayed at some of the inflammatory, unsubstantiated, and obviously biased comments in Doug Ireland's article on the Ramble ["Rendezvous in the Ramble," July 24]. In his attempt to portray the homosexual element in a sympathetic light, he has deliberately allowed Central Park to resemble a jungle, with savages running amok and the police not only unable to cope with the situation but siding with the attackers.

He speaks of off-duty cops fag bashing—how easy for any man not in uniform to claim that identity. He tells of police harassing gays or, worst of all, a patrolman saying, "Serves you right, faggot." Why were not their shield numbers or names, both highly visible, reported to authorities, even anonymously?

How dangerous for the public to have their confidence in those who protect them undermined by such scurrilous and unfounded accusations! I cannot imagine Mr. Ireland accepting such unsubstantiated attacks if he or one of the candidates he worked for were the subject of such an article.

The Central Park Precinct Community Council has always been cognizant of the dedication, concern, and high caliber of performance our police officers render in making the park a safe area for all citizens. Because of their efforts, lives have been saved, laws have been maintained, crimes have been prevented, assistance has been given, and order has prevailed.

In order to maintain a positive sense of accomplishment, a police officer needs to know he has the support and gratitude of the community he serves, not unfounded abuse and malevolence.

Brenda Gustin
Chairman, Central Park
Precinct Community Council
Manhattan

The author replies: Obviously Ms. Gustin failed to grasp one of the main points of my article—that the discrimination and hostility which gay people feel directed against them every day makes them afraid of the consequences of living open lives. When one considers that the physical expression of affection between two people of the same sex is a crime, it is possible to see why gay people find it difficult to see police as friends and protectors. Unfortunately, there *is* a great deal of anti-homosexual sentiment in the police force: Just days ago, as the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association picketed City Hall, the demonstrating police chanted, "If we were gay, we'd get our pay." As to fag bashing by off-duty policemen, I have had several such incidents—relayed in locker-room boasts—described to me by a gay cop who is a longtime acquaintance of mine. The psychology of homophobia that impels such acts is brilliantly evoked by Jimmy Breslin in his police novel, *World Without End, Amen*, in which there is a chapter describing just such an incident.

I was careful to point out the difference between the friendly attitude of neighborhood gays toward the 20th Precinct, which covers Central Park West bordering the Ramble, and the absence of protection and the abuse gays report from the Central Park precinct. Perhaps that is because the 20th's constituency is a neighborhood where people have identities, while the park precinct's territory is frequented by the transient visitor—and many of those sometime park users are desperate to preserve their anonymity.

Our police deserve commendation for the swift arrest of suspects in these latest beatings—as, indeed, I noted in my article. But a question the Community Council might consider is this: How are such attacks to be prevented in the future?

I applaud Doug Ireland's "Rendezvous in the Ramble."

The blatant discrimination against gays in the area of police protection is shameful. The time is long overdue for the removal of sodomy laws and concentration of police work on the crimes that have victims.

Catherine Davis
Queens

The Taxi Take

I want to thank you for your excellent piece on the New York taxi industry ["New York Taxis: Too Much, Too Scary," by Mark Schorr, July 24]. As the son of a former taxi owner-driver and as a frequent consumer, I have heard stories of bribery and corruption at all levels in the taxi trade. Mr. Schorr only confirms what honest cabbies and their families have known for quite some time.

One point cannot be emphasized too strongly. The drivers of city taxicabs are clearly the chief victims of this corruption. Ultimately, it is they who must pay the bills to meet city regulations while being at the mercy of mechanics and inspectors whose chief interest is how much they can take under the table. If a corrupt system makes safe taxis uneconomical, it is the driver who is in constant peril during the twelve- or fourteen-hour day he must work in order to meet the exorbitant mortgage payments on the medallion. This is apart from the persistent threat of mugging or murder.

Furthermore, owner-drivers generally use their taxis for personal use as well, and in my experience, these vehicles tend to be far less shabby than fleet cabs. I'm sure that few fleet drivers would willingly chauffeur their families around in the death traps they themselves are forced to work in.

Ross M. Kleiman
Buffalo, New York

Burglar, Beware

I totally agree with R. V. Denenberg ["Dogs Are Going to the Law," July 24] that there is a problem with dog elimination, and I will pick up after mine without complaint. However, there is a benefit of dog ownership that your article didn't mention: *protection*.

After a series of robberies in my apartment complex, I asked the police why my apartment was untouched. They told me a robber would rather pass by an apartment that has a dog.

So, for someone living alone in New York City (and loving it), a dog is also protection and not just an emotional crutch.

Michele Chervin
Manhattan

Ammonia Ices

After reading "The Best Scoops in Town," by Florence Fabricant [July 10], my friends and I tried the Ice Palace at 38th Street and Third Avenue.

The cappuccino flavor was fine, as you said, but the Windex flavor, though novel, was not to our liking.

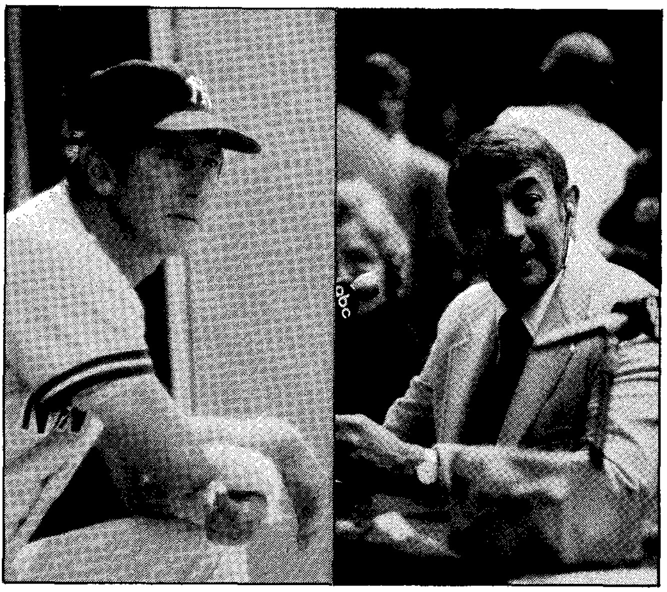
While we were dining, you see, the waitress was spraying the glass walls. She asked if that bothered us, and when we said yes she apologized and continued to spray.

If anyone would like to taste Windex ice cream, we know where to get it. But it's expensive.

Ernie Richstone
Manhattan

INTELLIGENCER

Martin Outfoxes Cosell Crew

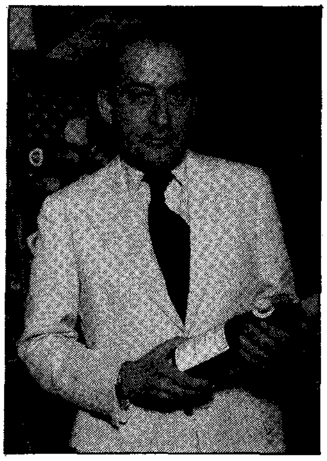


Billy, Howard: Waiting in park for exclusive that never came.

Even in his last tragic moments with the Yankees, Billy Martin didn't miss the chance to give Howard Cosell a shafting. During the drama in Kansas City, Cosell threw his arm around the Yankee manager's shoulders and murmured: "Billy, I need an exclusive." Martin replied: "Sure, Howard. I'll do it for you out at the ballpark." Cosell and his ABC crew jumped in their cars and headed for the park. The moment they were out of sight Martin began reading his resignation statement. Only CBS was there to record the incredible scene of the feisty little manager breaking down. Cosell and ABC were sitting smug in the ballpark, waiting for their exclusive, and NBC was nowhere to be found. When WCBS-TV's Jerry Nachman got another exclusive the following day—he was the only reporter to catch Martin coming through La Guardia—Roone Arledge, the ABC honcho who's so big in sports, went through the roof.

Put a Ford in Your Fingers

Is there life after divorce? Gian Carlo Uzielli, Anne Ford's ex, certainly thinks so. Handsome "Uzi" has a cute card he gives out to attractive young women. It reads: "Gian Carlo Honeyfingers Uzielli (formerly with Ford of Detroit) Unlicensed Masseur, Letta Me Fingras [sic] Doa da Walkin', Appointments Not Required, The Uzielli Studios or At Your Own Home." Uzielli, who's now busy preparing to open (on Columbus Day) his new Upper East Side restaurant, to be called "Uzi's," told us the cards were "a divorce gift from my friend Bartle Bull."



Uzielli: Card means business.

Down and Out on Wall Street

Phil LeVine, chairman of the board of the Better Broadway Association, has this great idea for cleaning the bums out of the theater district. "The thing is," said LeVine, at his Spindletop Restaurant, "that the bums scare people away. Busloads of visitors arrive to attend the theater and the first thing they see is drunks slumped in doorways. That's an awful first impression. What I have suggested to City Hall is that we send out a fleet of trucks or buses, round up the derelicts at six o'clock each night, and ship them to the Wall Street area. There's no one there at that hour to bother, or be bothered by, them." LeVine recalled the days when derelicts were rounded up and taken to city welfare centers on the Bowery. "But the centers are all but gone now and, anyway, the police don't want to do it. They get too much hassling from civil-liberties types."

ABC Wins Show From Channel 13

The powerful documentary *The Police Tapes* is finally to have a network airing, but no thanks to Channel 13. When Pam Hill, head of ABC documentaries, first tried to buy it she was rebuffed by Jay Iselin, president of WNET, even though his channel had no further plans for the show. It looked as if producers Alan and Susan Raymond were going to miss out on ABC's $12,000-odd (Channel 13 paid only $5,000 for the show) until Iselin was asked to examine his contract with them. He had owned only the non-commercial rights and had to eat crow. The show will be on ABC in September.

City Seeks Clean Garbage Firm

The Koch administration is now hard at work studying how to improve services. The one obvious area in which to start is the Sanitation Department. Plans are now afoot to select one area of the city and turn it over to private garbage contractors for a test period. The only problem, confides a City Hall source, is that staffers haven't yet been able to find a firm that isn't run by the Mafia.

Senator Pat Eyes White House Race

Moynihan: Gearing up for 1980.

Pat Moynihan makes it a little clearer every day that he's running for president. New York's junior senator is making himself available to all kinds of candidates of whom he approves (and even to some he doesn't see eye-to-eye with) as crowd puller and fund raiser. The other night at one rally, he beamed as the crowd chanted, "Moynihan for president! Moynihan for president!" He raised his hands and quieted the throng. "There'll be time for that later," he said, to cheering.

If You Can't Beat 'Em...

The *Daily News* made John Lindsay's life hell when he was mayor. Now his daughter Kathy has joined the *News* as a reporter. Unlike Caroline Kennedy, Kathy's a journalism grad.

BY NEAL TRAVIS

Photos: top left, Focus on Sports; right, Fred McDarrah; bottom, Robin Platzer

Rudi Caught on The Wrong Foot

Nureyev: Legging it to the Met.

Over at the Metropolitan the other evening there was some rustling in the audience when it was announced that, for "technical reasons," the curtain for Rudolf Nureyev's performance in *Giselle* would be delayed 30 minutes. The technical reasons, we're told, were that Rudi had overslept in his hotel after the matinee. Then, like any other New Yorker on a Saturday night, he couldn't get a cab when he needed it.

Aid Plan Can't Get off Ground

Jimmy Carter, looking for an issue he can win on, is determined to show that we mean business in Africa. Thus he had the State Department invite a delegation of pro-Western African military chiefs to the Military Airlift Command's Scott Air Force Base for a special computer simulation. The demonstration was supposed to show how American planes would fly support missions like those of the French and Belgium paratroops at Kolwezi.

When the African brass arrived, however, embarrassed MAC officials had to explain that the sophisticated computer-simulator was programmed only to handle airlifts to West Germany and South Korea. After several hours of watching print-outs showing how quickly we could get men into Frankfurt, the African officers departed, more worried than ever about the strength of the U.S. commitment to their continent.

Disputed Rothko Art on Show

We're finally going to see what the big Rothko art battle was all about. Mark Rothko's daughter, Kate Prizel, has just selected the Guggenheim Museum to mount the first retrospective of the great artist's work. The show will open in October and will include more than 200 of Rothko's paintings, some on loan from international galleries and many others from the estate. The estate paintings were the subject of a long, costly court war Rothko's daughter waged against the executors and the Marlborough Gallery. She won and got the paintings back and is now going to let the public see them.

Costume Party Leaves Him Cold

One person who wasn't overjoyed to read about that costume party Halston threw was David Mahoney, chief of the huge Norton Simon conglomerate. Norton Simon owns the Halston label (Mahoney's new wife, Hillie, even got married in a Halston). Mahoney is said to be quite upset at the coverage the party got. While Mahoney knows as well as anyone the value of publicity, the reports of Halston dancing in one of his own black, off-the-shoulder gowns is not thought by Mahoney to have been a sure-fire sales boost.

A Few Bruises Help the Image

Muhammad Ali's lecture agent, Richard Fulton, has a foot in another fight camp. Fulton has negotiated a hefty contract for Ken Norton's services in a series of print ads. The contract was signed before Norton fought Larry Holmes in Las Vegas for one version of the heavyweight title, but the sponsor wasn't at all worried about the outcome (Norton, of course, lost). After all, figured Blue Cross/Blue Shield, who makes a better spokesman for your medical services than a defeated heavyweight?

Lassie Won't Go to the Dogs

Lassie: Bone of contention—a doggy latrine at Manhattan Plaza.

Manhattan Plaza, the actors' and artists' apartment building, decided to mark the state's tough new canine-litter law by opening a dog latrine on the premises. The Plaza's public-relations firm, Gifford-Wallace, was looking around for a star to cut the ribbon and remembered that Lassie was in town to promote a new movie, *The Magic of Lassie.* They called Chuck Jones, the collie's agent, at Rogers & Cowan, and asked if Lassie would like to inaugurate the latrine. Chuck thought about it awhile, then declined because the job was "too political."

Publishing Notes From All Over

Robin Cook is one rich doctor. The man who got a $15,000 hardback advance for his first novel, *Coma,* just signed for $1 million with Putnam for his next two books. One is a mystery set in Egypt; the other, another medical thriller. Paperback and film rights to these two should easily double the hardback figure, says Cook's agent, Erica Spellman. Cook himself has given up his medical practice, but he still performs surgery twice a week and lectures in surgery at Harvard. . . . Television's Ed Newman, who has had two best-selling books on correct English usage, is now hammering out a novel with a TV background. He's carefully watching for clichés. . . . Otto Preminger will produce and direct the film of Graham Greene's big hit, *The Human Factor,* and while Tom Stoppard hammers out the script Otto's looking for the star. Alec Guinness appears to have the inside track. The other day the London *Observer* polled its readers on who should play the lead and came up with Guinness, Derek Jacobi (of TV's *I, Claudius*), Kenneth More, and Paul Scofield. . . . Robert Ward's very happy with the casting for the film of his book *Cattle Annie and Little Britches.* Big John Wayne has agreed to star in it for Alan King's production company. Ward's new novel, *Sandman,* is also being sought by Hollywood. It's about an anesthesiologist who murders his patients. . . . *Playboy* is excerpting a chunk of Jim Hougan's book *Spooks,* and to hype it along it leaked some of the material to the Washington *Post* (stuff about how Warren Burger helped Richard Nixon in his "war" on Aristotle Onassis). The *Post* mightn't have been so ready to play if it had seen another section in which author Hougan maintains that *Post* publisher Kay Graham hired her own "spooks" to break the 1976 strike against the *Post.* They were CIA veterans now working for a detective agency.

Photos: left, Sygma; right, Camera 5

The City Politic/Sidney Zion

IF FAIR IS FAIR, WHY ISN'T GRIFFIN BELL IN JAIL?

A Failure to Relate

If you can think about something that is related to something else without thinking about the thing to which it is related, then you have the legal mind. So said the late legal scholar Thomas Reed Powell a good many decades ago.

Recent events—ranging from the jailing of New York *Times* reporter M. A. Farber to the blocking by off-duty cops of *Daily News* trucks to Billy Martin's forced resignation—show that the "legal mind" is alive and well, and living even in heads that never saw the inside of a law school.

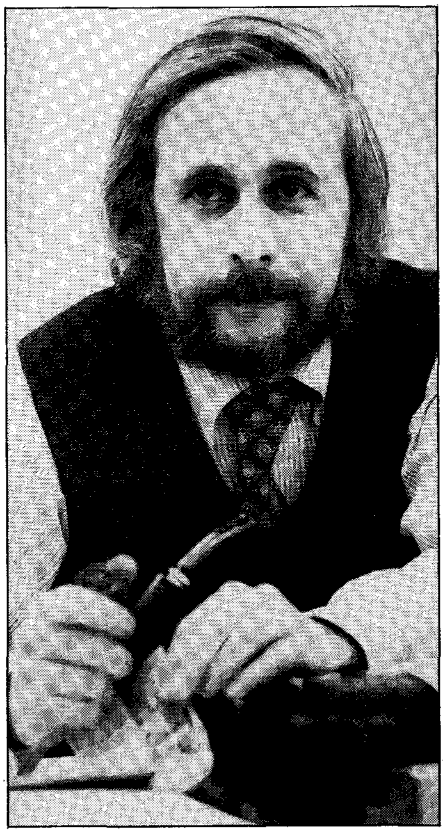
So, when a New Jersey judge sent Farber to jail the other day for refusing to turn over notes that would have revealed his sources in the celebrated "Dr. X" case, it seemed not to have occurred to anyone—publicly, at least—that the chief law-enforcement officer of the United States was still free.

Yet Attorney General Griffin Bell remains in contempt of a federal-court order to turn over the names of informers in a suit brought by the Socialist Workers party for alleged invasion of their civil and political rights.

Like Myron Farber, Bell contends that he cannot reveal his informants without losing credibility. Who will turn state's evidence, he asks, if law-enforcement officials must squeal on the squealers?

That is what Farber and the media ask, but consider the difference in result. Whereas Bell was quickly granted a judicial stay until the Supreme Court can decide the issue next term, Farber was committed to jail, denied an immediate appeal by the New Jersey Supreme Court, and at this writing is relegated to begging any U.S. Supreme Court justice he can find to give him a temporary stay.

If we think of the difference in constitutional status between Farber and Bell, this result becomes more incredible. Farber comes to court clothed with the First Amendment and the New Jersey shield law, which specifically protects reporters from revealing their confidential sources. Bell has no constitutional protection and no statutory support for his position. So Bell wins in a walk and Farber walks to the canister, while the "legal mind" skips merrily by the connection.



Unshielded: *The* Times's *M. A. Farber.*

If this was the most telling example of Powell's Law at work, in the Farber case, it was hardly the only one. Here, after all, was the state's attorney prosecuting a newspaperman—and a newspaper—for refusing to cooperate with a *defense* lawyer in a murder case.

Of course, as the issue was couched, the state's attorney was simply aiding the court in enforcing a judicial order. But during a recess in the Hackensack courthouse, I asked the deputy attorney general, Charles Buckley, whether he would be there if the defendant were a mafioso rather than a medical doctor.

"If that were the case," Buckley said with a laugh, "the contempt order would never have been issued. What judge would force a reporter to turn over his notes in a mob case?"

And what judge, in anything but a case involving a newsman, would ignore the plea of a defense lawyer to fine, rather than jail, a recalcitrant person?

Yet that is precisely what happened in the civil-contempt proceeding against Farber. Raymond Brown, who brought on the civil-contempt to force Farber to deliver his documents so that Brown could better defend his client, Dr. Mario Jascalevich—on trial for allegedly murdering several patients by injecting them with curare—told the judge "as a matter of personal conscience" he did not want Farber incarcerated.

To which Judge Theodore W. Trautwein replied: "I'm not asking your advice on sentencing."

Since Brown brought the civil-contempt—a procedure known as "in aid of litigant"—who is a better person to ask?

In criminal cases, when prosecutors recommend suspended sentences, judges almost invariably place the defendant on parole. But this connection did not seem to occur to Judge Trautwein and was not mentioned in the news stories or editorials, though the press itself was in the dock.

Nor was it pointed out that Farber, who was sentenced to the statutory limit of six months and $1,000 for criminal contempt and an indefinite jail term for civil contempt, was hit harder than many felons, who seldom get the maximum. And the same could be said for the *Times,* which was fined $100,000 on the criminal-contempt charge and $5,000 per day on civil contempt until it divulges Farber's files in its possession.

None of which is to downplay the difficult issues involved in the Farber-Jascalevich case. Indeed, it may be the most troublesome one ever in the Free Press–Fair Trial landscape.

Dr. Jascalevich is on trial for his life, and his contention that Farber crossed over the line and became part of the prosecution cannot simply be dismissed. But the atmosphere in the Hackensack courthouse the other day was so thick, so hotly anti-press, that it felt like a mob lynching of the First Amendment.

The antipathy of the legal establishment toward the media is an ancient one, but in the last few years it has taken on a new boldness. Spurred on by the Nixon court, which consciously or not has been acting the part of avenger for Tricky Dick, the judiciary has been doing things to the press that would have been considered unthinkable in the past.

More than a dozen newspapermen have been jailed since 1972 when the

Photo: N.Y. Times

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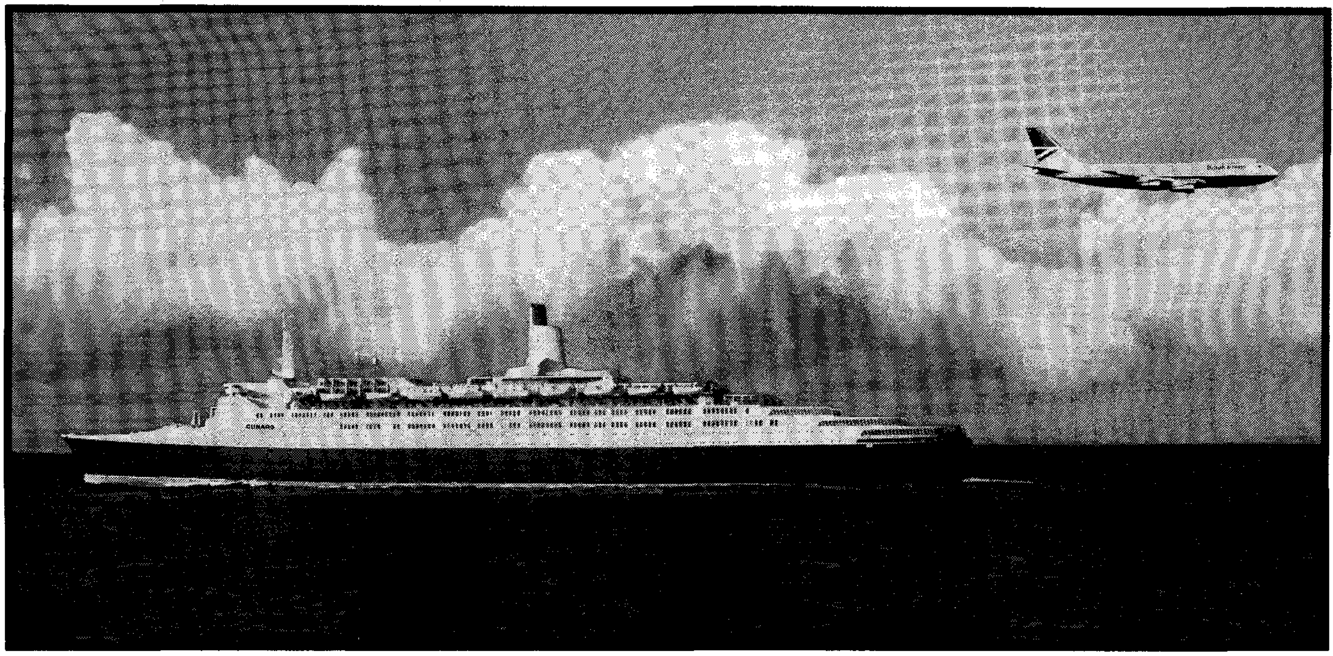

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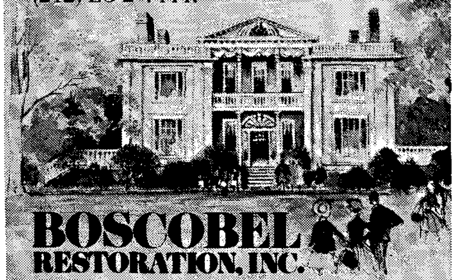

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high court ruled that the First Amendment did not insulate the press from pressure to reveal confidential sources. And as a result, 26 states have enacted shield laws to protect reporters from what everyone had previously thought they needed no protection from: the power of government to force them to choose between informing on their sources or going to jail.

But the courts have been niggardly, to say the least, in their readings of these shield laws. In Farber's case, for example, the Jersey judges have grafted onto the statute a requirement that the reporter show his notes to a judge *in camera* so that the judge may determine whether the shield law applies.

While this has its surface appeal to common sense—"How can we know if you have a privilege unless we see what you have?"—it is not in the statute, and it has a pragmatic impact that promises to destroy the statute.

Thus, if Farber were to turn over his notes to the court, the court would turn them over to the defense if it found them outside the protection of the shield law. The judge does not act as a mere stakeholder who reads the notes and then holds them until the upper courts decide he's correct; he becomes the final arbiter. Once he turns the notes over, the sources are blown. Moreover, given that the courts are a department of the government, the sources are really blown as soon as they are turned over to judges.

In any event, we have managed after all the lessons of Watergate to throw reporters into the slammer while the accused smile. If the Supreme Court had had its game together earlier, Woodward and Bernstein would have been in jail and Nixon in the White House.

If that's a scary thought, consider those New York cops who stopped the *Daily News* from delivering the other night because they didn't like the paper's editorial stance which opposed their labor demands.

This event was as close to Brownshirting as we have seen in this city, and yet it received minimal attention in the press. If you didn't read the *News*, you'd be hard-pressed to know it even happened. No arrests were made, and though the matter is apparently under investigation by the Police Department it looks very much like one of those things that will pass and be forgotten.

But imagine if those same cops had barricaded Gracie Mansion. Does anyone believe that Mayor Koch or the police commissioner would be satisfied with jawboning? It would be properly seen as an effort to destroy civilian control over the cops and would be dealt with accordingly.

Sources in the high command of the Police Department tell me that the off-duty cops who did the number on the *News* "wouldn't understand what we were talking about if we told them about the First Amendment."

That may be; after all, they don't seem to understand the rest of the Bill of Rights. But they do understand authority, and so it behooves the powers that be to let them know they can't get away with these assaults on our freedoms.

Unfortunately, they can hardly be said to have been taught that lesson when, a few hours after the outrage at the *News*, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association got what it wanted from the mayor. And the press, for the most part, kept its mouth shut.

Billy Martin, who never could keep *his* mouth shut and was accordingly made to resign, represents another example of Powell's Law.

Most of the media and virtually all of New York fandom have backed Martin against George Steinbrenner.

But who has made the necessary connections between Billy and his successor, Bob Lemon, between George and Bill Veeck?

Veeck discharged Lemon last month as manager of the Chicago White Sox for no better reason than that he wanted to jazz up the gate on the South Side by appointing a black, Larry Doby, as manager. Nobody said a harsh word against Veeck, though Lemon won 90 games for him last year with a team that had no pitching.

This year, with no hitting either, the Sox weren't doing so well, Veeck having lost his big busters to free-agentry. So Lemon gets the ax, Larry Doby keeps losing, and everybody loves Veeck the Wreck.

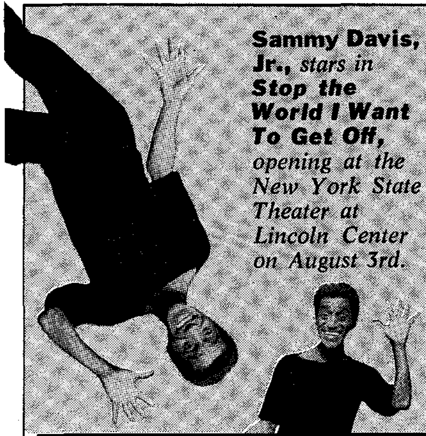
On the other hand, Steinbrenner brings a winner to New York and is consistently trashed for "interfering" with his manager, an interference which seems mainly to consist of buying him great players, particularly Reggie Jackson.

When the team crashed, and finally Martin did too by blasting off at Steinbrenner, George was made the heavy for dumping him—by people who would never accept that kind of guff from an employee and certainly wouldn't dish it out to a boss.

Meantime, the same people will tell you that Bill Veeck is a fine fellow, even as they resent Bob Lemon's appearance in the Yankee dugout.

So goes the "legal mind," and if it keeps going, where do we go from here? ■

OPENING THIS WEEK



Sammy Davis, Jr., *stars in* **Stop the World I Want To Get Off,** *opening at the New York State Theater at Lincoln Center on August 3rd.*

Diane Keaton *stars in Woody Allen's* **Interiors** *opening 8/2 at the Baronet.*

Eyes of Laura Mars *opens August 4th at the Coronet, Lowes State I & II.*

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

August 1 thru 8

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *Star Wars.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 8/1, *The End; It's a Mad Mad Mad Mad World.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 8/1, *Picnic; His Girl Friday.* 8/2, *The Good Earth; Big City (Skyscraper Wilderness).* 8/3, *I Was a Male War Bride; We're Not Married.* 8/4, 5, *Charlie Chan's Castle in the Desert; Philo Vance Casino Murder Case.* 8/6, *Night at the Opera; Day at the Races.* 8/7, *Journey Into Fear; The Stranger.* 8/8, *Red Headed Woman; Personal Property.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 8/1, *Judgment at Nuremberg.* 8/2, 3, *Jules and Jim; Frobidden Games.* 8/4, 5, *Woodstock.* 8/6, 7, *Sebastiane; Les Enfants Terribles.* 8/8, *Equus; Staircase.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). *Star Wars.*

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0160). *Grease.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *National Lampoon Animal House.*

34th St East, near Second Avenue (683-0255). *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-6100). 8/3, 2:30, *David and Bathsheba;* 6 p.m., *Prince of Foxes;* 8:30, *The Snows of Kilimanjaro.* 8/4, 2:30, *Captain From Castille;* 6 p.m., *Die Austernprinzessin.* 8/5, noon, *The Gunfighter;* 2:30, *I'd Climb the Highest Mountain;* 5 p.m., *Twleve O'Clock High.* 8/6, noon, *Prince of Foxes;* 2:30, *King of the Khyber;* 5 p.m., *Bambini in Citta; Paisa'.* 8/7, noon, *Philip Johnson Interviewed by Rosamond Bernier;* 2:30, *The Avenging Conscience;* 6 p.m., *King of the Khyber.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). Thru 8/10, *The Swarm.* From 8/11, *Hooper.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *National Lampoon Animal House.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). Thru 8/1, *International Velvet;* from 8/2, *Corvette Summer.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). Thru 8/1, *Bread and Chocolate;* from 8/2, *Interiors.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). Thru 8/3, *The Cheap Detective;* from 8/4, *Eyes of Laura Mars.*

59th St E, 220 E 59th (688-0750). *Star Wars.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th Street East of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Jaws II.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Cat and Mouse.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.*

Gemini I & II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *The Buddy Holly Story.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *National Lampoon Animal House.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Replay.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Heaven Can Wait.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). *Capricorn One.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). Thru 8/1, *International Velvet;* from 8/2, *Corvette Summer.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). Thru 8/10, *The Swarm.* From 8/11, *Hooper.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Grease.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd Avenue near 86th Street (427-1332). *Foul Play.*

86th St East, off 3rd Ave (AG 9-1144). *National Lampoon Animal House.*

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). *Jaws II.*

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 8/1, *Samurai, Part III; Duel at Genryu Island; Bandits On The Wind.* 8/2, *Iphigenia; Medea.* 8/3, *All About Eve; Women in Revolt.* 8/4, 5, *A Clockwork Orange; Metropolis.* 8/6, 7, *Fellini Roma; The Clowns.* 8/8, *Throne of Blood; Illusion of Blood.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Madame Rosa.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *The Last Waltz.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. Thru 8/3, *That Obscure Object of Desire; The Lacemaker;* from 8/2, *The Cheap Detective.* II. *An Unmarried Woman.* III. *Dear Inspector.* IV. Thru 8/1, *Big Wednesday;* from 8/4, *Corvette Summer.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *National Lampoon Animal House.*

Loews State I, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). Thru 8/3, *Greese.* From 8/4, *Eyes of Laura Mars.*

Loews State II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). *Heaven Can Wait.*

Criterion, Bdway nr 45th (JU 2-1796). *The Buddy Holly Story.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). *Jaws II.*

Rivoli, 49th & Bdway (CI 7-1635). *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *International Velvet.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th St at 6th Ave (CI 6-4600). Thru 8/2, *Matilda.* From 8/3, *The Magic of Lassie.*

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *The Revenge of the Pink Panther.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). *Madame Rosa.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 8/1, *Twentieth Century; World Premiere.* 8/2, *Don Juan; Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde.* 8/3, *La Terra Trema; The Miracle.* 8/4, *The Maltese Falcon; The Mask of Dimitrios.* 8/5, *Death in Venice; Women in Love.* 8/6, *Great Expectations; Jane Eyre.* 8/7, *The Grande Illusion; The Elusive Corporal.* 8/8, *Arsene Lupin; Bulldog Drummond Comes Back.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). *The End.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). Thru 8/1, *The Cheap Detective;* from 8/2, *Bread and Chocolate.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Viva Italia!*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *Foul Play.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *Foul Play.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *That Obscure Object of Desire; The Lacemaker.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 8/1, 2, *Devil Doll; Mad Love.* 8/3-5, *It's a Wonderful World; China Seas.* 8/6-8, *The Merry Widow; Naughty Marietta.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *Madame Rosa.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *Star Wars;* II. *An Unmarried Woman;* III. *Big Wednesday.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Dear Inspector.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). 8/1, *A Nous La Liberte; Pepe Le Moko.* 8/2, 3, *Platinum Blonde; Forbidden.* 8/4, 5, *Sabotage; The Family Plot.* 8/6, 7, *The King and I; Three Penny Opera.* 8/8, *Harlem Rhythm and Blues; Rock 'N Roll at the Apollo.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 8/1, *The Driver; Damnation Alley;* from 8/4, *The Cheap Detective.*

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

Bread and Chocolate–Franco Brusati's poignant comedy (completed in 1974 and just opening here now) is about an Italian worker who emigrates to Switzerland in search of calm and order and finds that he can neither fit in nor give up his native identity. A meditation on homelessness, the movie tries to recapture the pathos-and-laughs mood of Chaplin's films but falls short: the hero is a lot less resourceful than the Tramp. Starring Nino Manfredi. Thru 8/1, Baronet; from 8/2, Little Carnegie *(D.D.)*

The Buddy Holly Story–The subtitle might be *A Portrait of the Artist as a Clean Young Man.* This sincere bio-pic traces the career of the awkward but self-assured West Texas boy with the goofy smile and the Clark Kent glasses who became one of the most creative of the early rock singer/composers and then died in a plane crash (in 1959) at the age of 22. The movie glorifies Holly a bit too much, but no matter: Gary Busey is brilliant in the title role. Written by Robert Gittler and directed by Steve Rash. Gemini I & II; Criterion. (D.D.)

Capricorn One–Directed by Peter Hyams, film deals with conspiracy involving the U.S. Space Agency. With Elliott Gould, Brenda Vaccaro, Sam Waterston, O.J. Simpson, and Hal Holbrook. 72nd St E.

Cat and Mouse–Claude Lelouch's playful mock-thriller stars Serge Reggiani as the cop/cat and

Michele Morgan as the exquisitely magisterial mouse and Paris *et environs* (as the Michelin says) as the playpen in which these two enact one of those ultra-sophisticated duets in which love and money are entwined to the detriment of neither. Cinema I.

The Cheap Detective–Neil Simon's comedy starring Peter Falk is not so much written for the screen as assembled from old-movie cliches patched up and fitted to a new line of stars. It is a very funny idea, but somehow it could have been even funnier—if Simon had been willing to develop the relationships of Peter Falk and Louise Fletcher as a vehicle for more of the personal, slightly bitter sexual humor that provides the film with its funniest and most resonant moments. Thru 8/3, Coronet; thru 8/1, Little Carnegie.

A Clockwork Orange–Stanley Kubrick at his splashiest, most superficially aggressive and effect-ridden worst, with neither the verbal values of the Burgess novel, nor the human values inherent in the story captured and created on screen. Sensation-seekers may derive some simplistic satisfactions. Others are likely to lament the waste, the *waste*, the WASTE. 8/4, 5, Bleecker St Cinema.

Corvette Summer–Mark Hamill and Annie Potts star in this romantic comedy adventure about an unusual love triangle between a boy, a girl, and a car. Opens 8/2 at Trans-Lux East; Trans-Lux 85th, Quad.

Dear Inspector–Annie Girardot and Philippe Noiret are irresistible as a police commissioner and a Sorbonne professor who fall in love, but this is despite the viscously cute format of Philippe de Broca's boulevard farce. Quad; New Yorker.

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands–You had to be in the streets of Bahia, where the film is set, or perhaps in a Brazilian audience (where the film is reported to have outgrossed *Jaws*), to appreciate the non-stop merriment of this witless sex farce, in which a roguish gambler awakens his virginal bride to a world of sexual delights and then dies from his own dissipation. Cinema II.

The End–This comedy about a dying man doesn't establish Burt Reynolds who stars and directs as the rival of Mel Brooks or Woody Allen, but it is a respectable miss. Its boners *seem* more egregious because of the hyperkinetic behavior of Reynolds's California Sonny, and Reynolds's failure as director to find and maintain the proper tone. Dom DeLuise and Robby Benson are hilarious in supporting roles. Thru 8/1, St Marks Cinema.

Eyes of Laura Mars–Faye Dunaway and Tommy Lee Jones in a film directed by Irvin Kershner, concerning a noted fashion photographer lionized for her inventiveness and mastery of a unique style, and the frightening events that haunt her. Opening August 4th at the Coronet, Loews State I.

Family Plot–Alfred Hitchcock, still chipper at 76, is back with his fifty-somethingth picture—even the experts seem to have lost count. This one, about kidnappings and ransoms and chases, is hardly worth counting in any case. Much goes wrong, starting with the overlong initial expository scenes. And what the film does not provide is interesting clues. 8/4, 5, Thalia.

Fellini Roma–His combination tribute to the Eternal City and his Eternal Ego. Self-servingly fictionalized and grotesque pseudodocumentary make uneasy bedfellows at best; here they are also smothered with superficiality, crudity, and factitiousness. Arguably Fellini's worst; certainly his most desperate film. 8/6, 7, Bleecker St Cinema.

Foul Play–Chevy Chase as a police detective and Goldie Hawn as a librarian are much too cute together in this jumpy comedy-thriller set in San Francisco. The writer-director, Colin Higgins, borrowing from everyone and everything has managed to compile an anthology of sure-fire effects. Higgins will get a hit out of it but not a movie he can call his own. Cinema III; Paramount; Loews Cine. *(D.D.)*

The Grand Illusion–Jean Renoir's World War I prison-break film of 1937 is probably the best treatment of the dying of chivalry in warfare, and the passing of aristocracy from the modern world ever made. It is sad and wise and occasionally very funny, and it has a simplicity dependent on shrewdness and finesse. The acting by one and all is superlative. The only flaw is a slight sentimentality 8/7, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Grease–As the nerve center of the revival craze, *Grease* has been hyped so continuously that the movie version seems like one more promotional party. It is well to have Stockard Channing and John Travolta who can impose their personal rhythm on the chaotic and potentially embarrassing proceedings. Film abounds in the presence of veterans like Eve Arden, Frankie Avalon, Sid Caesar, Joan Blondell, and Dody Goodman. Edd Byrnes is hilarious as a TV host who delights in his fox-in-the-chicken-coop position. Randal Kleiser directed. Loews Orpheum; Bay Cinema; thru 8/3, Loews State I.

Heaven Can Wait–Warren Beatty, as a star quarterback, isn't meant to die in a near-fatal accident, but a heavenly functionary plucks him to paradise prematurely. He is then permitted to return to earth in the body of another. Beatty's version of *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* tries more for comedy than poignancy, and with Elaine May and Buck Henry sharing credits, the film ought to have been at least 50 per cent funnier. Loews State II; Loews Tower East.

Interiors–Written and directed by Woody Allen, film features Kristin Griffith, Marybeth Hurt, Richard Jordan, Diane Keaton, E. G. Marshall, Geraldine Page, Maureen Stapleton, and Sam Waterston. Opens 8/2 at the Baronet.

International Velvet–A fussy, boring, overly genteel sequel to M-G-M's 1944 family classic, *National Velvet*, with the placidly uninteresting Nanette Newman playing the old Elizabeth Taylor character (a girl who loves horses) as a grown woman and a rather prim Tatum O'Neil pursing her lips like Chris Evert in the role of a very young Olympics horseback rider. Bryan Forbes, who wrote and directed the picture, has substituted ladies-magazine banality for the plain strength of the original movie. Guild; thru 8/1, Trans-Lux E, Trans-Lux 85th. *(D.D.)*

A LOVELY PAIR

Chief Inspector Clouseau (**Peter Sellers**) finds himself face to face with Tanya, the Lotus Eater, (**Valerie Leon**), in **Revenge of the Pink Panther,** directed by Blake Edwards, playing at the Ziegfeld.

Jaws II–Roy Scheider stars in a sequel to you-know-what. Is *Jaws II* as scary as its predecessor? Yes, possibly more so, depending on which form of torture you prefer. If you prefer violence relatively impersonal, of the hit-and-run variety, *Jaws II* is your poison. Directed by Jeannot Szwarc. RKO Cinerama I & II; RKO 86th St I & II; D.W. Griffith.

Jules and Jim–One of Francois Truffaut's three remarkable first films, on which his reputation still rests. Based on a minor novel about a love triangle, it does get a bit convoluted or simply repetitious toward the end, but it is also full of every kind of exuberance and coruscation. Jeanne Moreau's performance is one of her (or anybody's) greatest and Oskar Werner is no slouch either at portraying a lovable slouch. George Delaroux's score is hypnotic as is Moreau's singing of Catherine's song. Stands up well under the passage of time. 8/2, 3, Cinema Village.

The Lacemaker–Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton star in Claude *(The Invitation* and *The Wonderful Crook)* Goretta's film which tells of a 19-year-old beauty parlor assistant, who, while vacationing, falls in love with a university student. Thru 8/3, Quad.

The Last Waltz–Martin Scorsese's elegiac tribute to The Band is the most beautiful rock concert film ever made, but its vibrant colors and swooping camera movements are curiously at odds with the sweaty immediacy of the rock concert. Stars The Band-leader Robbie Robertson with his musicians, and Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Neil Diamond, Van Morrison, et al. Greenwich.

Madame Rosa–This Oscar-winning fable about the rapport that develops between a dying Jewish ex-prostitute and an Arab orphan is a fantasy of Arab-Israeli old-young togetherness. But even as it strains credibility it breaks the heart, particularly Simone Signoret's breathtakingly courageous performance of a once-beautiful, now old and puffy whore. Festival; Embassy 72nd; Waverly.

The Magic of Lassie–The world's most famous canine in a Lassie-type film, also starring James Stewart, Mickey Rooney, Pernell Roberts, Stephanie Zimbalist, Alice Faye; directed by Don Chaffey. Opens August 3rd at Radio City Music Hall.

Metropolis–This 1926 film by Fritz Lang is one of the summits of German cinematic expressionism. The screenplay, about political treachery and social cataclysm in a future society is science fiction at its trashiest, but the technical effects and the *mise en scene* are spectacular by any standards and reward our careful consideration. There are moments of great (though inhuman) beauty, along with banalities of the most ludicrous sort. Brigitte Helm is wonderfully corny but also sexy in the dual role of a socialist saint, and of her evil rabble-rousing robot double, thought up by a tyrannical tycoon and his mad scientist-in-residence. 8/4, 5, Bleecker St. Cinema.

National Lampoon's Animal House–A genial, uneven, intermittently hilarious celebration of frat-house pranks and raunchiness, set in a West Coast college in 1962. To dismiss it as infantile isn't saying much, since infantilism is precisely the point of frat-house humor. The movie has a tender sexiness that saves it. With John Belushi as a beer-guzzling roughneck and Tim Matheson as a confident young make-out artist. Directed by John Landis. Beekman; Sutton; Murray Hill; 86th St E.; Loews Astor Plaza. *(D.D.)*

Replay–Michel Drach's romantic thriller about an amnesiac victim of an automobile accident and her seemingly devoted husband. As he attempts to help her reconstruct the details of her life, and their marriage, she becomes increasingly aware of half truths and deliberate deceptions. Marie Jose Nat and Victor Lanoux star. 68th St Playhouse.

The Revenge of the Pink Panther–After five times around the course, the Panther is beginning to run out of gas. The movie takes an hour or so to get going and never does work up much suspense or comic excitement. As Clouseau, Peter Sellers wears some hilarious costumes and he still speaks to people on the "phoewne," but he doesn't get to do as much sleuthing as before, and the entire cast keeps falling down and crashing through windows and floors. It's a repetitive, tired movie; writer-director Blake Edwards should find something else to do. Ziegfeld. (D.D.)

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band–A genuine movie-musical disgrace, right up there with *Dr. Dolittle* and *Song of Norway*. Robert Stigwood's $12-million kiddies show cannibalizes the Beatles and their most famous album without a moments remorse. In the puerile fable devised by Henry Edwards (a former rock critic!) Peter Frampton and the Bee Gees (singing the Beatles songs badly) do battle against an evil rock band that wants to take over the world. Or something like that. Plaza; Rivoli; 34th St E. (D.D.)

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001*. But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Gramercy; Art; 59th St E.

The Swarm–Zillions of killer bees invade the United States in this Irwin Allen production. The film stars Michael Caine, Katherine Ross, Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda, Olivia de Havilland, and others. Thru 8/10, Eastside, U.A. East.

An Unmarried Woman–Jill Clayburgh has the role of a lifetime and is glorious in Paul Mazursky's brilliantly funny comedy about a painful liberation. One-night stands and the singles' scene are ordeals in the process by which a woman abandoned by her husband triumphs over self-doubts and puts herself back together—or assembles herself for the first time. Quad.

Viva Italia!–Sardonic black comedy seen through the lenses of three Italian film directors—Mario Monicelli, Dino Risi, and Ettore Scola. In the cast are Vittorio Gassman, Alberto Sordi, Ugo Tognazzi, and Ornella Muti. Paris.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

CURRENT

Ain't Misbehavin'–Would the slapdash playfulness, the lovable smallness of this show survive the lure of self-aggrandizement, moving from Off- to On Broadway? Nothing to worry about; it did. The cast of five—Ken Page, Armelia McQueen, Andre De Shields, Charlaine Woodard, and Nell Carter—works together as nimbly and wickedly as five fingers in a piece of sleight of hand. The delicious songs by Fats Waller and his friends continue their joyous renaissance. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, and a diminutive bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Shelley Bruce now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. At the Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas–Attempts to squeeze salaciousness out of a bordello setting are rather repellent, not because of the setting, but because it is like trying to squeeze blood out of stones. Every variation on the brothel theme has been worked into the ground. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Imperial, 249 W 45th (265-4311).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St.* Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Da–On second seeing Hugh Leonard's bittersweet autobiographical comedy (transported almost intact to Broadway) is even more entertaining, endearing, and gently moving. And at the center of the production are three superlative performances—Sylvia O'Brien's, Brian Murray's, Barnard Hughes's. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Dancin'–Director Bob Fosse has devised a heterogeneous choreography ranging from classical ballet through modern dance to every form of show-biz and disco dancin'. What doesn't work is the two side by side, like internecine Siamese twins. The proximity of popular dance gives ballet an air of pretentiousness; ballet retaliates by making pop dancing look facile, tawdry. *Dancin'* is sheer perfection for the vulgarians, anathema for the purists, and a mixed bag for the over-whelming rest of us. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (247-0472).

Deathtrap–Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security. The plot, however, is impossible. John Wood, Marian Winters, and Marian Seldes do what they can with not very rewarding material. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Tues thru Fri at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

WHAT'S TO LAUGH AT

Kelly Bishop and **Jim McMahon** in scenes from **Piano Bar**, the musical by Rob Fremont and Doris Willens, directed by Albert Takazuckas. Upstairs at the Westside Chelsea Theater, 407 West 43rd Street (541-8394).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols. With Jessica Tandy and E.G. Marshall. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I–Yul Brynner and Constance Towers as the king and Anna. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru New Year's Eve. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed, Thurs, Fri & Sat at 7:30; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; mat Wed at 2. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

On the Twentieth Century–Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Judy Kaye, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (398-0280).

Once in a Lifetime–This George S. Kaufman/Moss Hart revival has no more than five or six honest laughs. It involves a New York playwright having a nervous breakdown in Hollywood from underwork. The rest is just shabby one-upmanship, or half-upmanship, middlebrows winking at one another across the footlights. The best work in the large cast comes from John Lithgow as the simpleton who, in Hollywood, is crowned philosopher-king. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Thru 8/27. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

Runaways–A new entertainment, written, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados, is really about growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes, despite everything, even triumphantly. The music, in all conceivable pop, folk, and ethnic modes, is fair to excellent. The performances, both by the four professionals and the fifteen semiprofessionals and neophytes are, at the very least, engaging; in many cases, enchanting. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (730-1760).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Charles Kimbrough. Mon, Tues, Wed, Fri & Sat at 8 p.m.; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Ambassador, 49th St W of Bdway (541-6490).

Stop the World I Want To Get Off–Sammy Davis, Jr., stars in a revival of the Leslie Bricusse-Anthony Newley musical, with Marian Mercer. It's about a man who circles the globe to find that living and succeeding in a big city—any big city—is the same the world over (one preview, August 2nd). Thru 8/27. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (TR 7-4727).

Timbuktu!–The performances in Geoffrey Holder's musical are wildly divergent and the score is as inconsistent as it is overblown. *Kismet*, which it was based on, was a slick, vulgar, absurd musical that nevertheless managed to have enough redeeming features to be enjoyable. Eartha Kitt cannot move except in slow motion; Gilbert Price sings compellingly but has very little presence; Ira Hawkins is a handsome Hadji whose acting does not extend beyond a smirk. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Wed &

Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (757-7064).

Tribute–Bernard Slade's new play starring Jack Lemmon is extremely clever and likable, which is as unusual a combination in plays as it is in people. A play that mixes laughter and tears with almost supernatural skill; always sidestepping ultimate frivolity, always teetering back from the abyss of mawkishness into the happy pratfall of farce, that takes the sting out of adultery, divorce, prostitution, failure in business, nonachievement of artistic aspirations, family in-fighting, and, best of all, death itself, is the most comforting news this side of a cure for cancer. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Wiz–Oz with a black cast—Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

Alice–Vinnette Carroll's adaptation of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* adhering closely to the book. Done with an all-black cast. Opening August 8th at 8 p.m. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m., Sun 7 p.m. Urban Arts Corps, 26 W 20th St (924-7820).

Academy Arts Repertory–Braunstein's *Synchrony*, thru 8/1; Kelly's *Frankenstein*, 8/3-6; Agatha Christie's *Towards Zero*, 8/4, 5, 11, 12, 18, 19; Snyder's *The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker*, 8/4, 5, 6, 11, 12, 13, 18, 19, 20, 25, 26, 27. $3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

American Dance Machine–A recreation of memorable moments in Broadway's musical history, directed by Lee Theodore, with Denny Sherer, Harold Cromer, Janet Eilber. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 7:30; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Century Theater, 235 W 46th (354-6644).

American Theatre Experiment-Thru 8/6, Felton Perry's *Turkey Rush. . .Or*, directed by Felton Perry. 8/9-20, Jim Janda's *That Sacred Hunger*, directed by Dallas John. 8/23-9/3, Brooke Breslow's *The End of the Line*, directed by Mark Rootstein. Wed, Thurs, Fri & Sun at 7:30; Sat at 7 & 10:30. $3. 78th St Theater, 276 W 78th (228-0900).

Comedy of Errors–Shakespeare story of twins separated and eventually reunited, directed by Jim Galloway. Thurs, Fri, Sat at 8 p.m., Sun at 5 p.m. Thru 8/13. New York Theatre Ensemble, 62 E 4th (477-4120).

Crimes Against Nature–New play in which nine gay male performers each relates his story of how he has survived in an oppressive society. Tues thru Thurs at 10; Fri & Sat at 8 & 10; Sun at 8 p.m. Actors Plyhse, Seventh Ave So at Sheridan Sq (989-6311).

Divinely, Coward—*Astonished Heart*, 8/2-13. *We Were Dancing/Hands Across the Sea*, 8/16-31. Three Muses Theater, Ansonia Hotel, Bdway at 73rd (242-3900).

Drama Committee Repertory–J.M. Synge's *Riders To The Sea* & *Tinker's Wedding*, Sat & Sun at 2:30 p.m., thru 8/27. Chekhov's *Ward Six*, Mon thru Thurs at 8 p.m., thru 8/10. $3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Family Business–Dick Goldberg's play about infighting in a suburban Boston Jewish family is a fog of melodrama occasionally pierced by a ray of something resembling truth. Much of the violence stems from the revelation that one of the four loving but internecinely embattled sons is a homosexual. The acting of a cast of six is remarkable. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

The 5th of July–Lanford Wilson writes intelligent, amusing, racy dialogue, but this play lacks a little urgency although it is never uninteresting. It is accorded a fine production, under Marshall W. Mason's skilled direction, which errs only in trying to be too fast, too manifold, too clever. Tues thru Thurs at 8 p.m. Fri & Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Thru 9/2. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

A Funny Thing Happened On the Way to the Forum–A revival of Steven Sondheim's musical comedy, directed by David Herman. 8/2, 3, 4, at 8 p.m. $3. University Theatre, 35 W 4th St (598-2921).

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It on the Road–This new work by Gretchen Cryer (book, lyrics, and star) and Nancy Ford (music) about a middle aged pop singer trying to carry on her life after her manager/lover leaves her is too slight, schematic, and unoriginal to be a significant statement about human conflicts. There is a reason, nonetheless, for seeing the show: Gretchen Cryer. She is a bundle of solace, a staged lesson in growing older and living on, and it is to be recommended that you memorize her. Public/Anspacher Theatre, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion–Richiardi, master of illusion, stars in a revue featuring a cast of magicians from all parts of the world. The Village Gate, 160 Bleecker (473-7270).

Just the Immediate Family–A first work by Grace Kimmins who has written very sound acting parts for everybody. Her characters, even if conventional, have their core of individuality. Under Richard Russell Ramos's standard direction, a cogently selected cast performs delightfully. Wed thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3. $6. Thru 8/20. Hudson Guild, 441 W 26th (242-2695).

The King of the Mashed Potatoes–A new musical mystery by Crystal Field, George Bartenieff, and the TNC Company. 8/5, 10th St & 2nd Ave. 8/6, Jane St & 8th Ave. 8/12, 88th St & Amsterdam. 8/13, Perry St & 7th Ave. All performances at 2 p.m. Free (254-1109 for further information).

A Little Wine With Lunch–Comedy revue by John Von Hartz, with music by William Shimmel, directed by Norman Marshall. Thurs thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m., thru 9/3. No Smoking Plyhse, 354 W 45th (245-9808).

Man-Wo-Man–Two plays, *Michael* by Ed Bullins, and *Passion Without Reason*, by Neil Harris, directed by Ernestine M. Johnston. Admission Free. Public/Other Stage, 425 Lafayette St (667-6350).

Marvelous Party–A madcap comedy of the 30's by Norman Beim. Thru 8/17, Mon thru Thurs at 8 p.m. Troupe Theatre, 335 W 39th, (244-9699).

Monteith & Rand–Comedy, "improvised and otherwise," by two newcomers to the stage. Tues, Wed, Thurs, Sun at 8; Fri & Sat at 7:30 & 10. Thru 8/19. Theater East, 211 E 60th (838-0177).

New York City Stage Company–Shaw's *Pygmalion*, 8/2, 6, 12, 18, 24, 26, 30, 9/3, 9, 15, 23, 27, 10/1; Chekov's *Unce Vanya*, 8/3, 5, 9, 13, 19, 25, 31, 9/2, 6, 10, 16, 22, 28, 30; Coward's *Hay Fever* 8/4, 10, 12, 16, 20, 26, 9/1, 7, 9, 13, 17, 23, 29; Nichols' *Joe Egg*, 8/5, 11, 17, 19, 23, 27, 9/2, 8, 14, 16, 20, 24, 30. Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m., Sat mat at 2:30. Park Royal Theatre, 23 W 73rd St (877-0984).

Noel Coward in Two Keys–The master of sophisticated comedy is shown in two short plays, *Come Into the Garden Maude* and *A Song at Twilight*. Fri and Sat at 8 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. thru 9/3. $3. Shandol Theatre, 137 W 22 St (691-7950).

Papa Bear, Mama Bear–Writer/director Rand Hopkins's new musical, with music by Marty Goetz, about the growing pains of three families. Thru 8/9, evenings at 7:30; mats at 3, Wed & Sat. Perry St Theatre, 31 Perry St (255-9186).

Paradise Regained–Adapted for the stage from John Milton's poem, with language, music, dance, and expressionistic theatrical images. Thurs thru Sun at 8:30 p.m. 8/3-20. $4.50. Performance Garage, 33 Wooster (966-3651).

The Passion of Alice–A new musical fantasy, by Jocko Richardson, Ken Cory, and Sean Kalliel, with score by Gary Richmond. Wed & Thurs at 8 p.m. Fri & Sat at 8 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. thru Sept. $4. Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W 13th St (243-6800).

The Passion of Dracula–Stefan Schnabel in a totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

Piano Bar–A new-style musical by Rob Fremont and Doris Willens, directed by Albert Takazuckas, about four people who take refuge in a lounge on a rainy evening. Chelsea/Westside Theater/Upstairs, 407 W 43 (541-8394).

Pins and Needles–Revival of the 40-year-old musical revue by Harold Rome. Cast with members of the ILGWA, it ran from 1937 to 1941. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead–An absurd and unnecessary act is the reviving of this play, by James Kirkwood. It had lasted, with a much better cast and a much better-appointed production, sixteen performances on Broadway, and then joined the eponymous feline in the happy mouse hunting grounds. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St (254-6330).

Spring Awakening–An adaptation by Edward Bond of Wedekind's play written in 1891. Directed by Liviu Ciulei. Evenings at 8 p.m.; mat Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)

13th St Theatre–*Laughing Stock*, a satirical comedy revue with short sketches, music and improvisation, Fri at 10 p.m. Horovitz's *Line*, Sat at 10 p.m., Sun at 7:30. Reiter's *Joan and the Devil*, Thurs, Fri, Sat at 7:30, Sun at 3 p.m. 13th St Theatre, 50 W 13th (741-9282).

Three By Two–A showcase for two actors written and directed by Tom Millott, stars Robert Arpin, Bud Graves, and Richard Shoberg. Thurs thru Mon at 8; late shows Fri & Sat at 10:30; mat Sun at 5:30. Plays in repertory with Tom Millott's *Love, Death and Taxes*. Thurs, Sat, & Sun at 8 p.m., Fri at 10:30 p.m. thru Labor Day. Cubiculo Theatre, 414 West 51st St (265-2138).

Tomfooleries–GBS's *Passion, Poison and Petrification*, and Bertolt Brecht's *The Elephant Calf*. Fri, Sat & Sun at 8 p.m. thru 8/12. $4. Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (244-4270).

The Troupe Repertory–*Caught* by Bill Andrews, Downstairs Theatre. *Live from the Troupe*, directed by Luc LeClair, Upstairs Theater. Both thru 8/13, Fri thru Sun. *Marvelous Party* by Norman Beim, Upstairs Theater; *Snow Bitch & Fly Killer*, by James Jennings, Downstairs Theater. Thru 8/17. Mon thru Thurs at 8 p.m. $3. The Troupe, 335 W 39th (244-9699).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.)*, but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Patricia Miller, gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

Volpone–The Jean Cocteau Repertory presents a Ben Jonson comedy about a miser who, by false reports of his ill health, lures his greedy aquaintances into every kind of wickedness. Thru 8/19, Fri & Sat evenings at 10 p.m. Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

Waiting for Godot–Samuel Beckett's classic dealing with man's eternal search for hope and survival; directed by Andrew Loucka. 8/3-20, Thurs thru Sun at 8:30. $3. Little Theater, 5 W 30th (564-0692).

Which Way to Nirvana?–Written and directed by Pascal Vaquer. Thru 8/16, Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. The Play Factor, 692 Greenwich St (243-3035).

A Women of No Importance–Oscar Wilde's play, directed by Andres Castro. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 9/10. $3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Monday through Friday, 1 to 6 p.m. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Applause–40th St & Lex. Restaurant club, with singer-pianist Ann Lebeaux holding forth Mon thru Sat from 8 p.m. (687-7267).

Arthur's–44 W 56th. Continental cuisine, showcase Tues & Wed. Other nights singing waiters and waitresses (581-9765).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (Cl 7-7000).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. Thru 8/16, a new revue featuring Marlene Saamer, bongo and conga man Candido, and the dance team of Augie and Margo. 8/1-27, the Ballet Espanol starring Rosario Galan, and featuring singer Tito Mora. (PL 2-8080).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a new revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtime is 9:45 & 12:30 every night but Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Restaurant-discotheque with entertainment. 8/4, 5, *Johnny Ambrose*, at 10, midnight, & 2. Closed Sundays (755-6010).

Copa-Disco–10 E 60th. Huge dance floor with much light and sound. Fri & Sat only, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. (755-6010).

Cotton Club–666 W 125th. Disco dancing to the music of the Pazant Brothers/Cotton Club Orchestra. Two shows nightly at 10 and 12:30 (MO 3-7980).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd. A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44th. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Jazz pianist Dorothy Donegan, nightly except Sunday at 10, midnight & 2 a.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio, Tues thru Sat, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Fri & Sat, thru September, dancing, cheek-to-cheek, to the Randy Corts Combo from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (683-0044).

Playboy Club–5 E 59. Entertainment, dining, and dancing. Thru 8/12, Roslyn Kind (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. *Viva! Viva!* a new revue with seven chorus girls and five chorus boys, directed by Peter Jackson (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Bobby Rosengarden and his orchestra, featuring Carrie Smith, thru 8/6 (PL 7-9090).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open for dancing Wed and Fri, from 5:30; Thurs & weekends from 2:30. American and Latin bands. Midnight disco Wed, Fri, Sat. Dance class & show Wed night (Cl 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Disco dancing continuously on the glass floor (421-0900).

Sibi–151 E 50th. Nice warm upstairs dancing den, with pianist-singer Bobby Cole and his jazz quartet, every night but Sunday from 9 p.m. (753-3429).

Stork Club–112 Central Park South. Perhaps the most elegant room for dining and dancing in the city. Horace Diaz and his quartet supply dance

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BARNES, *NEW YORK POST*
"SOMETHING NEW IN THE WAY OF MUSICALS HAS HAPPENED. THE NAME IS 'RUNAWAYS.' IT IS A STATEMENT OF POWER, BRILLIANCE AND HONESTY."

KALEM, *TIME*
"THE ENTIRE SUPERBLY ENERGETIC CAST DESERVES PRAISE FOR THROWING NOT ONLY BODIES INTO THE SHOW, BUT HEARTS AND SOULS."

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"THE MUSIC IS DYNAMIC AND THEATRICAL AND SOUNDS LIKE THE MUSIC OF NO ONE ELSE ON EARTH."

KROLL, *NEWSWEEK*
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music Mon thru Sat 8:30 p.m. til 1:30 a.m. (581-7080).

Tavern On The Green–Central Park at W 67th. Pianist Charlie Cochron, accompanied by bass player Ernie Furtado, in the Elm Cafe, from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m., Wed thru Sun (873-3200).

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, Madison at 43rd (687-7000). **Under the Clock:** Singer-pianist Theresa Kelly here for four weeks, Mon thru Fri, 7 to midnight.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** Thru 8/31, Monty Alexander, Jamaican-born pianist, plays Sun thru Thurs.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** Thru Labor Day, Tony Gorody plays the piano and sings Tues thru Sat 9:30-12:30.

Plaza, Fifth Ave at 59th (PL 9-3000). **Edwardian Room:** Dance music by the Roger Stanley trio, Tues thru Sun from 6:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m. Mon thru Fri. And from 10 p.m. to 12:30 a.m., singer Mary Small.

Sherry Netherland, 5th Ave and 59th St (EL 5-2800). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Earl Rose plays from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Wednesdays through Fridays.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Hartley, pianist, Mon thru Thurs 5:30-8 p.m. The Peter Duchin Quartet headed by pianist John Bunch, 8 p.m.-1 a.m. Fri & Sat, 9 p.m.-2 a.m.

UN Plaza, 44th & First Ave (355-3400). **Ambassador Lounge:** Greenhouse with muted lights is the setting for Dick Hankinson at the piano, Mon thru Fri. Earl Rose, Sat & Sun, from 5 to midnight.

JAZZ—ROCK—GUITAR, ETC.

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Ali's Alley–77 Greene St. Drummer Zahir Batin, who tends to draw his bands from a most capable lot of magicians, will bring in a quintet thru 8/5. Ted Daniel has the big band on Monday nights (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mable Godwin at the piano Thurs thru Sat, 9:30 to 3:30 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Ballroom–458 West Bdway. 8/1-19, singer Liz Corrigan perfoms nightly at 8:30 and 10:30 p.m. (473-9367).

Barbara's–78 West 3rd St. 8/4, 5, Walter Davis Jr. Trio. Music starts at 10 p.m. (473-9326).

Beefsteak Charlie's–12th St & Fifth Ave. 8/2-5, An unusual duo—the virtuosic bassist David Friesen, lately of the Ted Curson band, and guitarist John Stowell; two gifted, lyric players (687-4720).

The Bottom Line–15 W 4th. 8/2, 3, Genya Ravan; Benny Mardones; 8/7, Jimmie Mack; The Cars. (228-6300).

Carnegie Tavern–165 W 56th. Jazz pianist Ellis Larkins, known for his crystal touch, lilting swing, enormous repertoire, and short sets, is well worth hearing. 8 to midnight (PL 7-9522).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Clubhouse–1315 Second Ave (at 69th). Steakhouse, with a tennis and golf motif, and jazz/blues/ballads singer and pianist Sandra Alexander entertaining nightly (628-0600).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. The city's bastion of traditional jazz boasts a house band led by club-owner Red Balaban, and includes the patriarch of jazz trombone, Vic Dickenson. On Sundays, a young tenor saxophonist named Scott Hamilton leads his own band and does very nicely by the Ben Webster-Don Byas tradition (265-8277).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Joe Turner, the last of the stride pianists and a long time citizen of France, is making one of his exceedingly rare and joyful appearances in this country, until further notice. Mon thru Thurs at 8:30 & 10:30; Fri & Sat at 12:15 a.m. (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy's–45th & Vanderbilt. Doc Cheathem, trumpet star, with his boys, pianist Chuck Folds and drummer Jackie Williams, perform at this genuine New Orleans restaurant Mon thru Fri, 6:30 thru 11:30 p.m., thru 8/25 (687-1860).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Mon and Tues, Al Haig, a superior pianist who was a favorite accompanist of Charlie Parker and Stan Getz, leads a trio with bass and guitar. Another piano-bass guitar trio, led by Hod O'Brian and featuring the marvelously fluent guitarist Joe Puma takes over Wed thru Sun (371-2220).

Hopper's–6th Ave at 11th St. Thru 8/6, the irresistable duo of "Bucky" Pizzarelli, a seven-string guitarist in the George Van Eps tradition, and the ageless bassist Slam Stewart, whose humming-and-bowing style is a trademark. Every night but Sunday. From 8/7, trumpeter Ted Curson and his group. 9:30 p.m. and 11:30 p.m., Mon thru Sat; 1 a.m. shows Fri & Sat (260-0250).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Stan Gold Quartet, 5:30 to 8 p.m. on Fridays (664-9700).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. 8/1-26, the famed Kansas City bandleader, pianist, and singer Jay McShann is back, Tues thru Sat, with saxophonist Hal Ashby, and the rarely heard (these days) drummer Joe Morello. Mon, Woody Allen indulges in wish fulfillment and Dixieland clarinet (PL 8-2272).

The Other End–149 Bleecker St. 8/2-5, *Morgana King;* 8/7, *The Widespread Depression Orchestra.* (673-7030).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St. Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

The Priory–224 E 53rd. Early American decor and food, plus the singer-pianist Don Tabor nightly except Sun, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (753-1090).

Ramayana–123 W 52nd. New York's only authentic Indonesian restaurant, with plenty of rijsttafel, and a show with dancers, musicians, and singers. Fri & Sat, and music for dancing (581-1170).

Red Blazer Too–1576 Third Ave, nr 88th. Mon & Thurs, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Fri, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies (876-0440).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. Tues thru Sun, at 9 & 11:30 p.m. 8/1-6, 8-13, Gotham (691-0900).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. 8/1-5, Mickey Tucker Quintet (242-1785); 8/6, 7 *Louis Hayes and Frank Strozier Quartet;* 8/8-13, *Chet Baker Quintet.*

37th St Hideaway–32 W 37th. Music for dinner and dancing Tues thru Sat from 7 p.m. on by guitarists Peter Girardi & Alain Levy. Songs from 8 p.m. by Diana Macris. Closed Sun (947-8940).

Tramps–125 E 15th. The Ivory Coast; 8/2, Sue Greenwood. (260-0370).

Le Vert-Galant–109 W 46th. Maurice's handsome French place, convenient for excellent dining in the theater district; Byron Sommers sings in the lounge, and there is piano entertainment nightly. Closed Sunday (JU 2-7989).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. 8/1-6, Trumpeter Woody Shaw returns with his quintet, including a talented Coltrane-influenced saxophonist named Carter Jefferson, and pianist-arranger Onaje Allan Gumbs (AL 5-4037).

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345) Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Big Apple Circus, Big Apple Park, Eighth Ave. at 50th St. (581-9186). A one-ring tent circus, featuring acrobats, trapeze artists, clowns, and gymnasts; Wed at 11:15 & 2:15, Thurs-Sat at 2:15 & 7:30, and Sun at 1 & 4.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Mon-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 and 8, Sun at 3 and 8.

Bronx Zoo, Pelham Pkwy. at Southern Blvd. (220-5100), Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 10-5:30.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Bdwy (245-4878). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2, 7, and 10, Sun at 2.

Goodskates, Mineral Springs Building, northwest end of Central Park Sheep Meadow (535-1080). Daily 10 a.m.-7 p.m. Sales and rentals of roller skates for use in the 31 miles of paved walkways in the park.

Walking Tours of New York: Tours of Brooklyn Heights and the theater and financial districts of the city take place every Sunday afternoon, beginning at 2. For more specific information call (586-4763).

New York Aquarium, Surf Ave. at W 8th St., Bklyn (266-8500), Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 10-7.

Concerts

Tuesday, August 1

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Alexander Schneider, violin; Peter Serkin, piano; and Yo-Yo Ma, cello. Works of Mozart and Schubert, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).

Rock Concert, Wolfe's Pond Park in Staten Island (356-1075), at 8.

Washington Square Music Festival, NYU Loeb Center, 566 La Guardia Pl. (473-8321); Paul Dunkel conducts the Festival Orchestra. Works of Rossini, Mozart, Still, Haydn, and Milhaud, at 8.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, St. Nicholas of Tollentine, Union Turnpike at Parsons Blvd., Queens (682-6567). Julius Grossman conducts, with Richard Fredrickson, string bass. Works by Rossini, Bottesini, Schubert, and Copland, at 8.

Sunny Daze, popular songs, Heckscher Park in Huntington, L.I. (516-271-8423), at 8:30.

Frederick Swann, organ, Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. (749-7000), at 7.

Wednesday, August 2

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Alexander Schneider, conductor and violin, and Peter Serkin, piano. Works of Mozart and Haydn (Pre-concert recital at 7).

Liz Corrigan, Channel Gardens, Fifth Ave. between 49th and 50th Sts. (582-2424), at 4:30.

Huntington Men's Chorus, popular songs, Heckscher Park in Huntington, L.I. (516-271-8423), at 8:30.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Seaside Park, Sea Breeze Ave. at W 5th St., Bklyn (682-6567). Julius Grossman conducts, with Jane Bryden, soprano. Works of Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, Verdi, and Tchaikovsky, at 8.

Goldman Band, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (867-8290). Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conduct, with David Van Sickle, baritone. Works by Sousa, Rodgers, Smith, Auber, Schmidt, Tchaikovsky, Dvorak, and Lecocq, at 8.

L'Arema Chamber Ensemble, Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave. (794-0600), at 7.

Juice Quartet, jazz, JSPOA Friendship Center, 145-06 Farmers Blvd., Queens (784-3812), at noon.

Almeda Riddle, folk music, Pier 15 of South Street Seaport, Fulton St. at East River (766-9066), at 7:45.

Richie Havens/Tom Rush, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Thursday, August 3

Goldman Band, Christopher Morley Park in Roslyn, L.I. (867-8290). Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conduct. Works by Goldman, Schubert, Strauss, Bernstein, Verdi, Boito, and others, at 8.

New Calliope Singers & Danzas Espanolas, Central Park Bandshell at 72nd St. (360-8209), at 7:30.

MUSIC ON THE ISLAND

The popular **Harry Chapin** returns to New York for a series of concerts at the Westbury Music Fair in Long Island. In addition to his old favorites, Harry will perform some of the songs from his new album, *Living Room Suite.* The schedule of performances is as follows: Thursday, August 3 through Saturday, August 5 at 8:30 and Sunday, August 6 at 7:30 (516-333-0533).

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Starrett City Community Center, 1540 Van Siclen Ave., Bklyn (682-6567). Same program as August 2, at 8.

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. Works of Mozart, Haydn, and Schubert, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).

Jay & Lyn Ungar, bluegrass, Pier 15 of South Street Seaport, Fulton St. at East River (427-1488), at 8.

Rock Concert, Wolfe's Pond Park in Staten Island (356-1075), at 8.

Juice Quartet, jazz, Samaritan Halfway Society, 130-21 89th Rd., Queens (784-3812), at 7:30.

Mitchell Korn, guitar, Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave. (794-6000), at 7.

Friday, August 4

Patti Smith Group, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Goldman Band, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (867-8290). Richard Franko Goldman conducts. Works by Strauss, von Suppe, Hummel, and Léhar, at 8.

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; Julius Rudel conducts, with Eugene Istomin, piano, and Barry Tuckwell, horn. Works of Mozart, Haydn, and Schubert, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Kissena Park, Oak Ave. at 164th St., Queens (682-6567). Same program as August 2, at 8.

Harry Chapin, Westbury Music Fair, at 8:30.

X Seamens Institute, Pier 15 of South Street Seaport, Fulton St. at East River (766-9066), at 7:30.

Stuart Sherman, Museum of Modern Art Summergarden, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), at 8.

Saturday, August 5

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; Julius Rudel conducts, with Eugene Istomin, piano, and Barry Tuckwell, horn. Works of Mozart, Schubert, and Haydn, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).

Harry Chapin, Westbury Music Fair, at 8:30.

Goldman Band, Seaside Park, Ocean Parkway at Sea Breeze Ave., Bklyn (867-8290). Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conduct. Works by Schubert, Verdi, Boito, Bernstein, Strauss, Arnold, and others, at 8.

Juice Quartet, jazz, Washington Square Park at Waverly Pl. (784-3812), at 2.

Dover Quintet, Barbizon Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 63rd St. (873-4022), at 8:30.

New York Liaison, tribute to Muddy Waters, Pier 15 of South Street Seaport, Fulton St. at East River (766-9066), at 7:30.

Kenny Rankin/Lynn Kellogg, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Long Island Symphony Orchestra, Heckscher Park in Huntington, L.I. (516-421-4555), at 8:30.

Sunday, August 6

George Benson, Jones Beach Theater in Wantagh, L.I. (516-221-1000), at 8.

Jeff Rainer, piano, Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St. (865-3571), at 2.

Harry Chapin, Westbury Music Fair, at 7:30.

Linda Ronstadt, Forest Hills Tennis Stadium, Burns St. at Continental Ave., Queens (977-9020), at 8.

Trinity Church Choir, Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall St. (285-0818), at 9.

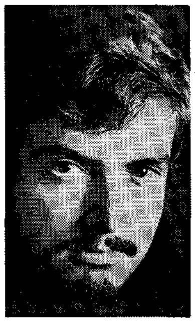
Ted Nugent/Aerosmith/Journey/Frank Marino & Al Rush, Giants Stadium in the Meadowlands (977-9020), at noon.

Goldman Band, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (867-8290). Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conduct. Works by Goldman, Rossini, Herbert, Kern, Offenbach, and Gershwin, at 8.

New York City Housing Authority Symphony Orchestra, Central Park Bandshell at 72nd St. (360-8209), at 5.

Monday, August 7

MUSIC IN THE CITY



The wonderful Mostly Mozart Festival, now in its fourth week at Avery Fisher Hall, continues through the summer. One of the highlights of this week will be the appearance of pianist **Garrick Ohlsson** (left) and conductor/trumpeter Gerard Schwarz at Monday's concert. The program will feature works by Leopold Mozart and Michael Haydn. Monday at 8 (974-2424).

Preservation Hall Jazz Band, Westbury Music Fair, at 8:30.

Spice of Life, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (360-8209), at 7:30.

Our Sunday Best, *barbershop quartet, Heckscher* Park in Huntington, L. I. (516-271-8423), at 8:30.

Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Dreiser Community Center, 177 Dreiser Loop, Co-Op City, Bronx (682-6567). Same program as August 2, at 8.

Juice Quartet, jazz, Boro Hall in Bklyn (784-3812), at 12:30.

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Gerard Schwarz, conductor and trumpet, and Garrick Ohlsson, piano. Works of Mozart, Leopold Mozart, and Michael Haydn, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).

Tuesday, August 8

New York Philharmonic, Central Park Sheep Meadow (874-4010). Andre Kostelanetz conducts an all-Tchaikovsky program, at 8:30.

David Drinkwater, organ, Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. (749-7000), at 7.

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. Works of Mozart and Bach, at 8.

Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme/Morty Gunty, Westbury Music Fair, at 8:30.

Juice Quartet, jazz, Inward House, 45 W 177th St., Bronx (784-3812), at 8.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Hebrew Educational Society, 9502 Seaview Ave., Bklyn (682-6567). Same program as August 2, at 8.

Rock Concert, *Wolfe's Pond Park in Staten Island* (356-1075), at 8.

Washington Square Music Festival, Washington Square Park (473-8321). Henry Schuman conducts the Festival Orchestra, at 8.

Opera

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *The Grand Duke,* 8/2 at 2 & 8:30, 8/3-4 at 8:30, 8/5 at 4 & 8:30, 8/6 at 4.

Opera on the Sound, Hecksher Park in Huntington, L.I. (516-271-8423). *La Bohême,* 8/6 at 8:30.

Dance

Clark Center Dance Festival, CUNY Graduate Center, 33 W 42nd St. (246-4818): 3 by Matthew

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OPEN SUNDAYS

Diamond, 8/1-3 at 8; Pepsi Bethel Authentic Jazz Dance Theater, 8/4-6 at 8.

Orlando Ballet Company, Hecksher Park in Huntington, L.I. (516-271-8423), 8/4 at 8:30.

Sandra Stewart Dance Theater, Cunningham Studio, 463 West St. (964-6436), 8/4-5 at 9.

Jan Van Dyke and Dancers, American Theater Laboratory, 219 W 19th St. (691-6500), 8/3-5 at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Brooklyn Center at Brooklyn College, Campus Rd at Ave H (859-1180).

Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).

Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).

Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave at 82nd St. (535-7710).

Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).

92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).

Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).

Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Wollman Theater in Central Park, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (249-8870).

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes show of special distinction.
Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Howard Gross–A series of portraits with closed eyes, thru 8/31. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Zahara Schatz–Kinetic sculptures, laminated plastics, and mixed media commemorating Israel, thru 8/15. America-Israel Cultural Foundation, 4 E 54th (751-2700).

***Egon Schiele** (1890-1918)–Self-portraits in paintings, drawings, and watercolors, thru 9/16. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281). Tues-Sat 1-6 during August.

SoHo

Richard Jolley–Art glass, thru 8/13. Spring Street Enamels, 171 Spring (431-8151). Tues-Sun 12-6, Fri 12-9.

***Louis I. Kahn**–Drawings ranging from pencil sketches to large works in color of architectural monuments in Europe, Greece, and Egypt, thru 9/2. Drawing Center, 137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6.

Edward Luyken/Sonnie Mason–Cartoonlike, brightly colored acrylics/Still lifes and nudes, thru 8/19. Hubris, 150 Thompson (982-1827).

Owen Morrel–Asylum, thru 9/30. Roof Top, 260 W Bdwy (966-0644). Mon-Fri 9-6, Sat 12-6.

Blinky Palermo–Gouaches on spiral-pad paper, thru 8/5. Friedrich, 393 W Bdwy (925-9380). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Joanne Watsic/Renee Levine/Silvia Greenberg–Minimalist abstractions/Lithographs/Miniature water colors, thru 8/3. Ward-Nasse Gallery, 131 Prince St. (925-6951).

OTHER

Lila Katzen–Steel outdoor sculpture and collage drawings, thru 9/1. Fordham at Lincoln Center (431-9439).

Philip Pearlstein–Recent prints of the nude/Graphic portfolios by Abrahams, Acconci, Arneson, others, thru 9/1. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006). Tues-Fri 11-5.

Yvonne Poser–Judaic themes in bronze, thru 8/30. National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods, 838 5th Ave (249-0100). Mon-Fri 9:30-4:30.

***Ned Smythe**–Sculpted arcades of cast and poured concrete columns with foliated capitals, thru 10/1. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (861-3115).

Zacharias–Color images ordered by interference grids, thru 8/25. Dorfman, 831 Bdwy (473-2017). Mon-Fri 10-6.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Dintenfass–50 W 57th (581-2268). Mon-Fri 10-5. Gallery artists Dove, Sheeler, Gwathmey, Leaf, others, thru 8/18.

Droll/Kolbert–724 Fifth Ave (541-6006). Closed Mon & Sat. Group show, thru 9/1.

Eric–61 E 57th (371-9270). Mon-Fri 9:30-5:30, Sat 10-5. Gallery artists, thru 8/30.

Getler/Pall–50 W 57th (581-2724). Works by known and unknown artists including Boxer, Dine, Rauschenberg, Ruscha, thru 8/30.

Hammer–51 E 57th (644-4400). 19th and 20th century French and American works, thru 8/25.

Midtown–11 E 57th (PL8-1900). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Bishop, Cadmus, Sivard, others, thru 9/9.

Phoenix–30 W 57th (245-5095). Mon-Fri 11-5:30. Process as Art by Abadi, Firestein, Locksoeuser, Snyder, others, thru 8/9.

Sande–61 E 57th (688-1904). Works by gallery artists, thru 8/30.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Borgenicht–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040). Tues-Fri 10-2. Gallery artists, thru 8/30.

Christopher–766 Mad Ave (737-3224). Gisson, Riboli, Sarsony, others, thru 8/31.

Deutsch–43 E 80th (861-4429). 20th century art, including Bluemner, Daugherty, Demuth, Sloan, others, thru 8/4.

Ericson–23 E 74th (737-6155). Gallery artists, thru 9/15.

Graham–1014 Mad Ave (535-5767). Group show, thru 9/15.

Grolier Club–47 E 60th (TE8-6690). Mon-Fri 10-5. Their collection, including manuscripts, portraits, other, thru 9/1.

Ingber–3 E 78th (744-3158). Oils of the street by Day, Jirby, Sherrod, others, thru 8/1.

Kraushaar–1055 Mad Ave (535-9888). Closed Sat. Group show, thru 8/31.

Rolly-Michaux–943 Mad Ave (535-1460). Aubusson tapestries by Calder, Cocteau, Gross, plus graphics by Chagall, Vasarely, others, 9/16.

Ronin–46 E 70th (535-2221), Group show, thru 9/16.

Ta-Nisia–741 Mad Ave (879-1510). Primitive animals and flowers by Amoryanos, impressionistic works by Wheatley, others, thru 8/12.

SoHo

***Volpe**–457 W Bdwy (533-3900). Mon-Fri 11-7. The American arts and crafts armchair from 1900 to 1917 designed by Stickley, Limbert, and Roycroft, thru 8/18.

Vorpal–465 W Bdwy (777-3939). Originals by Escher, acrylics by Rigolfi, welded steel sculpture by Udinotti, others, thru 8/30.

OTHER

***African-American Institute**–833 United Nations Pl (949-5666). Mon-Fri 9-5. Sat 11-5. 150 African objects made from grass and other fibers, including clothing, agricultural implements, trays, others, thru 10/7.

***Astor**–Lincoln Center (790-6551). Mon & Thurs 12-8, Tues, Wed, Fri, Sat 12-6. The dance in drawings, prints, costume designs, books, and sculpture spanning five centuries, including Diaghilev's notebook from 1909 to 1911, thru 9/2.

Bobsband–Municipal Parking Garage, 8th Ave at 53rd (226-5014). A temporary sculpture installation, thru 8/25.

F.I.T.–7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Work by the American textile designer Jack Lenor Larsen, thru 9/16.

Snug Harbor Cultural Center–Newhouse Gallery, Staten Island (473-5666). Wed-Sun 1-5. Works by CETA artists by the sea, 8/6-27.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

THE HAMPTONS

Benson–Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton, L.I. (516-537-3233). Paintings by Busa, weavings in clay by Maass, small sculpture by Wyatt, baseball scenes from Spectrum, Ltd, others, 8/5-15.

Light–Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton (516-537-3665). Tues-Sat 11-1, 2-5. Color photos of Providence, Rhode Island by Callahan and contemporary views by Miller, thru 8/3.

Parrish Museum–Job's Lane, Southampton (516-283-2118). The Arts of Japan, including costumes, woodblock prints, 8/5-30.

Tower–3 South Main, Southampton, L.I. (516-283-3951). Realistic animal paintings by Owens, mini-masterpieces by Chagall, Oldenburg, Picasso, Warhol, others, 8/5-18.

Photography

***Robert Doisneau/George Krause**–Photographs of Paris/Nudes, thru 8/19. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461). Tues-Fri 11-6.

***Grey**–NYU, 33 Washington Pl, Washington Sq E (598-7063). Mon-Fri 12-7, Wed 12-8:30. 19th and 20th century American and European photos from the Wagstaff Collection, including Cameron, Evans, Steichen, Talbot, others, thru 8/26.

***William Henry Jackson**–Waterfalls and rock formations of Cascade Canyon, Colorado, thru 8/18. Wolf, 30 W 57th (586-8432). Mon-Fri 11-6.

Light–724 5th Ave (582-6552). Works by Callahan, Newman, Siskind, Strand, others, thru 8/31.

***Midtown-Y**–344 E 14th (674-7200). Mon-Thurs 12-8, Fri til 4, Sun 10-1. Sports and games in the streets, parks, playgrounds, and plazas of NYC taken over the past 40 years by Cartier, Eisenberg, Gove, Wolff, others, thru 9/17.

Nikon House–620 5th Ave (586-3907). An international photo competition, 8/3-9/2.

Port Washington Public Library–245 Main St, Port Washington, L.I. (516-883-4400). Contemporaries working in 19th century processes, including Conner, Lopes, Morimoto, Steinberg, others, thru 8/31.

Soho/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (242-9198). Sat-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Still life in abstract form by Berkowitz, counterculture in Palo Alto, California by Mason, Lions of Judah by Threadgill, photos by members, thru 8/29.

Terrain–141 Greene (777-4490). Works dealing with views of Eli Siegel, thru 8/30.

***Adam Clark Vroman**(1856-1916)–Simple, direct, unsentimental, and uncompromising views of the Southwest, thru 8/18. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066). Tues-Fri 11-6.

Museums

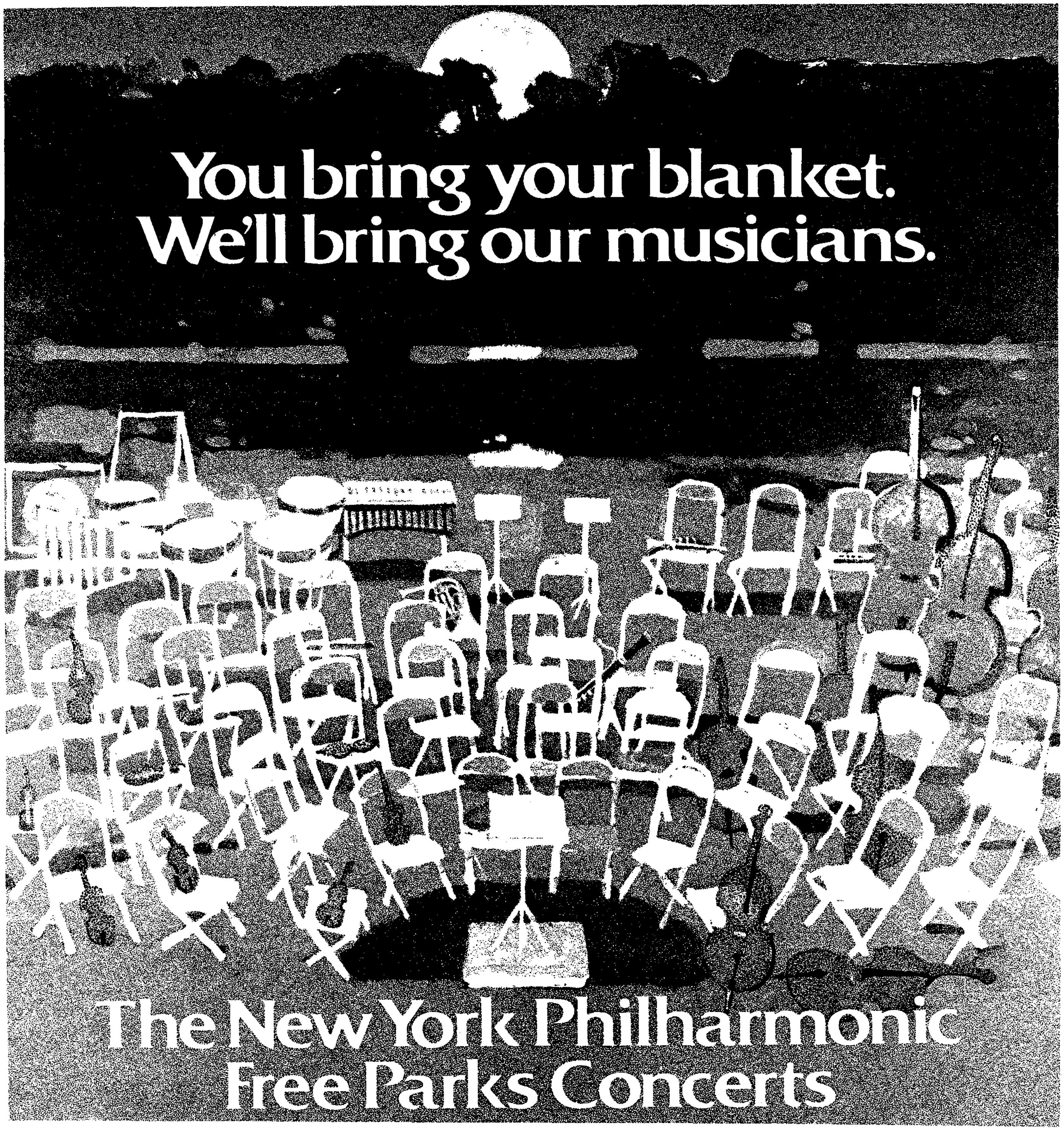
American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Ice Age Art—Man's Earliest Masterpieces:* The Cro-Magnon artist's view of his world; thru 1/15. *The Sport of Birding;* thru autumn. **Hayden Planetarium,** CPW at 81st St. (724-8700). Laserium concert, Fri & Sat at 8:30, 10 & 11:30 p.m., Sun at 8:30 & 10 p.m.

Asia House–112 E 64th (751-4210). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, Thurs til 8:30. Vintage prints made in China during the last 60 years of the Imperial Ch'ing dynasty, 1846-1912, thru 8/20.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Visions of Courtly India:* Pahari miniatures, thru 9/17.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Embroidery Through the Ages:* Fine and rare examples from the 14th century to the present, for the church



August 8-29/Concerts begin at 8:30

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ, Conductor

AUGUST
- 8 Sheep Meadow, Manhattan (Fireworks Display)
- 11 Van Cortlandt Park, Bronx
- 12 Cunningham Park, Queens

PROGRAM

TCHAIKOVSKY
Symphony No.5
"Romeo and Juliet"
Overture, "1812"

SARAH CALDWELL, Conductor

AUGUST
- 15 Sheep Meadow, Manhattan
- 17 Prospect Park, Brooklyn
- 18 Botanical Gardens, Bronx
- 19 Crocheron Park, Queens

PROGRAM

BORODIN
Symphony No. 2
BERLIOZ
"Symphonie fantastique"

ZUBIN MEHTA, Conductor

AUGUST
- 22 Sheep Meadow, Manhattan
- 24 Clove Lake Park, Staten Island
- 26 Cunningham Park, Queens

PROGRAM

WAGNER
Overture, "Rienzi"
RAVEL
"La Valse"
TCHAIKOVSKY
Symphony No. 4

ZUBIN MEHTA, Conductor

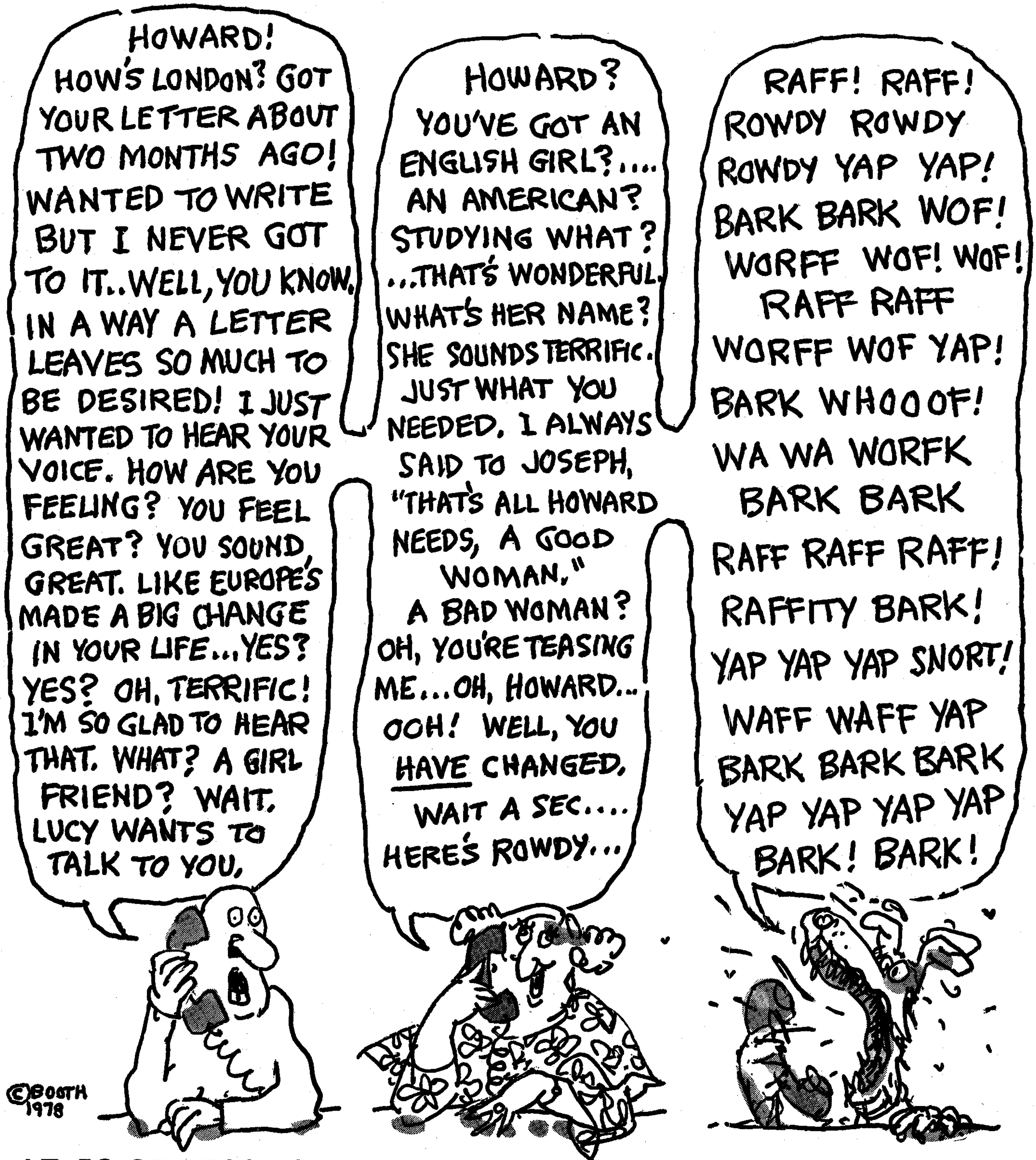
AUGUST
- 28 Marine Park, Brooklyn
- 29 Van Cortlandt Park, Bronx

PROGRAM

PROKOFIEV
Suite from "Romeo and Juliet"
MAHLER
Symphony No. 1

Presented by the New York Philharmonic and the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs and sponsored by Exxon Corporation
with additional support from the National Endowment for the Arts and the New York State Council on the Arts
in cooperation with the New York City Department of Parks and Recreation.

EXXON


HOWARD! HOW'S LONDON? GOT YOUR LETTER ABOUT TWO MONTHS AGO! WANTED TO WRITE BUT I NEVER GOT TO IT..WELL, YOU KNOW, IN A WAY A LETTER LEAVES SO MUCH TO BE DESIRED! I JUST WANTED TO HEAR YOUR VOICE. HOW ARE YOU FEELING? YOU FEEL GREAT? YOU SOUND GREAT. LIKE EUROPE'S MADE A BIG CHANGE IN YOUR LIFE...YES? YES? OH, TERRIFIC! I'M SO GLAD TO HEAR THAT. WHAT? A GIRL FRIEND? WAIT. LUCY WANTS TO TALK TO YOU.
HOWARD? YOU'VE GOT AN ENGLISH GIRL?.... AN AMERICAN? STUDYING WHAT? ...THAT'S WONDERFUL. WHAT'S HER NAME? SHE SOUNDS TERRIFIC. JUST WHAT YOU NEEDED. I ALWAYS SAID TO JOSEPH, "THAT'S ALL HOWARD NEEDS, A GOOD WOMAN." A BAD WOMAN? OH, YOU'RE TEASING ME...OH, HOWARD... OOH! WELL, YOU HAVE CHANGED. WAIT A SEC.... HERE'S ROWDY...
RAFF! RAFF! ROWDY ROWDY ROWDY YAP YAP! BARK BARK WOF! WORFF WOF! WOF! RAFF RAFF WORFF WOF YAP! BARK WHOOOF! WA WA WORFK BARK BARK RAFF RAFF RAFF! RAFFITY BARK! YAP YAP YAP SNORT! WAFF WAFF YAP BARK BARK BARK YAP YAP YAP YAP BARK! BARK!
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Bell System

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and for secular use; thru 9/3. *Celebration of Water:* Water symbolism and water forms—fountains, baths, swimming pools, etc., thru 8/20.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. Folk art images of George Washington; thru 10/31.

Frick Collection, 1 E 70th St. (288-0700). Wed-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6. Western European art from the Renaissance to the 19th century. In the permanant collection.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *The Evelyn Sharp Collection:* Forty-five paintings and sculptures from Braque, Calder, Matisse, Picasso, and others; thru 10/1. *Alberto Burri:* A retrospective view, 1948-78; thru 8/27.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Photographs of Lee Friedlander. *Presence & Passage:* Drawings and paintings by Nicholas Barbieri. Prints by Merle Perlmutter. These shows run thru 9/17. *The Ringling Brothers Circus Model:* An 8' by 16 scale model of the circus of 1912-14; thru 9/30.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Edward Weston—Gifts to His Sister:* 125 prints by the artist; thru 9/3. *The Great West—Real/Ideal:* Black-and-white and color prints revealing concepts of the geographical, historical, and cultural regions of North America; thru 9/3.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5. Serigraphs by Peter Freudenthal, thru 9/4.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Images of Women—Master Drawings of Five Centuries:* Drawings from the 15th to the 20th century, including works by Rembrandt, Dürer, Ingres, Renoir, Matisse, others; thru 10/1. *Japanese Early Blue and White Export Ware:* Export porcelain of the second half of the 17th century; thru 9/3. *Vanity Fair:* A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 8/27. *Polish Arms & Armor;* indefinite close. *Reports on the France of Louis XIII:* Engravings by Abraham Bosse (1602-76) on the preoccupations, divertissements, interior decorations, and modes of dress in Paris during his time; thru 10/29.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Closed during August.

El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272). Tues-Sun 10:30-4:30

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *Folk Art—The Heart of America:* Objects incorporating and illustrating the heart; thru 10/15.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 10-5. *The Morning Watch:* A specially-selected exhibition devoted to viewing programs from the museum's collection; thru 9/2.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion:* The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4.

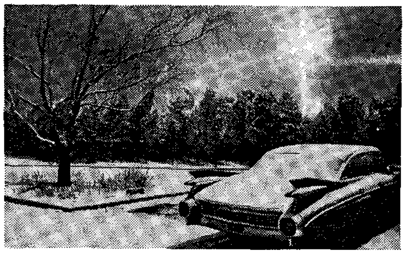
Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. Functional and sculptural works in clay and glass by young Americans, thru 10/1.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Light Years:* Illuminating the development of holography; thru 8/27.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tues, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Jim Dine's Etchings:* The history of his work; thru 9/5. *The Architecture of Gunnar Asplund;* thru 9/10. Sound installation by Max Neuhaus, thru 9/5. *Designed for Film:* Demonstrating the importance of production design and art direction in motion pictures; thru 9/26. *Artists and Writers:* Drawings and portraits of 20th century American and European painters and sculptors, poets and philosophers, novelists and critics; thru 9/24. *Photographs by Art Sinsabaugh:* Of Chicago cityscapes, New England, the East Coast, and the midwest; 8/7 thru 10/29. The museum's **Summergarden** is now open Fri, Sat & Sun from 6 to 10 p.m., thru 9/3.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6. *Double Take:* An exhibition of recent works by eighteen contemporary artists; thru 9/2.

WORTH 1,000 WORDS



Joel Meyerowitz's *Christmas, Kennedy Airport* (1967) is one of the more than 200 prints in **Mirrors and Windows,** the Museum of Modern Art's newest exhibition. The show provides an overview of American photography from 1960 to the present and includes works by Stephen Shore, Diane Arbus, Robert Rauschenberg, Lee Friedlander, and others. Through October 2 (956-7070).

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Street Kids:* Old and new photos depicting the many moods of the city's poor children between 1864 and 1977; thru 9/5. *New Life for Old Objects—The Art of the Conservator:* An exhibition of restored paintings, sculptures, and artifacts; thru 8/31. *Wish You Were Here:* A look at popular New York State vacation spots of the past; thru 9/30.

NY Public Library-Fifth Ave at 42nd (790-6651). Mon-Wed, Fri & Sat 10-6. Documents and photos dealing with the struggle for woman suffrage, 1848-1920, thru 9/30. Patrons and publishers dealing with the financial support of English literary works from Chaucer to Orwell with letters, manuscripts, and early editions from the Berg Collection, thru 11/29/ At Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave. Mon-Sat 12-6. Photos and memorabilia of Eglevsky, 1917 to 1977, thru 9/2. Scores, correspondence, manuscripts, and stage designs of Luigi Dallapiccola (1904-75), the noted Italian composer, thru 9/16.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Play Ball!—A Century of Sports in Art:* Includes works by George Bellows, Richard Diebenkorn, Sidney Goodman, Red Grooms, Bill King, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Ben Shahn, and others; thru 9/10.

Nicholas Roerich Museum, 319 W 107th St. (864-7752). Sun-Fri 2-5.

South Street Seaport Gallery, 215 Water St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6. *The Afternoon of Sail:* A re-creation of 19th century South Street; thru 9/4.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Tues-Fri 10-6, Wed 10-9, Sat & Sun 1-6.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues-Fri 2-9, Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Art About Art:* Multimedia exhibition of more than 100 works by 50 contemporary American artists; thru 9/24. (See John Ashbery's thoughts on this exhibition on page 54 of this issue.) *Four-Part Drawing of Lines to Points on a Grid:* Sol LeWitt's drawing, installed on all four walls of the lobby gallery; thru 9/24. *Twentieth-Century American Drawings:* Major works by Bochner, Indiana, Morris, Nauman, and Wood; thru 10/1. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3. Photographs by 19 grant recipients of the Creative Artists Public Service Program; thru 8/4.

Sports

Yankees, Yankee Stadium (293-4300); vs. Texas Rangers, 8/1 at 8; vs. Boston Red Sox, 8/2-3 at 8; vs. Baltimore Orioles, 8/4-5 at 8, 8/6 at 2; vs. Milwaukee Brewers, 8/8-10 at 8.

Mets, Shea Stadium (672-2000) No home games this week.

Cosmos, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (265-8600). No home games this week.

Apples, Felt Forum (661-8070); vs. Seattle Cascades, 8/1; vs. Boston Lobsters (at Madison Square Garden), 8/3. At 7:30.

Jets, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (421-6600); vs. Atlanta Falcons in the first exhibition scrimmage of the season, 8/7 at 8.

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New York

The Case of the Murderous Mother-in-Law

By Philip Nobile; courtroom drawings by Brad Holland

1 In which we meet Mrs. Ritz, a highly excitable woman.

It was the second morning in four days that Dr. Ahvner Reggev had found ice-pick holes in a tire of his Chevy Malibu. Someone was harassing him. Dr. Reggev's mother-in-law, Helen Ritz, had sometimes punctured tires and broken antennae on cars parked in front of her Jewel Avenue home in Forest Hills, and he had seen her perform similar acts of retribution on tenants in her nine Manhattan brownstones. Now that he and Mrs. Ritz's daughter, Marsha, were involved in a divorce and a custody battle for their little girl, Daphne, his mother-in-law had begun calling him a bastard, son of a bitch, hoodlum, bum, whenever they met. "I asked the rabbi, Ahvner," she had said to him recently, "and he told me you'll get a broken leg or a cancer, not that I wish it on you."

The last time Dr. Reggev had actually seen Helen Ritz was in the parking lot of the Queens Botanical Garden. She had been with a private investigator named Pasquale Simone, a retired New York City police detective whom she had employed to guard her granddaughter, telling him she was afraid Daphne might be kidnapped and spirited back to Israel. Investigator Simone had escorted Daphne and her grandmother to the garden for a Sunday visitation with Daphne's father. And there, while Daphne had played among the plants and ferns, Simone had asked Dr. Reggev to walk with him over to a Coke machine. The walk had been carefully planned: It displayed Reggev to a man who had never seen him before, the same man who, wearing a ski mask and holding in his gloved hand a cocked .38 special loaded with five dumdum bullets, now sat in his Eldorado watching Dr. Reggev change the punctured tire.

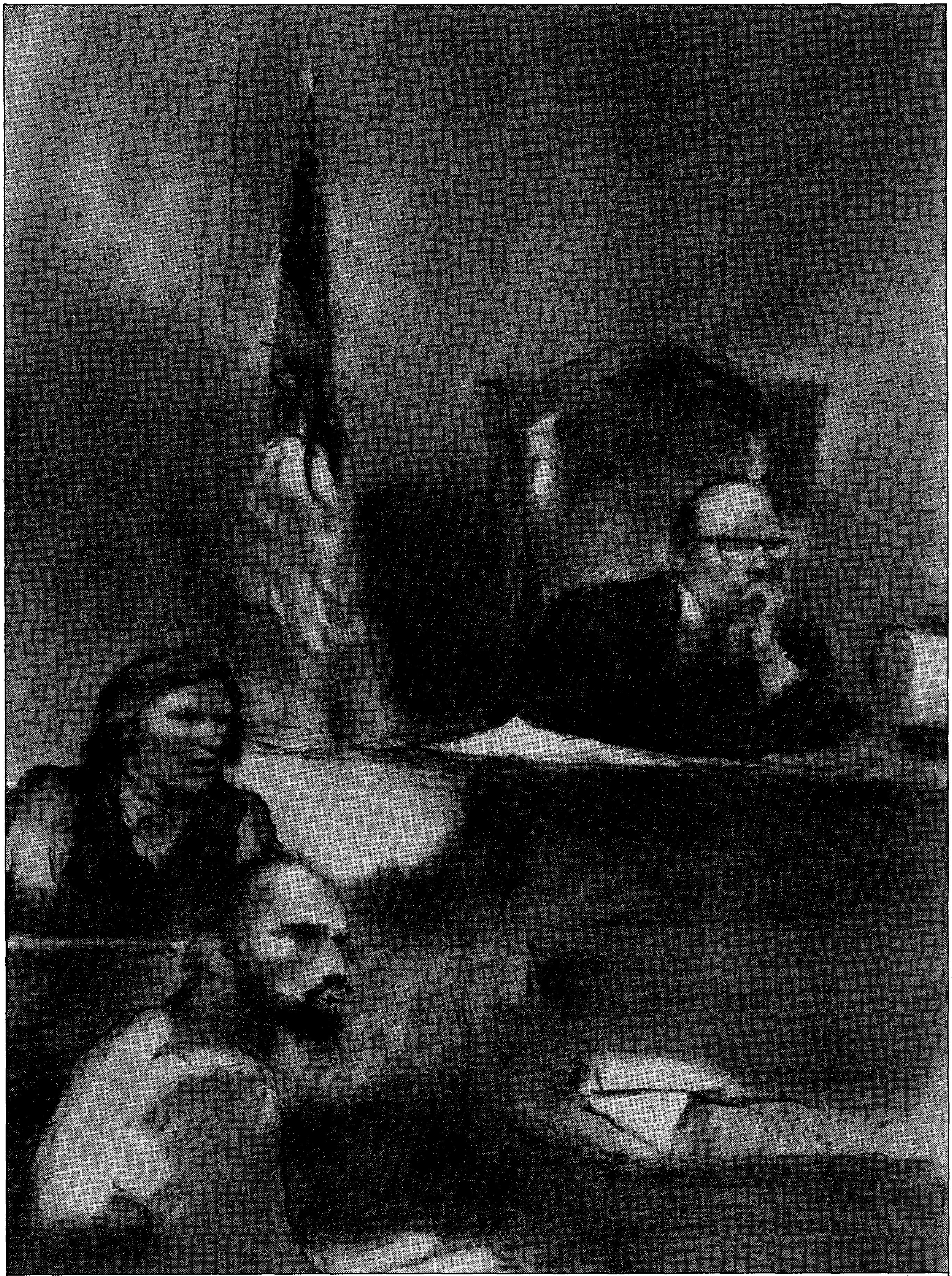
Born in Poland in 1924, Helen Ritz was a teenager during the Nazi occupation; her parents died in a concentration camp. In 1947, she emigrated to the United States with her husband, Morris, now crippled by a stroke. They bought their first brownstone in 1953, and over the next twenty years they purchased eight more, all but one of them on Manhattan's Upper West Side. The Ritzes' total worth is $2 million, though Mrs. Ritz likes to describe herself as "poor."

A woman about five feet tall, with high cheekbones and a piercing stare, Mrs. Ritz was always a vengeful landlord. She destroyed the mail of tenants whom she disliked and once tried to force an elderly couple from a rent-controlled apartment by spreading dog feces through its rooms. She had been seen chasing tenants down West Side streets, screaming obscenities in her thick Polish accent. Other tenants, those who paid their rent in cash, got discounts.

Mrs. Ritz was fiercely protective of her family, her sick husband, her 18-year-old son, and her 30-year-old daughter, Marsha. After graduating from Tufts College in 1968, Marsha Ritz visited Israel, and there, on a kibbutz, she fell in love with an engineering student named Ahvner Reggev. After three years of correspondence and several visits back and forth, Ahvner and Marsha were married in Israel in 1971. They came to the United States; Ahvner graduated from Columbia in 1973 and was accepted by Albert Einstein Medical School. By this time Marsha had become pregnant. Abortion was discussed, but she insisted on having the baby.

They had seemed at first to be a charmed young couple. Marsha had a small, splendid figure; her fine features and clear skin made her almost beautiful. Ahvner, athletically built and ruggedly handsome, was a brilliant student. But the marriage did not meet their expectations. Marsha resented Ahvner's long hours at school and their lack of spending money. She wanted to get out from under her mother's wings—generous ones—but they couldn't afford it. In April 1974, after much quarreling, Marsha locked Ahvner out of her mother's house, where the couple had been living during his first year in medical school. Each then attempted reconciliation, which the other rejected.

For Mrs. Ritz, the idea of a divorce in her family was shameful. She had once offered a bribe, in vain, to someone with connections to get Ahvner (without his knowledge)



Courtroom: Mrs. Helen Ritz, Judge Joel Taylor, and the court reporter. Mrs. Ritz spent six days on the stand, mostly in fury, and in the end she was exhausted and depressed, her credibility shattered.

into medical school. Now she threatened to spend her last penny so that he would never see his child again. She sent the little girl, Daphne, with Marsha to Israel in October of 1975, and there they stayed until the following May, when Ahvner flew over to search for them. They fled back to the United States, where, against the order of the matrimonial court, Marsha took Daphne to California in November. A writ of habeas corpus compelled her to produce the child in New York in February of 1977.

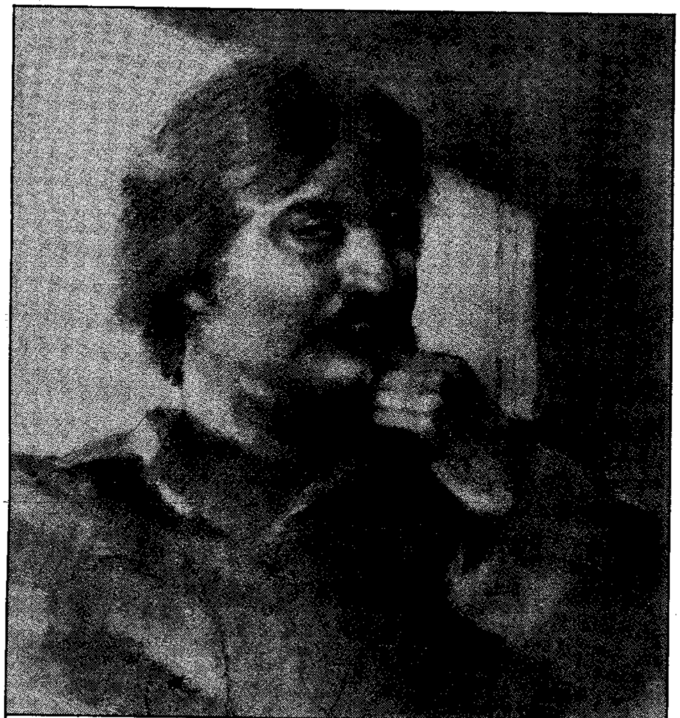
Ahvner told friends that Daphne had been brainwashed against him. The Ritzes, he said, had told Daphne she had no father. One day when Ahvner presented his estranged wife with flowers, she contemptuously tossed them in the garbage. Seeing this, the little girl disposed of her father's candy the same way. So obviously deprived of Daphne's affections, Ahvner sued for custody. Marsha wrote the court that he was a "sadistic beast" who intended to "instill the child with Communist propaganda" and "force her to live on an Israeli border kibbutz." He vehemently denied these accusations. Marsha petitioned for an annulment, which would have been less disgraceful than a divorce. Not only did the petition fail, but the court insisted on visitation rights for the father. And so the bitter stage was set.

Deeply frustrated and angered by the court decision, Mrs. Ritz retained Pasquale Simone to dig up dirt on Ahvner and to guard her granddaughter when the child was with her father. Gradually, the mother-in-law went over the edge—from name calling to murder.

2

A hitman is found and his payment agreed upon.

As it happened, the 48-year-old ex-police detective had no trouble arranging the contract for Mrs. Ritz; despite a spotless service record, Simone was considered a rogue cop by department insiders. "Simone was a cute piece of work," a former colleague said. "He made scores left and right when he was with the safe-loft-and-truck squad." In fact, the department once suspected him of having killed Tony "the Cat" Siciliano, a Mafia informant whom he "controlled."



Hitman: Kenny O'Donnell, who turned informant.

However, Simone was not going to handle this job for Mrs. Ritz personally. Instead he approached Tony Soda, a small-time policy man from the Corona section of Queens, to put him in touch with the "right person" for the actual hit. Soda did not look far. He lived in a room above the Robinswood Inn, a bar and grill near the Queens end of the Whitestone Bridge, where he drank regularly with a gangster named Kenny O'Donnell. Soda knew O'Donnell was desperate for money and would be interested. Soda got the two men together, and Simone spelled out the proposition—it would be worth $10,000, he said—to the unemployed hitman, and O'Donnell accepted. The next day they marked Dr. Ahvner Reggev at the Queens Botanical Garden.

Then O'Donnell began stalking the young intern at Metropolitan Hospital. Parking on the service road along the FDR Drive, he waited for Dr. Reggev to come out of the building after night duty. On three occasions in early May he was prepared to shoot, but too many doctors and nurses changed shifts at the same time, and their presence discouraged him.

Mrs. Ritz, impatient with the delays, offered a $2,000 bonus to speed up the job. She added another $2,000 on the condition that the killing occur no later than Friday, the twentieth of May. That brought the total to $14,000. The money was tempting. Hitman O'Donnell took an advance of $1,000 from Simone. Still, the more he thought about the contract the less he liked it. He hated the rush and was depressed by the probability that he would have to make the hit in daytime.

3

The story of a loser.

Kenny O'Donnell, at the age of 33 and despite good looks, wavy hair, and a smooth-talking manner, was a loser. Back in his twenties, not so very long ago, he had supported a strong gambling habit with armed robberies, hijackings, with smuggling and arson, and with heroin sales. He had murdered for hire on three occasions while "apprenticing" for the Bronx Mafia. But his "rise" in the underworld had ceased in 1973, when he was arrested with an inconvenient package of five kilos of heroin.

When O'Donnell got to Riker's Island, he considered himself abandoned by his erstwhile partners, and he turned informant. He was freed for giving information to the Bronx district attorney's office on three major drug crimes. Unwelcome in his former circles (the code of silence, etc.), he had been forced to scrounge and make small deals. The Reggev hit would get him out of the hole.

4

The moment of decision comes...and goes.

On Tuesday, May 17, O'Donnell drove over to the Bronx from Queens and parked about 70 yards down from Dr. Reggev's building on Rhinelander Avenue. O'Donnell was exhausted, his head buzzing from a night of drinking at the Robinswood. At about 3 A.M. he had left the bar with a young woman, and the two had driven to an embankment off the Van Wyck Expressway. There, lying on his jacket, they had had sex twice. O'Donnell always arranged for it before taking on a job that might put him out of circulation for a while.

O'Donnell pulled a ski mask and a pair of gloves from under the seat and placed them beside him on the white leather interior of his car. From a secret compartment cut into the rug near the passenger door, he removed his Rossi .38, spun the barrel, cocked the hammer, and released the safety. Then he sat back and tried to psych himself up for the murder. He still felt uncomfortable because of the daylight, but something else was bothering him, and he couldn't put it out of his mind. He kept thinking about how many people were in on the contract. Mrs. Ritz knew. Simone knew. Soda knew. Even a bartender at the Robinswood had asked him, "How's that job coming with Simone?" If the conspiracy were discovered, somebody was bound to crack. But if he didn't kill Reggev, somebody else would, and he'd be out $14,000 and still living on borrowed money. "Hell with it," he finally said to himself, slamming both hands on the wheel. "I'm going to do it."

A few minutes later, Dr. Reggev emerged from his building. O'Donnell raised a newspaper in front of his masked face—doubly masking it, but, more important, masking the mask—and watched the doctor fix the punctured tire. O'Donnell himself had ice-picked it earlier, in the small hours of the morning. O'Donnell decided to pull up beside Reggev and shoot him from the car rather than walk up to him on the street.

"Okay, Ken," he thought, fingering the trigger of his gun, "let's get this thing over with, get the $14,000, and fly down to Freeport."

But the doubts returned. The fear of daylight, of getting found out. Paralyzed, unable to put the car in gear or step on the gas, he watched, motionless, as Dr. Reggev completed changing the tire and drove off to Metropolitan Hospital. Disappointed in himself, yet relieved, O'Donnell swung back to the Robinswood parking lot and went to sleep in his car. Later, he thought, he would tell Simone that Dr. Reggev had slipped away again, just as he had escaped death in the crowds of nurses and doctors, and by fixing his flats before the killer arrived that other time, a few days earlier.

There were still three days left until Mrs. Ritz's deadline.

5

The plot thickens, and the players change sides.

Kenny O'Donnell's mother was Sicilian. He had grown up in the culture, so he never discussed business with his wife (common-law). And she stayed home while he gambled away thousands of dollars in the Bahamas. She brought up their boy on Long Island and didn't ask questions.

It was a measure of his great discomfort that O'Donnell returned home Tuesday night and discussed the Reggev hit with his wife. They talked over the risks together and decided that he should go to the police and tell them about the doctor and Mrs. Ritz and the go-between Simone, the ex-cop. The following morning O'Donnell became a police informer again.

After telling all he knew about the conspiracy to Stanley Chesler, an assistant district attorney, and Detective Sergeant Joe Hardiman of the Bronx district attorney's squad, O'Donnell also agreed to cooperate in getting further evidence on Simone and Soda, the second but lesser middleman, in exchange for immunity.

A hurried but nonetheless exotic scheme was devised. On Friday O'Donnell would pretend to go ahead with his contract. Then he would meet with Simone and Soda to tape incriminating conversations. On Saturday Hardiman's men, pretending to be his accomplices, would do likewise with Mrs. Ritz.

Naturally, they had to bring in Dr. Reggev, and he, frightened to the point of breakdown and horrified further by the acts and intended acts of Mrs. Ritz, consented to help them. If Simone would go along with kidnapping the doctor from in front of his apartment—shooting would be too hard to fake on Rhinelander Avenue—and disposing of the body in Long Island Sound, O'Donnell could effectively simulate a murder. A detective would pose as a Mafia tough, "Angelo," who owned a motorboat and would assist in faking the crime.

6

A fake kidnapping.

At 6:30 A.M. on Friday, O'Donnell and a detective assigned to him drove up in front of Reggev's apartment house just as the doctor was leaving. O'Donnell jumped out and stuck his loaded gun in the doctor's back. He had been told just to use his finger, but O'Donnell felt safer with the weapon. Realizing that at any time in the negotiations Simone might try to shoot their informant, the D.A.'s office had ignored O'Donnell's possession.

When O'Donnell approached Reggev, he said, "Get in the car or I'll kill you." He played it rough in case Simone was watching from somewhere. Police were staked out along the route to the marina under the Throgs Neck Bridge. Despite the tension, O'Donnell was enjoying the caper.

"Hi, Doc," he said to the figure crouched on the floor of the backseat.

"Can I ask you a question?" Dr. Reggev said. "How were you going to kill me?"

"I was going to fire two or three shots into the back of your head."

"With what kind of weapon?"

"With a .38, but what difference does it make?"

"Can I ask you another question? Are you a good shot?"

"I'm an excellent shot."

"Because you realize that if you missed me by a little bit, you would have made me a vegetable for the rest of my life."

"Doc, if I were you, I'd be kissing my ass."

When the kidnappers reached the marina, they led their victim to the 21-foot canvas-topped skiff owned by Detec-

Prosecutor: "Tighten the Noose" Bruce Goldstone.

tive Vinnie Soreca of the Bronx D.A.'s squad. Detective Soreca, a burly, dark-complexioned man who would later play "Crazy Angelo," gunned his 270-horsepower engine and headed far out into Long Island Sound. All of this was done for effect, again in case anyone was watching. Dr. Reggev was safe enough; Detective Soreca made a U-turn in the Sound and brought his boat into New Rochelle. Dr. Reggev checked into an upstate motel under police guard. Officially he was now a missing person. O'Donnell rode to the Bronx to finish his act.

Back at the D.A.'s office, O'Donnell telephoned Simone.

"Everything is all right, *finute*."

"Yeah?" Simone said.

"Yeah . . . no more problems. All done."

"All right, I'm gonna come and kiss you. . . ."

Simone was happy because now Mrs. Ritz would lay off. The old lady had been pestering him for weeks to get the doctor off her mind—in other words, kill him. The ex-cop looked forward to his next contract.

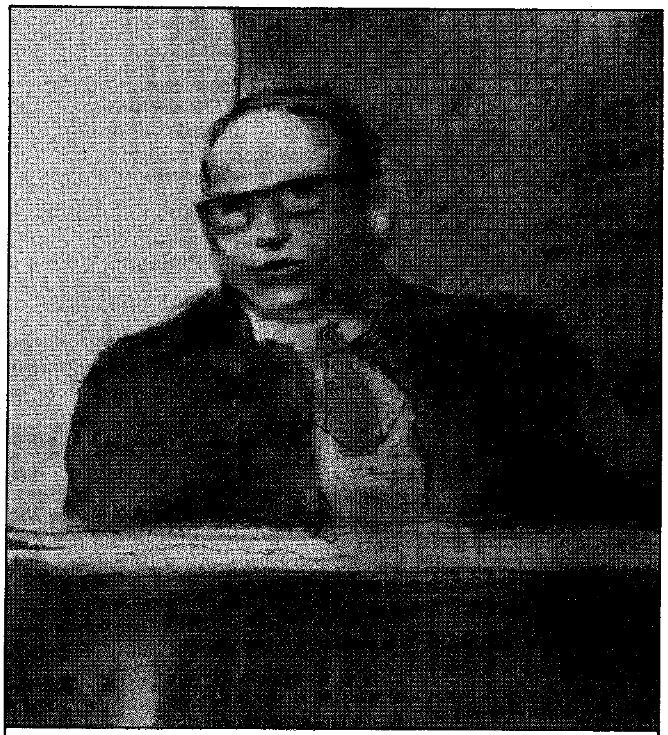
The trap was not yet closed. The D.A.'s office needed evidence of payment, but Simone avoided meeting with O'Donnell over the weekend. Mrs. Ritz had not been willing to hand over the cash to Simone until she was absolutely sure her son-in-law was dead. She was not satisfied with the Reggev wallet Simone had given her; she wanted to wait a couple of days. Cautious, cautious. O'Donnell complained angrily about the delay at the Robinswood Monday night. Simone was not reachable by phone and did not appear that evening.

O'Donnell reached him the following day, Tuesday, and set up a meeting for 11 P.M., again at the Robinswood.

"So what did you go to hibernate on me for two days?" O'Donnell said to Simone when he came in. They sat down in the back dining room to count out the money. Simone's figures were off.

"Supposed to give you thirteen [$13,000]," he said to O'Donnell. "I gave you a thousand."

"No, no. You were supposed to give me fourteen," said O'Donnell. "You gave me a thousand: That's thirteen. You originally said ten, then two more, then two more . . . fourteen." Simone was short $1,000, but O'Donnell let him owe. It made no difference: Simone was nailed.



Judge: He thought Mrs. Ritz had been through hell.

7

“I had fish tonight,” says Mrs. Ritz. “I ate him.”

The D.A.'s detectives had less luck trapping Mrs. Ritz. She refused to be drawn into a conversation with Detective Soreca when, still posing as a hitman, he approached her (and Marsha) outside Stevens department store on Queens Boulevard on Memorial Day, ten days after her son-in-law's disappearance.

Nor could Sergeant Hardiman lure her into self-incrimination when he called her at home on Friday to say that he would go to the police or to Marsha if he didn't get more money for "doing the job on the doctor."

To trap Mrs. Ritz they needed her co-conspirator.

Pat Simone was arrested June 6. "We've got good news and bad news," Detective Soreca said to him. "The good news is that the doctor is alive and the bad news is that Kenny O'Donnell is with us." Despondent and mumbling about suicide, Simone agreed to try to tape Mrs. Ritz. That same evening he drove over to her home with a recorder strapped on his back. Mrs. Ritz was finishing supper when he walked in.

"I had fish tonight," she said. "I ate him."

"Yeah," he laughed. "That's right."

Concerned about the phone calls and about being followed, she asked Simone if he was being watched as well.

"Yeah, those guys are bothering me," he said. "Well, to tell you the truth, I think now it's not the police. I think it's the guys that did the job."

"That's what I was thinking too," she said.

They later went out for a drink, and then Simone drove Mrs. Ritz home. He was then immediately debriefed by the D.A.'s detectives. The taped conversation was very suggestive, in the official view, but no ironclad admission had been recorded. As a former detective, Simone should have been sharper, but his life was suddenly in ruins and he had other things on his mind. Yet he was asked to draw her out further in a 10:30 P.M. phone call.

"Listen," he said. "I just wanted to tell you I, uh, found that guy that did the thing to the doc, you know?"

"No, no, it's all right," she said. "I'm busy, in . . . in . . . in the middle of . . . papers."

He couldn't crack her; the mother-in-law seemed suddenly uninterested, at least over the phone, in the murder she had commissioned.

8

The long arm of the law embraces Mrs. Ritz.

Although Mrs. Ritz hadn't directly admitted complicity, she was arrested the following morning, June 7, 1977. She barricaded herself inside her Forest Hills home until police threatened to unhinge her front door. (Tony Soda permanently dropped out of sight when the office of the Bronx district attorney neglected to arrest him *before* releasing news on the bizarre case.)

The trial started on March 29 of this year. The legal case against the mother-in-law was far from open-and-shut. Though caught in an act of conspiracy, she had a fair chance of escaping the consequences, since Simone, the prosecution's chief witness, refused to testify against her. He had quit cooperating with the D.A.'s office when he couldn't get probation in exchange. He had been convicted of conspiracy at his own trial the previous month and received an indeterminate fifteen-year sentence. Kenny

O'Donnell had never spoken with Mrs. Ritz. So, apart from persuasive circumstantial evidence, the Simone-Ritz tape was the only solid proof linking Mrs. Ritz to the conspiracy.

The first assistant district attorney, Bruce Goldstone, who had also tried Simone, believed Helen Ritz was guilty. This boyish, silver-haired, 47-year-old prosecutor has lost only six or seven cases in fourteen years, surpassing the consecutive-convictions record of his former boss, Burton Roberts, when he persuaded 47 juries in a row between 1973 and 1976 to render guilty verdicts. (Roberts's string was 41.) But "Tighten the Noose" Bruce, as he is called around the courthouse, was not supremely confident about sending Mrs. Ritz to jail. The investigation appeared to have been terminated prematurely, and the key conversation between Simone and Ritz was slightly ambiguous. The D.A. also wondered about the jury's potential sympathy for a little (five-foot) old mother-in-law who had lived through the Holocaust.

Herbert Lyon, best known as Alice Crimmins's lawyer at her second trial, represented the accused. Lyon made his considerable reputation by assisting gangsters in obtaining fair trials. Hudson Reid, a black co-counsel, advised on the selection of the jury, which included four black jurors. He sat at the defense table, where he rarely spoke out for the duration of the trial. A multi-racial entourage of elderly well-wishers waged a poor-people's campaign for the defendant from the front row of the courtroom where Charles Lindbergh had first confronted Bruno Hauptmann.

Judge Joel Tyler ordered the arrest of one of the defendant's supporters, a handyman employed by a business associate of Mrs. Ritz's, for allegedly having urged a prospective juror to vote for acquittal. The handyman told detectives that Mrs. Ritz's partner had asked him to sit in the courtroom and watch the trial. Mrs. Ritz, he said, had promised to take care of him for his silent vigil. Morris Ritz, a constant witness to his wife's ordeal, muttered "Bastard" whenever D.A. Goldstone passed him in the corridor; toward the end of the trial, the judge had him removed, and Mr. Ritz shouted, "Auschwitz, four years."

O'Donnell clearly enjoyed the shoot-out of cross-examination and reveled in embarrassing his interrogator. Asked if he was known in criminal circles, he got a laugh by responding, "I'm known in a lot of circles. I'm known in my church."

The prosecution's case depended mainly on nineteen tapes that it took two weeks to introduce. The playing of the dramatic Simone-Ritz "I ate him" conversation climaxed Goldstone's prosecution.

Herbert Lyon, of course, had an opposite view: "The evidence will show that Mrs. Ritz did not agree to a conspiracy, did not enter into a conspiracy, was not part of a conspiracy to kill Ahvner Reggev, that she did not solicit anybody to kill Dr. Reggev, but that she in the last analysis was a victim of somebody's attempt to do so."

He hoped to demonstrate that O'Donnell and Simone were extorting money from Mrs. Ritz through Dr. Reggev, and not carrying out her murder contract. But this alternate theory was neither sharply focused nor seriously argued.

Constantly needled by Goldstone and overruled by the judge, Lyon had an uphill fight. The jury seemed bored by his interrogations and showed no response to his daily demands for a mistrial. Lyon's plan, obviously, was to build a record for an eventual appeal. His law partner, William Erlbaum, seemed to grant their client's guilt in futile pretrial plea bargaining. "It's not nice, what she did," Erlbaum conceded off the record, though never to Goldstone, "but you have to understand her background." Goldstone would not trade a guilty plea for a promise of no jail time.

Mrs. Ritz's background was slipped into the record, against the admonition of Judge Tyler, via her character witnesses.

"What country do you know her from?" Lyon asked Charles Bank, a friend of Mrs. Ritz's from childhood.

"Poland," came the reply.

". . . From what year to what year?" Lyon asked.

". . . Till the Holocaust in 1939 . . . ," Banks answered.

Because the television presentation of the same name was aired during the trial, this reference was probably not uncalculated.

Lyon had to risk putting Mrs. Ritz herself on the stand, otherwise her incriminating dialogue with Simone would go uncontested. He led her through a tortured exegesis in which she innocently explained her most damaging statements.

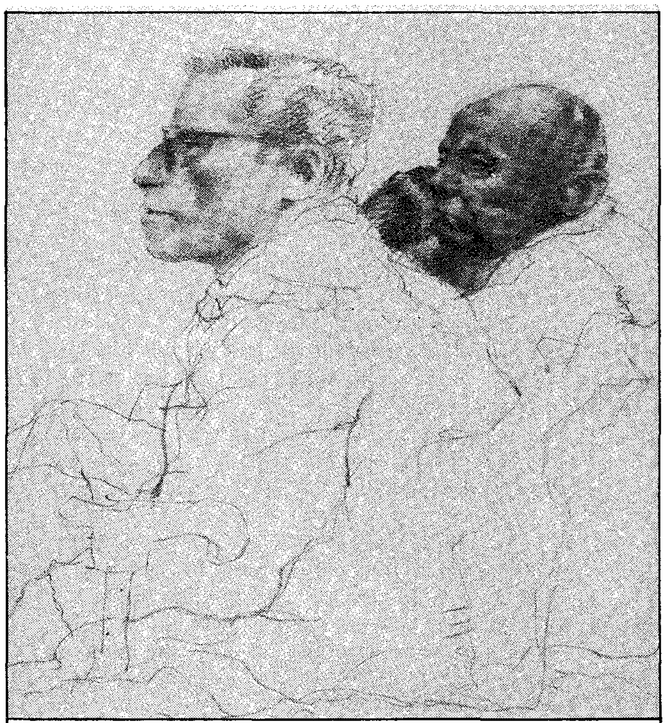
For instance, Mrs. Ritz denied that she had said, "I ate him," regarding her fish dinner. This was not a ghoulish reference to the apparent watery demise of her son-in-law; rather, she insisted, she actually had said, "I ate them," referring to the fishbones caught in her bridge and subsequently swallowed. Simone had warned her not to pay "more money," but she said she thought this concerned a mysterious shakedown scheme Sergeant Hardiman had mentioned in a phone call. She said she had not even heard Simone say, "I gave him the money," though he had repeated the phrase three times. She said she was worried that the police wrongly suspected her of foul play in Dr. Reggev's disappearance, that bodyguards employed by Simone were blackmailing her, that maybe Marsha was somehow involved, and that Simone was playing her false. Mrs. Ritz pleaded genuine confusion.

But when it came to cross-examination, Mrs. Ritz changed her tack. Evasive and unresponsive to D.A. Goldstone, despite frequent warnings from Judge Tyler, she dragged out her testimony. Goldstone pressed on with questions about the key tape. For six days she protested her innocence, denying even that she hated her son-in-law and was aware of the custody fight for Daphne.

"I couldn't kill a fly," Mrs. Ritz screamed at one point.

"So that's why you got Simone to do it, didn't you?" Goldstone shot back.

"No," she said in fury. "You know that my parents were killed and I saw enough killings."



Gallery: Mrs. Ritz's husband, Morris, and friend.

A few minutes later, Goldstone asked what she had meant when she said to Simone, "If my phone is tapped, we are finished, all of us."

"I didn't mean Simone or the hitman. I meant my family. It would be the biggest disgrace to my family that I have something to do with hoodlums, which I never had in my life."

The D.A. seized on this reference to family to bring out Mrs. Ritz's motive for murder. "And you're pretty concerned about your family, is that right?"

"Oh yes, I am," she said.

"Your granddaughter too?"

"Yes, I am."

"And when you thought somebody was going to take her to Israel you were going to have the man killed. . . ?"

"That's not true," Mrs. Ritz responded, tears welling in her eyes. "He was not going to Israel. He came here to make money. . . . If he's such a patriot he would be in Israel."

Goldstone then shifted his ground. Why would she be anxious if a police tap heard "somebody trying to shake down an innocent woman"?

"Didn't you hear that innocent people get in trouble?" she answered. "How about James Whitmore? And wasn't he innocent and he was in trouble? And Joan Little and other ones and that's why I'm here and I'm innocent."

The D.A. pressed on. Finally, Mrs. Ritz lost her composure altogether. "Don't you please point that finger at me like a Gestapo and please stop harassing me here," she shouted. ". . . I went through that in my life."

The jury sat impassively through these exchanges. Goldstone could not tell if perhaps he was going too far with the witness. Toward the close of his cross-examination, he put the jury to work on a disputed passage on the Ritz-Simone tape. Though the transcript, approved by the judge at an "audibility hearing," read one way, Goldstone was certain he heard something very different.

The tape said: "Last Monday, listen, last Monday, they just put in that he was missing," she said to Simone about the phony missing-person report issued by the police.

"Yeah," Simone said.

According to the transcript, Mrs. Ritz then said, apparently illogically: "He don't . . . we are talking already . . . detectives were looking for him."

Goldstone said to Mrs. Ritz: "I want you to listen to that and see if you're not saying, 'He is floating already.'"

Mrs. Ritz was aghast. "I never said that. I don't care if you put it on hundreds of times, because I never said that word."

Mrs. Ritz left the stand exhausted and depressed. Her credibility seemed shattered. Only a brilliant closing statement by her lawyer could save her now.

As expected, Herb Lyon's summation was his finest moment in the trial. Pacing before the jury, he called O'Donnell's testimony "fantastic," and pictured him as a dope-dealing stool pigeon, a con artist but hardly a killer. Dr. Reggev was ridiculed as a cowardly draft dodger, hiding out in medical school while his Israeli brothers were "fighting their hearts out." (In fact, the doctor was twice wounded in combat during border skirmishes after the 1967 war, as Lyon should have known.) Then Lyon said that a mother-in-law doesn't kill her son-in-law, because there is no passion there. "She didn't sleep with him," he said. He stopped short of saying in so many words that maybe Marsha was really the guilty party. After all, Marsha had sounded very silly when she told Goldstone on cross-examination that she spent $3,700 of her own money in May, the month of the conspiracy, but couldn't remember v. The more confusion, defense lawyers reason, the er the chance for reasonable doubt.

9

The jury returns a verdict.

The jury began deliberations on Friday afternoon, May 6. Shouting came from the jury room soon afterward. The verdict would not be quick. Lyon's summation seemed to have raised reasonable doubts despite Mrs. Ritz's disastrous appearance on the stand. Before the jury retired to the Manhattan Ramada Inn for the evening, the foreman sent a note to the judge requesting that various tapes be played and testimony re-read. Saturday was taken up by legal arguments concerning exactly what material the jury wanted.

Every hour the jury deliberated, the chance of a mistrial increased. But Mrs. Ritz looked downcast as she prowled the corridors. Detective Soreca was also around, ready to play back tapes for the jury. Mrs. Ritz suspected him of having adjusted the amplifier to make her sometimes barely audible words fit the prosecution's interpretations.

She said to Soreca outside the courtroom, "You were screwing around with the machine."

"No," Soreca said.

"Yes, I saw you screwing around with the machine this morning."

Deliberations resumed Monday morning, when Marsha's testimony was read. The jury went out again. Twenty minutes later the foreman sent a note to the judge saying that a verdict had been reached. Mrs. Ritz's faithful well-wishers filed into the courtroom and sat again in the first row. One elderly woman held her rosary with one hand and clasped a black man with the other.

Mrs. Ritz stood facing the jury. The foreman announced the verdict. Guilty. She showed no emotion.

10

A mitigating factor.

Mrs. Ritz was similarly stoic at her sentencing June 22. Judge Tyler, whose calm ruled the sometimes unruly trial, explained that he had originally settled on a tougher punishment than the one he was about to pronounce. But noting that Mrs. Ritz had been through "the abyss of hell" in Hitler's death camps, he had reconsidered his original impulse and imposed an indeterminate five-year sentence. (Although her husband, Morris, spent four years in Auschwitz, Mrs. Ritz herself was hidden by a Polish family during the occupation. According to a source close to the family, she was never in a concentration camp at all.)

It is unlikely Mrs. Ritz will be in prison for over a year.

11

Epilogue.

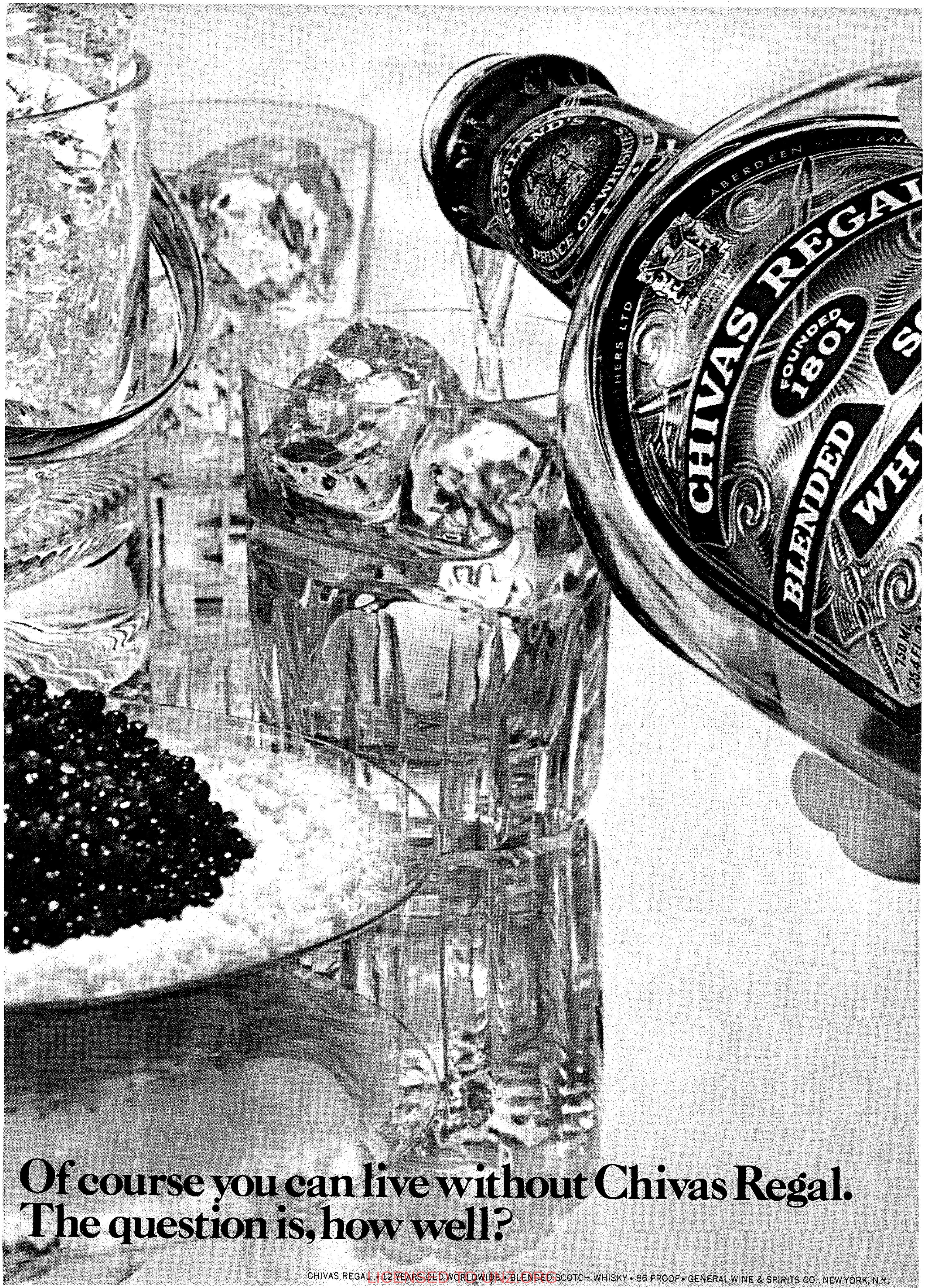
Mrs. Ritz still tends to her brownstones while awaiting appeal. She is free on $100,000 bail.

D.A. Goldstone continues to win tough trials in the Bronx.

Detective Vinnie Soreca, chagrined that Soda got away, still searches for him.

Kenny O'Donnell has a new life and identity, courtesy of New York City.

And Dr. Reggev, who was almost murdered for seeking the company of his child, is pursuing his custody suit in Queens Supreme Court. ■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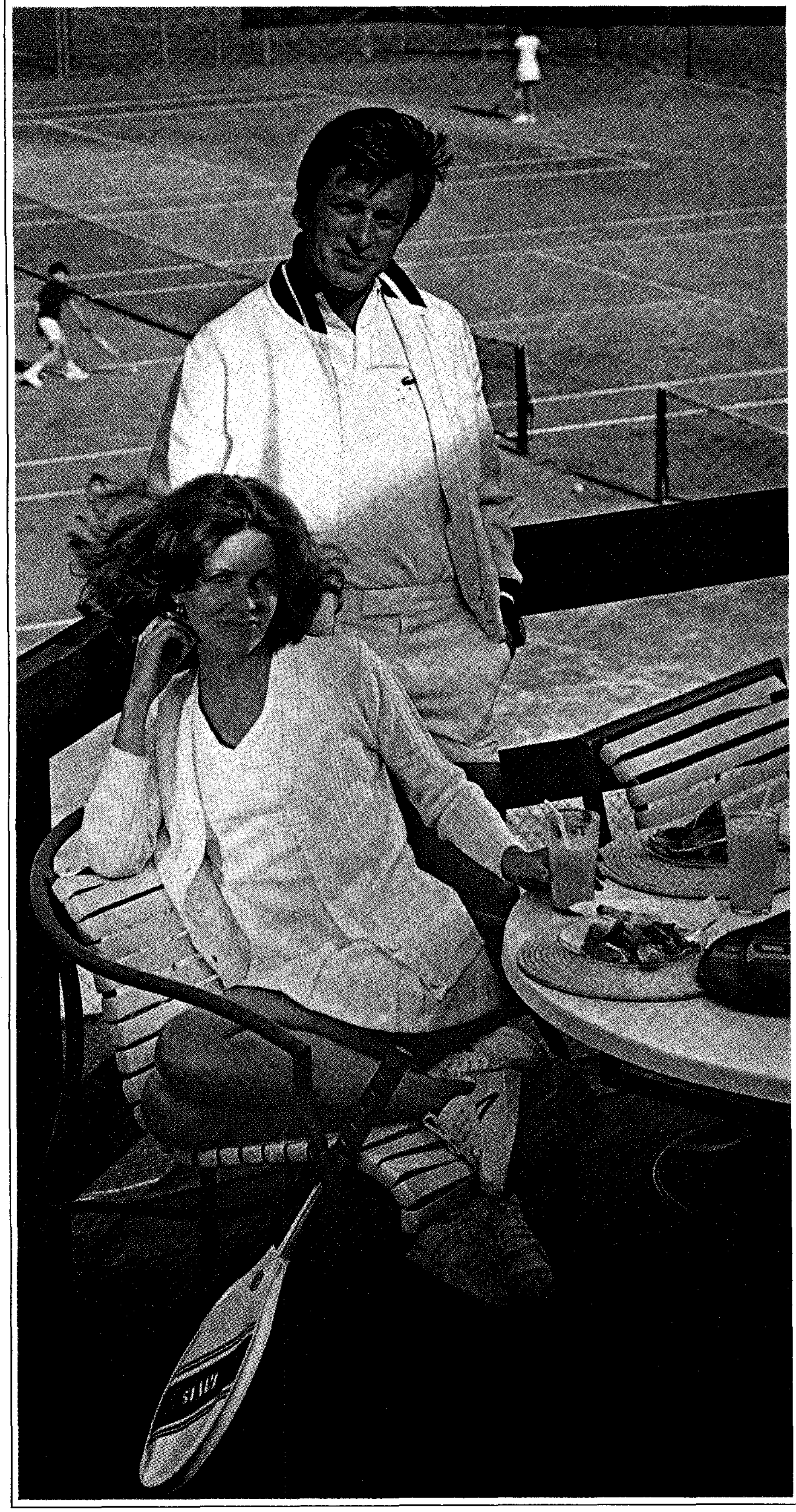

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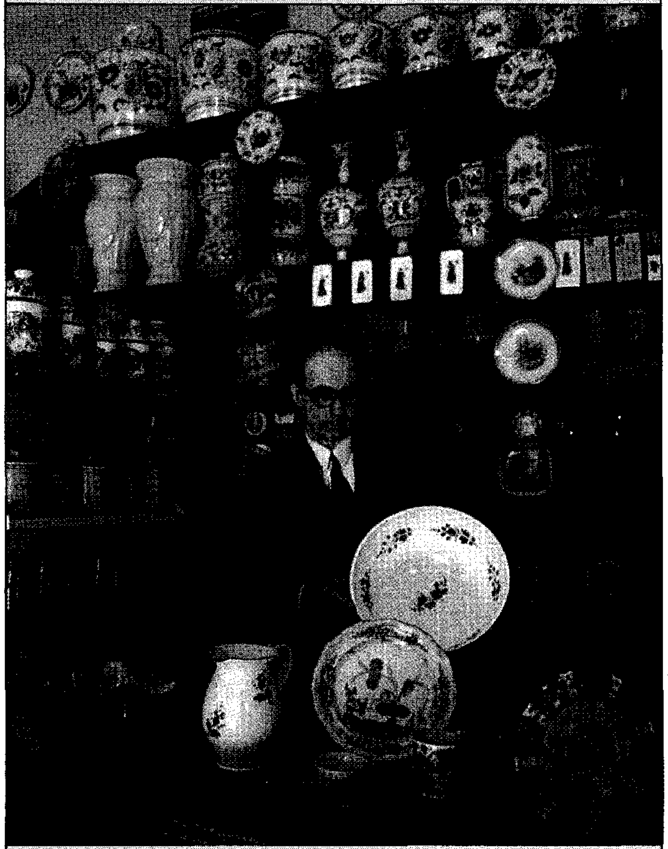
Bargain Hunting: There Is Nothing Like Abroad

Text and photographs by Elin Schoen

Silver, antiques, jewelry, leather, pottery, chic clothes—there are bargains in Europe, but you have to get off the beaten track to find them. (Five years ago, you could find them everywhere.)

I spotted him across the crowded airport in Paris. He steered his luggage-laden *chariot* toward mine. Our wheels locked. He began murmuring endearments in French. I began passionately kicking my *chariot* to free it from his. Then it happened. I noticed his (as they say in French) *sac homme.* Oxblood leather. Stunning. I confessed to him that I was in Europe looking for bargains. I wondered whether his *sac homme* was a bargain, and, if so, where he had found it. "Green-wich Village," he said. "Europe is finished for the bargains. All the bargains is in New York. Bloomingdale. Azuma. Le SoHo Flea Market . . ."

A BREAKABLE FEAST: MILAN

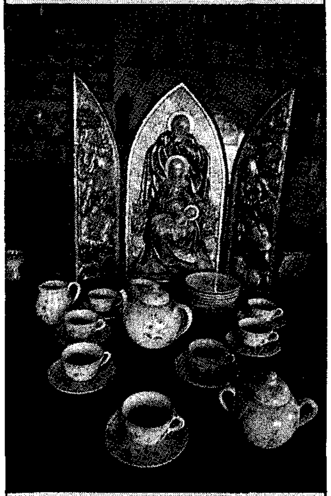


Remo Molignoni can give you the genealogy of every hand-painted plate, urn, vase, cup, and saucer in his shop in Milan.

And so, after a brief exchange about the sad state of shopping in Europe today, he went off to join a planeful of Parisians, all, he presumed, going to New York with empty suitcases, which, on their return, would be stuffed with $3.98 made-in-India shirts from 14th Street vendors. Not every French person shops regularly in New York, of course. Some of them shop in London. There are always more French than British in the basement of Marks & Spencer at any given time, rooting through the piles of wonderful St. Michael panties and bras. The British, meanwhile, are convinced that the shoes are always cheaper on the other side of the Channel. Everyone I met in London knew about this great place for shoes in Paris, but nobody could remember either its name or its exact location. The closest I got was, "In this big *place* near that shop like Fortnum & Mason which was bombed out recently."

After three weeks of trekking through Europe, looking for ways to save the no-longer-almighty dollar, I have decided that: (1) The biggest bargain is getting there. When you consider the fact that Air France's "midweeker" special fare is $360 round trip to Paris right now and that in September it will be $299, your shopping coups, however spectacular, kind of pale by comparison. (2) Everyone should do as the Romans do—shop in Milan and Florence. That, however, is a personal bias. The fact is, there are bargains everywhere, but you have to know where to look (as opposed to five years ago, when there were bargains everywhere you looked).

TEA FOR EIGHT: LISBON



The sunflowered cups, saucers, plates, teapot, creamer, and sugar bowl are $83 the set at Sant'Anna in Lisbon.

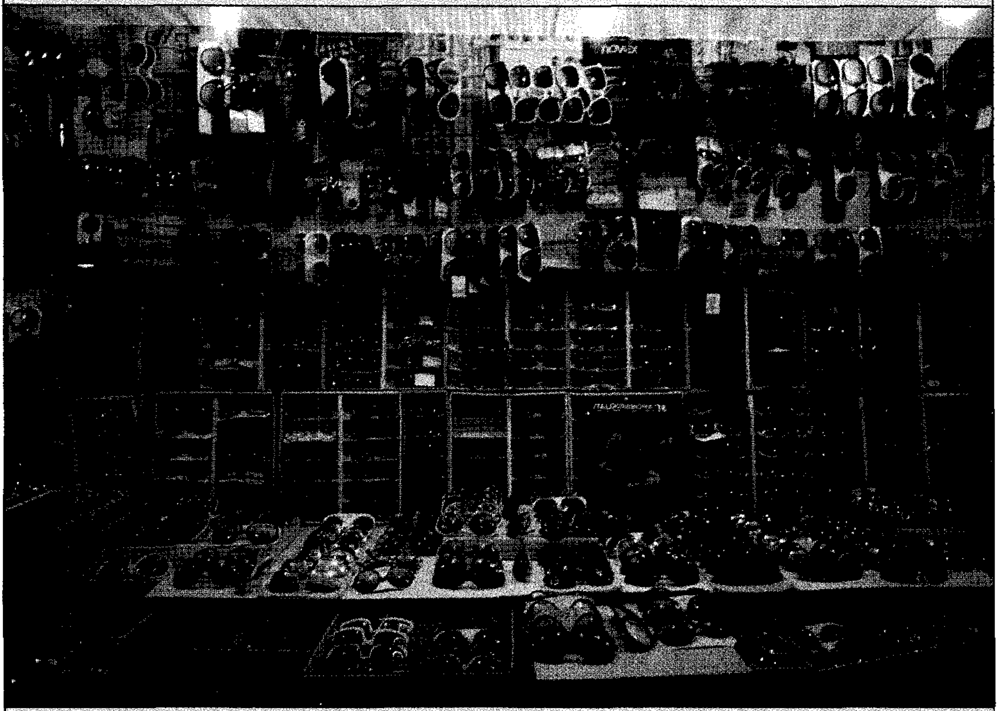
You also have to know whereof you shop, especially in the matter of big-name hunting. I heard hot rumors, before I left home, that Charles Jourdan shoes are more expensive in Paris than they are here. This is not true. You can save as much as $4 on a pair of Jourdan sandals (costing $68 in America) by buying them in Paris. However, a plain white silk Ted Lapidus blouse cost $175 in Paris and $70 here.

In other words, the only way to know if you're saving money is to price a particular item in New York and then price it in Paris, or wherever. But then there is no guarantee that you will find it in Paris, or wherever. Some manufacturers have special made-for-USA lines. For instance, there is a pattern of Vista Alegre porcelain which can be found only at Tiffany and not in its hometown of Lisbon ("Canton blue," if you're interested). And even when styles are stable from country to country, supplies may not be. I cleverly waited until I got to London to buy a certain Laura Ashley blouse that cost $27 in New York and $30 in Paris. In London, it would have cost only around $18... but none were to be found.

I learned a lot in Europe. For one thing, American Express and other major credit cards are often not accepted in wholesale outlets or in off-the-beaten-track boutiques (beaten tracks, in this case, being the via Tornabuoni in Florence, Beauchamp Place in London, etc.). Another thing I learned was that, in the matter of bargains, the Universal Law (which I discovered in 1965) still applies. That is, by buying what could be termed the people's products, you seldom go wrong. Take the matter of Italian toilet paper, for instance. Even the French admit that the Italians have the world's best toilet paper. Who else besides Italians would manufacture toilet paper in shades like dusky rose, dove gray, and teal blue? And then there's the fact that, in Italy, Palmolive soap smells like something you'd pay $3.50 a bar for in Caswell-Massey. And yet four bath-size bars of it cost 75 cents in Italian grocery stores.

But if there is a moral to this story, it lies in what I bought while locating the bargains discussed below. (I have translated prices into dollars, using the rates of exchange that prevailed during my trip in May.) I bought a Gucci camera bag in Italy and, in England, a Janet Reger silk bra. Neither was exactly cheap. But they were bargains, and for a reason other than their unavailability in the United States. They were bargains because I wanted them. If you get what you want, it's always a bargain at any price.

STREET SPECTACLES: MILAN



Even in New York, these Milanese sunglasses may be a bargain, but you can get them for less at Coin, on the piazza Cinque Giornate, Italy's most chic department store.

MILAN

Fashion

My main impression of Milan is that there must be some local ordinance prohibiting the existence of people who would not qualify for a *Vogue* spread. Needless to say, the average Milanese does not purchase all this chic on via Vittorio Emanuele, which is what Henri Bendel would look like if it were a street. The average Milanese shops at Coin (1/a, piazza Cinque Giornate, 78 25 83; and seven other locations), where I saw oversize, unlined linen women's jackets for $40 (near-duplicates of those "made in Italy for Bloomingdale's," costing $200 here); men's buttery-suede aviator jackets for $120; impeccably tailored men's sport coats (around $80 in cashmere-soft wool, $60 in nubbly linen); little-girls' cotton pinafores for $8 (the grown-up versions are $20 to $30); ribbed wool cardigans for little boys ($10).

If you can't find what you want at Coin (and that's unlikely), try La Rinascente (80 80 98), in the shadow of the Duomo, which is both noisier and glitzier. Glitzier still, of course, is Fiorucci (Galleria Vittorio Emanuele; 15, via Torino; or 49, corso Buenas Aires), where the fun and games are more appropriately priced than in New York. There are white enameled spaghetti pots with red hearts (just under $5); *haute* sandals with shiny-edged canvas straps ($10); olive-green sneakers labeled "Detroit"; pins in the image of Fruit of the Loom. Europe, I should mention, is currently ablaze with Fruit of the Loom fever. One sees the logo on with-it chests from London to Lisbon. It's one of the signs that Europe is fast becoming indistinguishable from America. The natives really can't tell us from themselves anymore. We can't, either. As I strolled around Milan wearing my Harp's Rollerdrome jacket, jeans, and Bass Weejuns, my fellow Americans kept asking me directions in halting Italian.

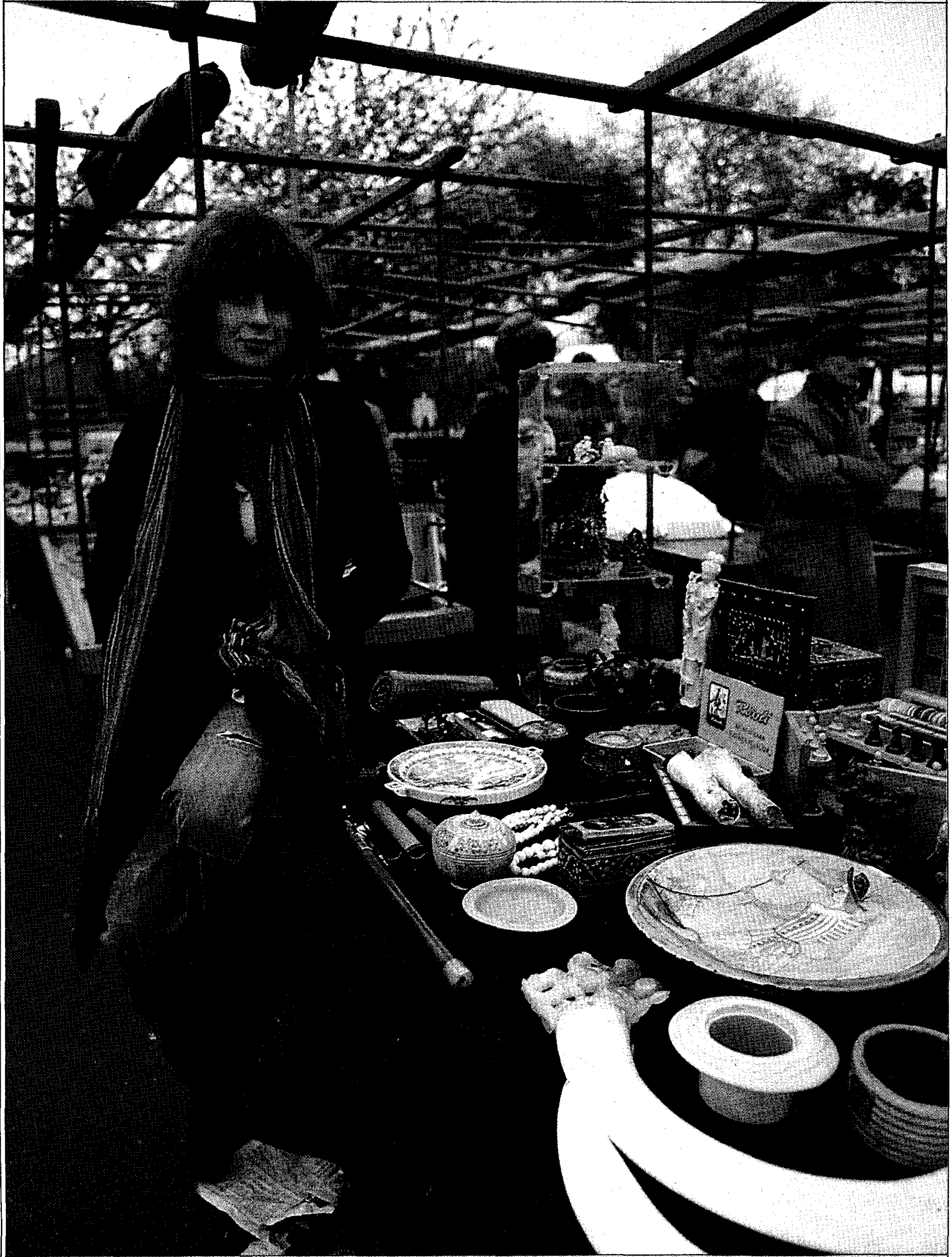
Leather

Bonera (17, via Pirelli; 66 54 88) is far from the main shopping area, in both location and prices. The specialty is bags, as in pigskin overnight satchels (around $60), a moleskin shoulder bag for $75 (a dead ringer for it was $170 at Maud Frizon in Paris, and it was made in Italy). But Bonera also custom-makes a limited repertoire of classic shoes and boots, including tall, slim women's boots ($82.50) and men's low quarter boots (around $90). This is the best quality/price ratio for footwear that I saw in Italy, so good that two Florentines on the train from Milan to Florence couldn't believe the prices and took down the address. But there is a catch—the one-month wait for boots (fifteen days for shoes). And Bonera doesn't ship to the States. If you're planning to spend time in Italy, though, stopping in Milan to place your order, then returning to pick up the goods makes sense.

Linens

Bassetti (11, via Vivaio; 78 12 67) sells Porthault-quality merchandise at whole-

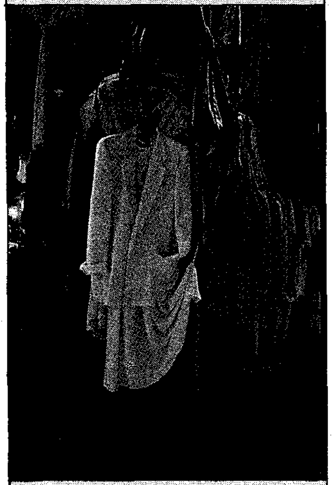
STUFF AND NONSENSE: LONDON



Not all of the dealers at London's Bermondsey Market are as attractive as this one, but they're honest to a man (or woman), and chances are you'll find anything you covet here—except gold chains. "They've gone too high," one dealer explained.

sale prices. Residents have special cards to get in; all you do is show your passport, help yourself to a shopping cart, and snap up cotton sheets (the 160-by-280-centimeter—twin-bed—size is $8.80 in colors such as "rosa gelato" and $7 in white), patterned linen dishtowels for a little over a dollar, duvets in patterns named "Nepal" or "Primavera," and luxurious, hooded terrycloth robes (around $27).

ITALIAN DRESSING: FLORENCE



Cheap chic is the specialty of Florence's San Lorenzo market—everything goes for less than in local boutiques.

Unfortunately, Bassetti does not have king-size sheets. Ezio Zocchi, the manager, was surprised to hear that there are beds that big. Then a friend of his came along and claimed that he himself had seen such beds, beds that could sleep four or five people. Mr. Zocchi shook his head, amazed. The Bassetti line may be expanding shortly.

Pottery

After spending time at Molignoni (47, corso porta Vittoria; 79 52 13), you'll know all the regions of Italy by their casserole dishes. Represented here, in glorious majolica, old and new, are Umbria, Tuscany, Veneto, Ravenna, and so on. Prices are low—for instance, $13.50 for a 28-centimeter decorative plate in the *"stile vecchia Milano,"* which Marco Polo introduced to the area.

FLORENCE

The Markets

Florence is still unrivaled as the place to buy gifts-in-search-of-a-recipient. Between the Straw Market (in the Loggia del Porcellino) and the Ponte Vecchio (which isn't really a marketplace but looks like one, what with all the leftover-sixties-type youth sprawled all over it selling Xeroxes of Ché posters), you could O.D. on *pura seta* scarves, blue suede ties, mosaic-topped pillboxes, alabaster-topped pillboxes. If you wait till you get home, you can go to just about any head shop in the Village and buy florentined leather coin purses for $1.25 less than they cost in Florence's Straw Market.

But the Straw Market does have Billi, at Stand No. 8, a mecca for hand-embroidered tablecloths. A New Yorker who has bought tablecloths all over the world told me, "We got a pure-silk one with cutout flowers for $200 after negotiations. My mother, who has been shopping for 200 years, said, 'Oh, you must've paid $1,000 if you bought it well.' "

For things other than tablecloths, however, you'll do better in the San Lorenzo market, a block or so from the Duomo, where clothes *alla moda* are cheaper than in local boutiques. You would save $3.75, for instance, buying men's linen pants there. A bamboo clutch cost $7.50 in San Lorenzo and double that in a shop several blocks away. There were leather-trimmed men's corduroy jackets for just under $20, "big shirts" for $5 to $15, and giant leather valises for $10 less (on the average) than in either the Straw Market or Bonera in Milan. In both the Straw Market and San Lorenzo, Vuitton imitations are a dime a dozen. If it is important to you to join the legions carrying what a Parisian friend of mine calls "those diseased-looking leather bags" (although, as we all know, Vuitton things are actually leather-trimmed canvas), you can save a fortune either by stocking up on imitations in Florence, where everything from wallets to suitcases is available in a full range of initials (maybe even your own), or by staying home and getting fakes in May's. Florence, though, has one advantage over May's. In Florence you can actually find fakes with the genuine initials—L.V. Be warned, however, that there are fake Vuittons and fake Vuittons. The lesser fakes are trimmed in something other than leather. In case you're worried about how the real Vuitton is taking all these shameful goings-on, the answer is, not lightly.

Bathing Suits

On the first floor of the branch of Upim near the San Lorenzo Market is a sea of bikinis in every color and pattern imaginable. Stretch or cotton, string or other styles for women are $8; slinky maillots cost 50 cents more; men's bikinis go for $5.

Delving farther into this particular branch of my favorite five-and-ten, you'll find leather wallets and billfolds cheaper than those in either San Lorenzo or the Straw Market, killer bras (lavender lace for $2.40), and great eyeliner crayons for under $1. And, although the exquisite kids' clothes one finds in both Italy and France are seldom bargain-priced, you can do well here shopping for teensy pinafores, T-shirts, jumpsuits, and bikinis.

MOB APPEAL: FLORENCE

In either the San Lorenzo Market or the Straw Market, you can get the Vuitton look cheap. Handbags cost from $20 to $30.

Leather

As a rule, when you've seen one shoe store in Florence, you've seen them all (including Gucci, which I came to regard, in my travels, as a nice chain selling handsome and moderately priced leather things). The exception is La Botteghina (33/r, borgo San Lorenzo; 21 08 16), which, aside from a few maverick items such as high-heeled, marabou-frothed velour slippers ($17), sells adorable kids' shoes—for instance, black-patent beribboned Mary Janes (around $16), red espadrilles with multicolored ties and flowered linings ($8.50), and high-top suede sneakers ($15).

Luciano Ricci (30/r, via Romana; 22 24 54 or 22 31-78) sells all the fabulous things you never knew you needed before at wholesale prices—desk sets, five-drawer jewel boxes with hidden locks, a black clutch bag ($80) of the sort that would cost $200 in New York. Look a little closer and you'll see shipments headed for Mark Cross and other interesting destinations.

Gold

It's all 18-karat here, so even though you may not think you're finding bargains, you invariably are. To make sure, check the going rate per gram on 47th Street and then ask the rate at each Florentine jeweler's. This is *the* place for gold in Europe, although for real bargains you do have to go farther—say, to Diredawa, Ethiopia. Florentines seem to think that Leoniero Matassini (18/r, via Lambertesca; 21 28 97) is seriously wholesale, but I didn't discern much difference between gold-chain prices here and those on the Ponte Vecchio. The selection, however, is mind-boggling.

I am not an authority on things like diamonds. But a woman who *is* knowledgeable told me that, generally, stones are expensive in Florence. Stick to gold.

Pottery

A. Carnesecchi (4/r, via Guicciardini; 29 85 23) looks like your average outlet for plaques à la della Robbia. But the basement is a breakable feast of eggcups, the oversize coffee cups that are so hard to come by these days, *mezza-luna*-shaped salad plates, soup tureens, etc., in every regional variation at wholesale prices. This is probably the only shop in Italy which is open during the national lunch break—a boon to people like my tablecloth authority, who finds the noon hours unendurable. "We just sit there having cappuccino and champing at the bit. How can all the stores close when *I'm* around? They're crazy. They don't know I'm out there."

WORLDLY GOODIES: LISBON

You may not find the best of everything at Lisbon's Feira da Ladra, but you do find more of it.

LISBON

The Markets

Residents of Lisbon will be quick to tell you that the Thieves' Market (*Feira da Ladra*—and "ladra" is, incidentally, a female thief), in the Campo de Santa Clara, has seen better days. But it's still worth investigating (Tuesdays and Saturdays from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. in the summer, till 7 P.M. in the winter)—for an ashtray showing Queen Elizabeth at the time of her coronation, leather cowboy hats, sumptuous old clocks, antique roller skates, *The Last Supper* on tin, a puppy. Anything might turn up here. And at 36, Rua Paraíso, nearby, a hole-in-the-wall shop has leather bags at rock-bottom prices and the occasional Antartex-quality sheepskin car coat for about $90.

The Ribeira Nova Market, near Cais do Sodré, open every morning except Sunday, is mostly produce and eels. But I found *alziveiras* (flat pouches ingeniously constructed of fabric scraps which peasant women tie around their waists) for just over a dollar, a toddler's navy wool knit dress for $5.50, and a long, hooded baby's coat that can be had for $7. And these are pre-negotiation prices.

Knits

The fishermen's sweaters at Triunfante (10, Praça de S. Paulo; 32 69 63), near Ribeira Nova, are wool (which cannot be said of all local fishermen's sweaters). There are sizes for everyone, prices are low ($13–$18 for men), and you can also get mittens, gloves, caps, and socks in plain or patterned wool, not to mention lavish shepherd's capes from Alentejo province (around $113 with fox collar, $63 with lamb collar).

For cotton or wool, knit or crocheted women's wear, go to Custodia (113, Rua Rodrigo da Fonseca; 68 10 97), across from the Ritz Hotel. A lipstick-red skirt, vest, and scallop-edged cardigan cost $100. There are gossamer stoles, assorted sweaters, and dresses for day or evening, to buy off the rack or have made to order.

ALL THAT GLITTERS: LISBON

This was woven in Margarida Arruda Moura Machado's workshop in Cascais, a $14 cab ride from Lisbon.

Silver

Mergulhão (162, Rua de S. Paulo; 36 00 13) supplies *objets* to Tiffany, and although the jewelry is superb, what will really get to you are such items as pillboxes imitating walnuts, a giant clam box on little clam feet, filigreed sailboats (not, Mrs. Mergulhão was careful to point out, like Columbus's—more like Vasco da Gama's), and toothpick holders masquerading as peacocks and pineapples. What I liked best was a bamboo-handled coffeepot (which disassembled to become, in addition, a sugar bowl and a creamer). Prices range from around $6 for a filigreed thimble to the lofty.

Antiques

Vicente da Cãmara is a wonderful *fado* singer. But he also owns Xairel (111, Rua Dom Pedro V; 36 02-66), Lisbon's most fascinating antiques shop. Walking sticks are a specialty; some contain umbrellas or guns. There are seventeenth-century tiles, all manner of iron farm tools, elaborate plaques made as offerings to saints, a green velvet jewel box, and ornate faïence plates (a nineteenth-century one can cost as little as $20; those from the seventeenth century, as much as $900).

Leather

Several Helio boutiques around town sell more or less the same unbelievably priced shoes and boots, plus a small selection of handbags. At the 93–95, Rua do Carmo branch (32 31 71), I saw streamlined tan boots with wood heels for around $57, and at the 76–78, Rua do Carmo branch were spike-heeled leather sandals with a golden ankle chain for $32. Helio has a contract with Charles Jourdan, and many of its styles bear that label. The styles are not quite up-to-the-second, but that hardly matters. Quality is high and prices low (men's Jourdan loafers can be had here for $33), and the store will custom-make any style in any material in a week.

Housewares

José Alexandre (8–18, Rua Garrett; 32 33 84) has locally made, double-globed, glass *café filtre* makers ($10 for the four-demitasse size). And at Vista Alegre, nearby (18, Largo do Chiado; 36 14 01), dinner sets for twelve (72 pieces) start at around $273 and continue up to about $5,600. The patterns are mostly Eastern-oriented and gorgeous. Anything that isn't in stock, however, can take as long as a year to reach you. There are simple treasures too—like a cylindrical mat-finish white vase etched with hieroglyphics ($7.95).

At Sant'Anna (91–97, Rua do Alecrím; 32 25 37), the ceramic tiles cost from 35 cents to $4.50, and they're the most popular items, alone or all over fountains or wrought-iron chairs and tables. There are seven or eight sizes of candlesticks; flowerpots; Lady Macbeth–type candleholders; bowl-bottomed lamps with matching shades. And there are shell-shaped sconces to make your wall lights indirect, starting at $4.40 for the five-inch size in white. Custom orders take four or five months for delivery.

FEATS OF CLAY: LISBON

At Sant'Anna in Lisbon, you can order tiles spelling out your name, street number—anything. These are 75 cents each.

Linens

Margarida Arruda Moura Machado—Guida, as she is known to her clients, who have included Nelson Rockefeller, Princess Grace, and Pope Paul VI—produces linens which are, as one customer put it, *"ravissantes."* You have to go to Cascais, a $14 cab ride from Lisbon (or take the train from Cais do Sodré), to 7, Avenida 25 de Abril (28 37 08), because Guida's work is not available in shops anywhere. It is mostly custom, and her tour de force is brilliantly echoing china patterns with embroidery. One Vista Alegre–inspired place mat brimmed with wreaths, harps, and oranges with golden leaves. A simple silver plate inspired a white-on-white place mat. Prices for a single place mat with matching napkin run between $16 and $27. "They don't pretend to be cheap for Portugal," says Guida, adding that "they are not drip-dry, easy-care. They must be ironed exquisitely."

Guitars

Actually, the guitars that Manuel Mendes makes from various types of wood (including jacaranda) and embellishes with ebony and mother-of-pearl are called violas. They are heart-shaped, have twelve strings, sound more like balalaikas than guitars, and are a traditional part of the *fado* sound (plaintive Portuguese songs of jealousy, love, etc.). Manuel's violas are strictly made-to-order and cost around $455. And don't expect anything resembling quick delivery. He does every detail by hand. He can be reached at the Fados Restaurante Bar (31, Rua S. Caetano; 66 41 52).

UP CHAIR, DOWN CHAIR: LISBON

Vicente de Cãmara shows a treasure from his Lisbon antiques shop, a highchair that collapses into a rocker, $143.

PARIS

Fashion

While it is true that Parisians consider Cacharel very middle-of-the-road and that Charles Jourdan has lost its snob appeal (Maud Frizon is even more expensive and, therefore, chic), there is no shortage of bargains in Paris. Start, in fact, with Cacharel. The wholesale outlet (114, rue d'Alésia, 14th arrondissement, 542.53.04) seemed better stocked for women than for children or men, but there's something for everyone—men's suits (around $80), flowered cotton slacks for little girls ($7), a wallful of those formidable women's blouses ($20 for cotton, $37 for silk), silk dresses, and gauzy shirts and skirts. Pierre d'Alby fans, meanwhile, will find bargain-priced suits, dresses, slacks, raincoats ($20), blazers, etc., at Lany (17, rue Tronchet, 8th arrondissement; 265.35.47). A d'Alby flannel jumper that I bought on sale in New York for $30 last year cost only $6 in Paris.

La Mouton à Cinq Pattes (8, rue Saint Placide, 6th arrondissement; 548.86.26), has all the charm of Filene's basement, with *le tout Paris* always pawing through spectacularly discounted *prêt-à-porter*. Along with d'Alby, you might find Daniel Hechter, Dorothée Bis, Sao, French Connection, Adrienne Lemeau, and Kenzo. And slightly dated Kenzo styles are sold dirt cheap in the basement of Jungle Jap (3, place des Victoires, 2nd arrondissement; 236.56.86). Although, when I visited, a salesman apologized for the fact that they had just been wiped out by an enterprising out-of-town retailer, I found satin espadrilles ($6); cotton, silk, and corduroy big tops; cotton sundresses ($10); and a billowy taffeta skirt ($150, reduced from $300).

Next door to Jungle Jap is Jean-Charles Brosseau (236.-86.72), home of the nifty cotton snap-brim caps which, with Kenzo's label, sell for $40 at Bloomingdale's. They are a little over $20 here, and you'll also find cotton knit braid-bordered skullcaps, men's straw hats, bowlers, tweed hats (like Sherlock Holmes's), wool berets in colors like turquoise and canary yellow (around $6), and a distinguished collection of ties and men's shirts.

Vêtements professionels, the lab coats, barmen's vests, etc., that are currently inspiring designers everywhere, are available in many sizes and colors on the first floor of Magasin 2 at Samaritaine (four buildings' worth of all-around bargains at 7, rue du Monnaie, near the Pont Neuf and the rue de Rivoli; 508.-33.33). There are broad-shouldered waiters' waistcoats ($45), valets' jackets ($16), chefs' hats ($4), and so forth.

BIG DEAL: PARIS

French plumbers carry their gear with panache, in these good, sensibly priced leather bags from the Bazar de l'Hôtel de Ville, a sort of Parisian Two Guys.

CUISINE,CUISINE: PARIS

Aude Clément, chef extraordinaire *and connoisseur of vintage cooking accoutrements, with one of her* nouveau *lemon presses.*

Housewares

Croque-monsieur irons, which cost $10 at Pottery Barn in New York, are a good buy in Paris. They sell for around $4 at Galeco (156, faubourg St. Antoine, 12th arrondissement; 342.12.90).

A windowful of old-fashioned lemon presses, painted in primary colors, were what drew me into Au Bain Marie (2, rue du Mail, 2nd arrondissement, just behind the place des Victoires; 260.94.-55). It turned out that Aude Clément, a young woman who writes articles on cuisine for the French *Cosmopolitan*, became irritated not so long ago by the fact that modern cooking accoutrements seemed nowhere near as attractive or clever as yesterday's models. So she opened this shop, stocked it with old-time items culled from the farthest corners of France, as well as from defunct Parisian hotels, and has launched her own line of reproductions, starting with the lemon presses ($20) and packages of beautifully made menu cards.

Although treasures such as the antique asparagus plates are not exactly giveaways, there are lots of things that are unusual and cheap (for instance, $2.50 plastic, star-topped sticks for "calming" champagne). The tiny basement is crammed with potential gifts—a nineteenth-century applesauce machine, minuscule cookie cutters for a penny apiece, an apron from the St. James Hotel ($5), six-sided glass yogurt pots, wine carafes, Deco teapots, and, of course, a beautiful bain-marie.

Leather

In the basement of the Bazar de l'Hôtel de Ville, Paris's answer to Two Guys (1–13, rue des Archives, 4th arrondissement; 508.20.02), you'll find *sacs de plombiers* among the pliers, outboard motors, and disembodied spigots. French plumbers' bags are hard, tanned leather, solid and heavy, and therefore ideal for carrying camera equipment. The prices for round, duffel-shaped, or square bags are in the $40-to-$50 range.

Toiletries and Accessories

For one thing, Eau Vive, a superlative *eau fraîche* by Carven which is available nowhere outside France except Cairo airport, to my knowledge, can be found easily in Paris. One source is the Bazar de l'Hôtel de Ville.

On the ground floor of Magasin 2 at Samaritaine are spray bottles of rose water and spring water, wonderful blue bottles of Eau de Camomile and Eau de Fleurs d'Oranger (at far below Caswell-Massey's prices), and fancy cut-glass or porcelain perfume decanters and atomizers. There are all kinds of Algemarin-type bath gels, plastic travel bottles with "lapis" or "tortoise" tops, striking purple or orange plastic nail brushes, Email Diamant toothpaste (bright red), which is cheaper than Colgate is in New York, and, for about 8 cents, a good-looking, plastic *coffret mural pour Kleenex et accessoires de toilette* (that is, a Kleenex box topped with containers for makeup brushes, etc., that can be hung on the wall).

LONDON

Fashion

Jeni, the “manageress” of the Warehouse, 58 Brompton Road, SW3, opposite Harrod’s, explained that the owners of the chain (there are nine shops) like to locate just where they’re able to “upset someone,” namely Harrod’s, Miss Selfridge, all the established stores. At the Warehouse you’ll find clothes labeled Ossie Clark, Janet Wainwright, John Marks, Jeff Cooper, and Quorum at approximately half retail prices. The Warehouse also does its own things, using topnotch fabrics bought at discount and, therefore, both good and cheap. Although the clothes are for women, men shop here too—especially for the elegant, house-label corduroy pants ($17).

Laura Ashley’s London prices are less than in New York. The discount branch (downstairs at 60 Lower Sloane Street, SW3; 730-1771) has seconds and out-of-season styles for about a third of their local retail prices.

For the best cashmere buys, go to Westaway & Westaway (65 Great Russell Street, WC1; 405 4479). They also have tartan, shetland, and tweed items at what are undoubtedly the lowest prices on earth.

Antiques

You can still find genuine antiques at Portobello Road, but at off-the-wall prices. And the merchants can get really nasty. When I tried to bargain down an $80 allegedly Victorian ring, the young man in whose possession it was snapped, “Hey, this isn’t Italy or something.” I asked a cabdriver later why you couldn’t bargain at Portobello anymore, and he assured me that you can. “There’s even bargaining in Harrod’s nowadays,” he added. “It’s these bloody Arabs, y’know, luv.”

Anyway, you can definitely negotiate at Bermondsey, a real dealers’ market. Bermondsey Square, between Bermondsey Street and Tower Bridge Road, teems on Friday mornings (the dealers fold up their lorgnettes at around 1 P.M.) with strange and wonderful things. Dealers begin trading Thursday nights (they tend to sleep in their cars), but if you arrive around 4 A.M., you’ll get in on plenty of good deals. By 7 A.M., however, the pros will have completed trading with one another, and a ring, say, that one dealer has earlier bought from a competitor for $20 will be offered to you for $40.

A NIGHTIE TO REMEMBER: LONDON

Victorian or not, it’s a genuine bargain at Bermondsey—just $30. The same gown might cost $200 in New York.

The dealers here seemed heartwarmingly honest. “That’s not real gold, dear,” I was warned on several occasions. The goods range from kitsch (seashell plaques with scenes of Brighton labeled “Forget-me-not”) to well-preserved Toby jugs and tons of Georgian and Victorian rings. (Beware of anything stamped “9K,” and make sure those itty-bitty stones are pronged rather than glued in.)

You get started at this market and it’s like Carnival in Trinidad: You’re so hysterically absorbed that you forget all bodily needs. I didn’t notice that the fingers of my hands were numb with cold until I was well inside the Rose, an eatery just beyond the stall area where dealers go for cups of tea or entire mixed grills, and where you can pick up hot tips. (All I got, however, was “’Ow’s the ’Bello?” “Slow.”)

Handcrafted Jewelry

I had not expected to see an American Indian silver necklace, heavy with turquoise, at Bermondsey—much less one for $60. As it turned out, the necklace was not from Arizona (although its components were). The craftsperson was one Susanna Fraser, who did TV commercials until she became inspired to manufacture jewelry from the beads, stones, and ethnic oddities she’s gathered in her travels. A friend of Susanna’s was manning her stall at Bermondsey, but Susanna does the selling at Camden Passage Market (in Islington High Street, N1) on Saturdays. Or call her at 226 2812. Susanna never crosses cultures (that is, she wouldn’t mix turquoise with amber), and she uses double strands of silk on her necklaces. “I can’t bear to think that they might break,” she says. In addition to her own creations, she sells pieces as they are (an amber Deco bracelet, Tibetan talismans), and she can tell you the meaning of everything, bead by bead.

Toiletries

Culpeper, Ltd. (21 Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, W1; 629 4559), has super natural soaps, shampoos, an “eyelash grower,” loofas, “bath preparations” (including mustard), a fabric cleaner used by the Romans (the ancient ones), chutneys, teas, and “tonics and remedies” (including a “beauty tablet”). And the prices do not seem to have changed since I first happened into the shop in 1968: A 24-gram jar of the orange cream, which I consider largely responsible for the fact that my face hasn’t fallen apart in the last ten years, costs $2.35.

Cabdriver

Stuart Steele will help you organize as many destinations as you have and then take you from one to the other with no charge for waiting. His phone number is 958 7126. There should be a Stuart Steele in every city.

Unfortunately, all my travel-agent friends in London (that is to say, all my friends in London) seemed to be “off in Africa for a bit” and, therefore, unable to fill me in on all the bargains I undoubtedly missed. I made some new friends, however, waiting for a table in Mr. Chow’s. One of them said he could tell me where all the real bargains are.

“Where?” I demanded, whipping out my notebook.

“Buenos Aires.” ■

Fat-Fighting in the Hamptons

By Blair Sabol

Tray chic: Breakfast in bed at Minden —the "Times" is the weightiest part of it.

> "... When I visited the Minden spa in Bridgehampton, the pool was a dirt ditch and the domestic side understaffed. This was a lot to swallow on an empty stomach and at $1,200 a week..."

Minden at Hampton Court doesn't claim to be a sanatorium, a convalescent home, a fat farm, a fasting retreat, or a dry-out depot. The brochure states the four-month-old Bridgehampton estate is a one-of-a-kind "reconditioning center." At least that's how founder and medical director Dr. E. Hugh Luckey envisions it. The 58-year-old doctor resigned last year as president of New York Hospital/Cornell Medical Center to split his time between private practice in the city and a "preventative" health haven at his Hampton Court manor.

So far, the word on Minden remains mixed, simply because it is so new and experimental. After all, "holistic" retreats are the norm in such places as Mill Valley, California (the capital of body awareness, redwood hot baths, Red Zinger tea, and bean sprouts). But the locale of the Hamptons automatically classes up the act, and Minden does offer some "Great Escape" features, like the palatial fifteen-bedroom main house built in 1912 by coal tycoon John E. Berwind. A marvelous two-mile walk/jog along Ocean Road from the beach, it's cushioned in eleven and a half luscious green acres on which hidden walkways thread through linden and maple trees. Here a liquid-protein fast called "Optifast" is administered under strict medical supervision. Minden has a doctor on duty 24 hours a day and offers nutritional and psychological counseling. On the other hand, when I was there (some conditions have since changed) the planned 26-by-60-foot solar-heated, bubble-topped swimming pool was still a dirt ditch; the herb garden was merely a patch of grass in the driveway; the basement Jacuzzi as well as the massage, facial, boutique, and arts-and-crafts cubicles were still cinder blocks and exposed pipes; the squash court was still a storage-stuffed stable; the plumbing was dicey—if not icy; and most of the time the domestic side of Minden appeared to be somewhat understaffed. All of which became a lot to swallow on an empty stomach and a shortened temper at $600 (private room, no bath) to $1,200 (suite with bath) a week. And that doesn't include any massages after the first ($25 an hour thereafter) or the thorough $100 physical exam performed by Dr. Luckey upon arrival (you may bring your own report from your home physician, however). The week of my visit, the sauna had just been completed, and none too soon, since most of the guests were viciously complaining about having to drag their throbbing, sore torsos down the halls for cold showers or to the Southampton Health Club for heat treatments. ("And we had to pay extra for that, yet!" shrieked one guest.)

Perhaps I expected too much, especially since I arrived on a Tuesday night (instead of a preferred entry of Saturday afternoon), but I was surprised to find no take-charge or check-in personnel at the front desk. Eventually, in Dr. Luckey's oak-paneled examination room, I bumped into a meek managerial assistant, who flustered a greeting and showed me to my room, apologizing that she had just been hired and didn't know much herself. On the way, she breezed me through the large formal dining room, filled with ten other guests sitting with licked plates, but didn't bother to introduce any of us. She left me in my spacious, attractively decorated suite with its own bath and enclosed private porch. On the bed was a sample schedule of the day's events and Dr. Luckey's three-page, single-spaced résumé listing his every degree and fellowship and affirming his solid track record as a "cardiovascular internist with interest in biochemical studies." There was also a strange head sheet on his wife, Veronica, exclaiming, "Sheldon Soffer presents Veronica Luckey, soprano." Maybe she was appearing nightly in the Minden main salon. As it turned out, however, Veronica Luckey was appearing at Minden daily and nightly not as a singer but as "Director of Recreational and Cultural programs," both of which were limited. Veronica, who was born and bred in Russia and is seemingly in her mid-thirties, was an odd choice for a social director. Although extremely cordial and responsive when one talked to her alone, she was at times so un-

Photographed by Bill Hayward

Down on the fat farm: Dr. Luckey and his wife, Veronica, outside Minden.

> "...'Minden,' said Dr. Luckey, 'is strictly into the ability to change bad habits. What you'll find here is an environmental change which will help you formulate new patterns for living'..."

assuming that one guest observed, "I was here two days in total confusion before she told me who she was and what she was doing here."

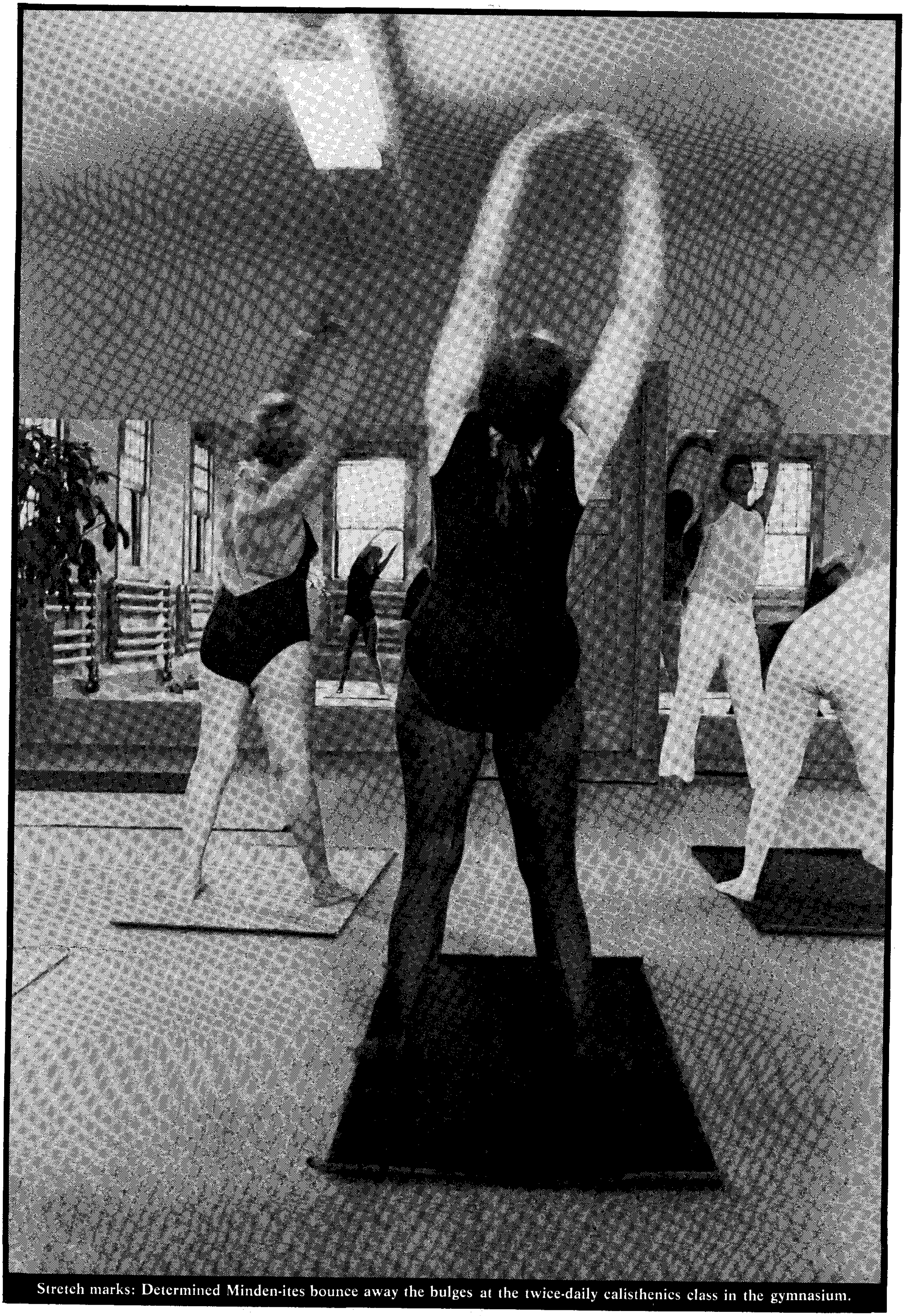
The night I checked in, Veronica had taken the guests to see *The Greek Tycoon,* so I was left with a 63-year-old widow from Fort Lauderdale who had come to Minden for a rest but was horrified, she said, when Dr. Luckey took her Eastern Air Lines flight-bagful of drugs from her the first day. "I mean, I can't live without my diabetes pills and my Dalmane and my vitamin K for my skin cancer. I'm a basket case." The "basket case" was one of the more colorful Minden maidens. The other guests included a 25-year-old store buyer who had just dropped twelve pounds in two weeks of her Minden Optifast stay but now said she'd forgotten how to chew real food; a 50-year-old woman executive from upstate New York who lost eleven pounds at Minden in April and wanted to return once a month for a week to lose the next tough twelve; two housewives from Westchester who had marriage-splitting and mouth-stuffing problems; and a spa groupie who was "checking the joint out." The second week featured some leftovers, plus a whole clique of Bronxville bridge players who, in place of eating, took off to Job's Lane every day for a gauze-gown-buying binge. Some came for the Optifast; others insisted on the 700-calorie-a-day regular-food program. There were also "out guests," such as Shana Alexander; James Jones's widow, Gloria, who appeared on occasion to take a yoga class; and a neighborhood Spanish *"marquesa,"* an artist who had twenty pounds to brush off and came for her daily sustenance. Although Minden is open to men, only about a dozen have attended. Veronica hopes to get more men and, of course, couples "once the word gets out how close we are to the city and once men start taking vacations for health instead of just golf. Also we plan to use this place for corporation retreats in the winter. See, we don't want to attract the real sick or obese people; this is an experience for healthy people to really get healthier."

The women I saw found the place amusing for six days, but those who chose to stay the suggested two weeks discovered the limited schedule—along with the booze, cigarette, and calorie cold turkey—was a wall climber. I even found myself checking the jitney schedule back to the city within 36 hours of my arrival, while another lady started packing the day after she came—just in case she had "another crying fit."

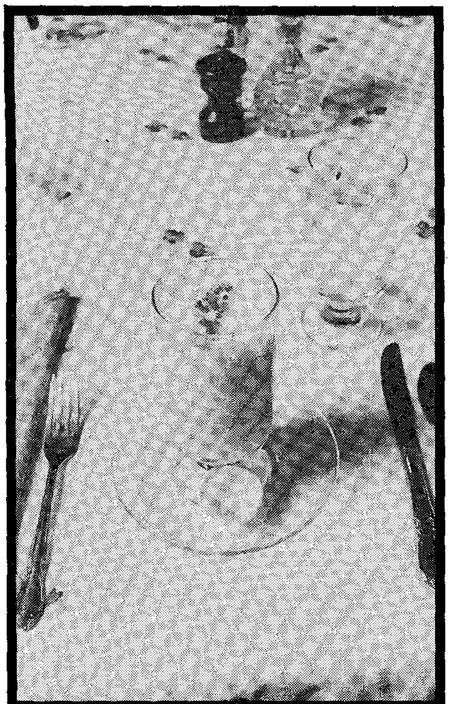
Each day at Minden started with a half grapefruit, a pot of herb tea (one is allowed a single cup of coffee a day), a multivitamin, and the New York *Times* delivered to you in bed at eight. From nine to eleven we would take the same four-mile jog/walk to the beach and back. From 11:30 to 12:30 (and again at five), there were exercises in the gym with Allen Horowitz, who resembles a tall Henry Winkler. Though his classes increased in difficulty, the monotonous leg lifts and buttock tilts and the never changing theme from *Dr. Zhivago* drove some of us to lift ourselves up and out the door. From three to five in the afternoon, people seemed to head to East Hampton or Southampton, or tennis (another extra charge at the club down the way) or the public phones (no phones in the bedrooms, so conversations were never private). Dinner was at 6:30 (unless you were on Optifast, in which case you got five or six servings a day of the rum- or cherry- or orange-flavored white whipped paste).

On Saturday night Dr. Luckey, sharply dressed in white turtleneck and navy-blue blazer with white patent loafers, gave his orientation speech. He explained in his soft Tennessee drawl that the 300-calorie-a-day Optifast (egg and powdered milk, carbohydrates, plus a multivitamin and a potassium tab) was simply a quick way to lose five pounds of salt water. But Dr. Luckey believes that is important "for an ego boost . . . as a starter. I'm currently studying the endocrine effects of the drink since many women say they've had increased sexuality and others have reported a disappearance of all menopausal hot flashes. Who knows—Optifast may turn out to be the world's greatest aphrodisiac." Minden, he projected, "is strictly into food hygiene and the ability to change bad habits—the night-eating syndrome, eating while cooking, snacking between meals. "What you'll find here is an environmental change which will help you formulate new patterns for living. You'll also find a certain amount of detached concern from my staff, which includes a dietitian, two psychologists, and a psychiatrist. I'm into self-care here, not health care. Basically, I wouldn't want any of you to return to Minden for the same reason you originally came." (I was later told that 50 percent of the guests have rebooked for a "maintenance" visit. And some of the Optifast patients have continued with him in the city. "You must understand, my liquid protein is not sold over the counter, and I monitor everyone with blood tests and electrocardiograms.") Dr. Luckey concluded by saying, "Love is the most important preventative and curative treatment in the world. Loving—and by that word I don't mean [pause, deep breath] f--king, but loving. I mean having respect for yourself, what you do for a living, and someone else too." At his seven-letter-word at least three ladies fell into a state of shock and remained at odds with Dr. Luckey and his "way with words" for the rest of their stay.

Sunday night a lady psychologist came to unsettle the group. Unfortunately, the Bronxville women knew one another too well to dare to play verbal strip poker, so the session sputtered flat with superficial confessions of frozen-yogurt recipes and favorite fat-binge foods, which were in fact the topic of conversation every hour of a Minden day. At the Monday-night cooking class, Joanna Halsey managed to make tiny bowls of grated vegetables look like huge, beautiful targets. Her lecture on alfalfa sprouts was poorly attended, however, since, as one woman expressed the prevailing attitude toward health foods, "I didn't come here to learn about gardening." When Joanna was in charge of the meals the food was sensually cooked, artistically presented, and seasoned so cleverly that salt was



Stretch marks: Determined Minden-ites bounce away the bulges at the twice-daily calisthenics class in the gymnasium.



Liquid lunch: A serving of the 300-calorie-a-day Optifast liquid-protein diet.

"...'I'm strongly medical,' said Dr. Luckey, 'and Veronica goes for all that metaphysical stuff like food allergies and yoga fastings. I'm open to that. After all, we met through our astrologer'..."

rarely missed. (When the other cook was on duty the soup became gasoline and the veal had the look and taste of a Dr. Scholl's heel insert.) Thursday, the dietitian, Barbara White, met with each guest privately and went over a calorie-exchange system in mathematical detail. (If you have a piece of bread, then you can't have a half a glass of wine.) Most of us knew the calorie book by heart, so this was not exactly a revelation. What was astonishing was receiving this information from a girl who bordered on what looked to be anorexia nervosa.

I noticed a definite Minden midweek blues that descended on Wednesday or Thursday. By then, most of the ladies' energy and tolerance had slackened, and they began to complain bitterly about the need for more organization and variety. Most of us also found fault with the lack of soap and towels. (I noticed that the same dirty drinking glass remained on my night table for five straight days.) There was also the problem of intense gas pains suffered by those on the Optifast. As one faster admitted, "I'm afraid to go to yoga class for fear that when we do our knee-to-shoulder holds I'll blow the entire gym away." The rest of us were left to suffer from extreme constipation. Dr. Luckey unfortunately refrained from discussing that issue, and so most of us had to rely on one knowledgeable guest who had arrived with a year's supply of Swiss Kriss. Interestingly enough, some of the women dropped five pounds by Wednesday, which was a lot, but depression set in when everyone began to stabilize. Dinners, although beautifully served on small candlelit tables covered with cheerful Vera tablecloths, eventually became the scenes of boisterous confrontations. One angry Scarsdale lady assaulted me for being a 1960s cultist with my vegetarian diet. "It's obvious all you vegetarians really hate food, and it's so obvious that your entire Peter Pan generation has yet to learn to grow up, get married, and produce leaders instead of potting around with all these elitist lifestyles. No wonder everyone is asexual now; they are too busy eating crazily." I was too low-blood-sugared to challenge her views.

The second therapy session, planned for Friday evening, fell flat, since the shrink forgot to show. Was he trying to tell us something? Instead, Dr. Luckey told us the story of his heart attack at the age of 46 and of his divorce. Other women chimed in their hatred of their husbands and their fear of living alone or eating solo in restaurants. Dr. Luckey then confirmed my suspicion that one out of three women who come to Minden have marital problems. So what else is new? But hardly anyone was listening during this airing of our dirty laundry. Dr. Luckey ended by reading aloud some vague love poems from a "Malaysian lady acquaintance" which sent us all immediately to bed.

The next morning before my jog, I bumped into the "basket case," professionally referred to as "the overmedicated woman." She was nodding out all alone in the dining room over her morning cup of "allowed" coffee. Once again she complained how awful and mistreated she felt. "Dr. Luckey did nothing for my health, and the first night he couldn't even fix the shower or my TV. What good is he?" After that encounter I unfortunately never saw her again, and I later learned that Dr. Luckey decided to put her in the hospital for a thorough going-over. He didn't want to deal with that kind of detoxification case at Minden, he said. Well, what did he want at Minden? "I don't necessarily want this to be a celebrity chichi spa. I just want a decent educational program for those interested in getting a holistic approach to health which has been ignored by most of the medical community." Dr. Luckey and his wife met with me one night among the packing cartons in their unfinished private quarters in the back carriage house. As he spoke, Dr. Luckey smoked cigarettes and drank from a bottle of sake. "Look, I'm no guru. I still smoke and enjoy a couple of drinks, and I know it's ridiculous. But I also know I can moderate myself. I don't smoke in the main house in front of the guests." Luckey explained that he and Veronica have a lot to learn, but he feels they are a perfect team: "See, I'm strongly medical and Veronica goes for all that metaphysical stuff like food allergies and yoga fastings. I'm open to that. After all, we met through our astrologer.

"But you must remember that most people come to a place like this to get the weight off and off fast. You can't bulldoze them with all these newfangled megavitamin theories and weird food fastings right away. We have to work gradually, and I want to maintain the high medical standard. It's what keeps this place unique." Luckey then cut his serious-medical-voice tone and putting his arm around me, asked if I knew the correct spelling of the word "orgasmic." "I had a bet last night with someone at Bobby Van's that it was spelled with two *i*'s." He followed that up with a question on why I jogged five miles a day. "You know it's your sexual substitute, don't you?" That was topped by his jokes having to do with the remedy for female low blood sugar. "I always tell women all they need is an injection of semen, because semen has the highest level of fructose." At this point I said good-night to Veronica and to Dr. Luckey, whose cunning drawl and sad, saggy eyes were beginning to remind me of Lyndon Baines Johnson. Ironically, the next day one of the guests pulled me aside and insisted that she kept smelling booze on Dr. Luckey's breath whenever he examined her. "Of course, it could have been me, since I've been in ketosis here for a week, but I don't think my body odor would smell like scotch."

The day I left, most of the women seemed pleased with their weight loss, but whether their habits had been modified and their lives changed remained questionable. All I can say is that I left Minden at noon, and after standing still for three and a half hours on the LIE eating the carbon monoxide, I hit the refrigerator as soon as I entered my apartment for a marathon fat attack that lasted three days. So much for happy go Luckey and my attempt at Minden mind control. ▬

Stereo visions: *Thomas Edison's invention of over 100 years ago, a crude, barely audible phonograph, is now giving way to record players which use laser beams and computers for the highest fidelity imaginable.*

Future Sound

By Ned Potter

"...Lasers and the other new phonographs will produce the most magnificent sounds: brilliant highs, rich lows, and no rumble..."

Years ago, Angel Records made the mistake of printing on some of its album covers a promise that "this . . . recording . . . will not become obsolete." It's a pity that a record cover is not a contract, because if it were, you could probably sue Angel and make millions.

A revolution is now in the works that will make your current records passé within a decade. You simply won't want them anymore. The new discs under development will be to today's records what color television was to black-and-white. Preparations are now being made to place on sale record players which use lasers instead of needles and computer-encoded "pits" instead of grooves, and spin at hundreds of revolutions per minute instead of our standard 33 rpm.

Some of the discs will glow in rainbow colors. Some will be tiny, others will be almost indestructible. Most important, all the systems under development will produce sounds more magnificent than anything you've ever heard, simply by the addition of a few—albeit expensive—parts to your current stereo set-up.

The technology exists; the competitors are pouring in millions of dollars. But as we'll soon explain, putting these ultimate record players on the market will start one of the biggest corporate wars in American history: Only one company can win. And everyone is scared silly about that. So it may be years—if ever—before one of these phonographs arrives in your home.

But if it does, it'll be quite something. All the new machines will produce high notes that are brilliant and lows that are extraordinarily rich. The rumble you now hear when the volume is turned up will be a thing of the past. Each side of the discs can play for an hour in stereo, or quad, or even more. And if you're absolutely in love with "La Valse," just set it on repeat and hear it again. And again. And again.

And you won't have to worry: With the most spectacular of these devices—the laser phonograph—the record won't wear out. There's no contact between disc and laser—so, no grooves to become worn by a needle. And never again will you have to go through the neurotic routine of cleaning the record before each playing. The laser record is dustproof. They've even solved the problem of the scratch.

Actually, the laser phonograph is a spinoff of the video discs we've been promised for so long, and its future depends greatly on that of the video system. In fact, it is doubtful one would be marketed without the other. While the music on an audio disc and the soundtrack on a video disc will be encoded differently, some manufacturers promise a single turntable that will play both symphonies and films. They generally predict that the player will cost $400 to $600 and that the discs, either audio or video, will sell for $6 to $18. Not exactly cheap—especially considering that the player won't take the $700 worth of records that you probably own now. But the electronics industry seems convinced that this is the technology of the future. In the last

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Ned Potter is a writer who has been at ABC News, NBC News, and the Hayden Planetarium.

Photo: Culver Pictures

"... Since placing the ultimate record player on the market could cause a corporate war, it may be years before you can buy one ..."

decade, at least 27 major companies have expressed interest in producing the new disc players.

So why, as we mentioned earlier, won't you be able to get one?

The problem is as basic as the American system. Antitrust law would probably prevent the manufacturers from colluding on standards—how big the disc should be, how fast it should spin, etc.—because if they could do that, they'd be almost stupid not to agree on higher prices and lower quality control while they were at it. No law prevents one company from buying the rights to manufacture equipment based on another company's design—but each of the major competitors has spent too much ($10 million by Thomson-CSF, Inc., perhaps $100 million by RCA, before it's all over) to give up now. So companies entering the market will do so with competing—and totally incompatible—players.

It's inevitable. At some point along the line there will have to be a consensus on just what kind of a superdisc will be standard. In theory, it should happen naturally: The companies will compete until one's product becomes dominant, and then the rest will buy licensing rights from the winner. That's how we do things in America. But in a standards war, there would be an awful lot of losers. And no company wants to make a multi-million-dollar investment for nothing. Of those 27 firms originally known to have been interested in these new discs, at least half have retrenched, waiting for somebody else to make the first move; those that remain are playing an Alphonse-and-Gaston game, hoping to avoid an expensive open-market battle for your preferences.

In the meantime, the search for the best possible system has produced some of the spiffiest equipment since Edison's first cylinder phonograph.

Take, for starters, the Compact Disc Audio System, which N. V. Philips of the Netherlands says it plans to market under the Magnavox label. There's still a disc, all right, but unlike any you've ever seen. It's smaller—110 millimeters, about the size of a slice of bologna. It's silvery; the laser, pointing upward at the bottom side of the disc, reads it by bouncing light off its surface into a sensor. But where a conventional stereo needle would feel little squiggles in a groove, the laser sees a row of tiny notches—"micropits," in the eclectic jargon of electronics—containing sound information encoded in digital form. There are about 10 billion micropits on the disc. They are nearly as small as the wavelength of light, so when you hold the record in your hands, different colors of light bounce off it at different angles and produce a rainbow pattern.

One of the beauties of the disc is that your paranoid friends who never let you mess with their stereos will no longer have an excuse. The disc has an outer layer of clear plastic. You can get your grubby hands on it, or scratch your name in it with a key, and the sound will be unaffected because the outer surface, just 200 microns above the layer of micropits, is out of the field of focus of the laser.

Thomson-CSF, a French company, also uses a laser in its proposed system, but if you could fit a Philips disc into a Thomson player, you would only get deathly silence. Because the Thomson disc, you see . . . well, you almost can't see it because it's clear. The laser shines through the disc, getting eclipsed by each micropit. And when you get to the end of the side, you don't have to turn the record over: The laser instantly refocuses from one side to the other and keeps playing.

Unlike the Philips model, the Thomson disc is rather delicate, and you wouldn't want to cover it with fingerprints. Twelve inches in diameter, it comes in a plastic sleeve, much as LP's do today. But to put the Thomson disc in the player, you slide in the entire sleeve and pull it out—the record is left behind inside.

By comparison, the new music system designed by RCA sounds almost dull—it relies on an old-fashioned needle lumbering along in a groove. Taking a different path, the RCA set actually has no laser. The disc, which is protected by a sleeve similar to Thomson's, doesn't even look much different from an LP. But it spins fifteen times as fast, and plays twice as long. The advantage of RCA's player is economy and simplicity. The RCA people say they can sell it for under $400, because whereas laser players require sensitive mechanisms to keep the laser focused on the spinning disc to within three microns, the RCA needle needs nothing.

The other half-dozen-odd manufacturers seriously in the field—companies like Matsushita, Mitsubishi, and Telefunken-Decca—all have systems roughly similar in principle to those of Philips, Thomson, or RCA. But only in one or two cases can one company's player, as currently conceived, play another company's disc. While RCA and Thomson say they plan to make players that can handle both video discs and superstereo, Philips is planning two entirely incompatible systems. RCA's disc will spin at 450 revolutions per minute, Thomson's at 1,800, and Philips's will gradually slow down as it plays. The RCA needle will start at the outer edge of the disc and work its way in, just as your stereo does now; the Philips laser will do the reverse, and the Thomson system will go in a different direction for each side.

Whose is best? Here's where the bickering begins.

"Compared to our system, the Philips system is a great deal more sophisticated," says James F. Gibbings of RCA. "You can see that it's going to have to be a more expensive player. It would have to sell, realistically, in the $650-to-$700 price range."

"Oh, we just love it when they tell us how to run our business," says June L. Hensey of North American Philips.

"That's not to say that they may not introduce it at a bargain price and eat the cost difference," says Gibbings.

"Our player will sell for about $500," says Hensey.

"I don't think they did it very cleverly," says Gordon Bricker of RCA.

"They're limited with the RCA system," Hensey says.

"If I were going to pioneer a new audio standard, I'd think more in terms of a two- or three-inch disc," says Bricker.

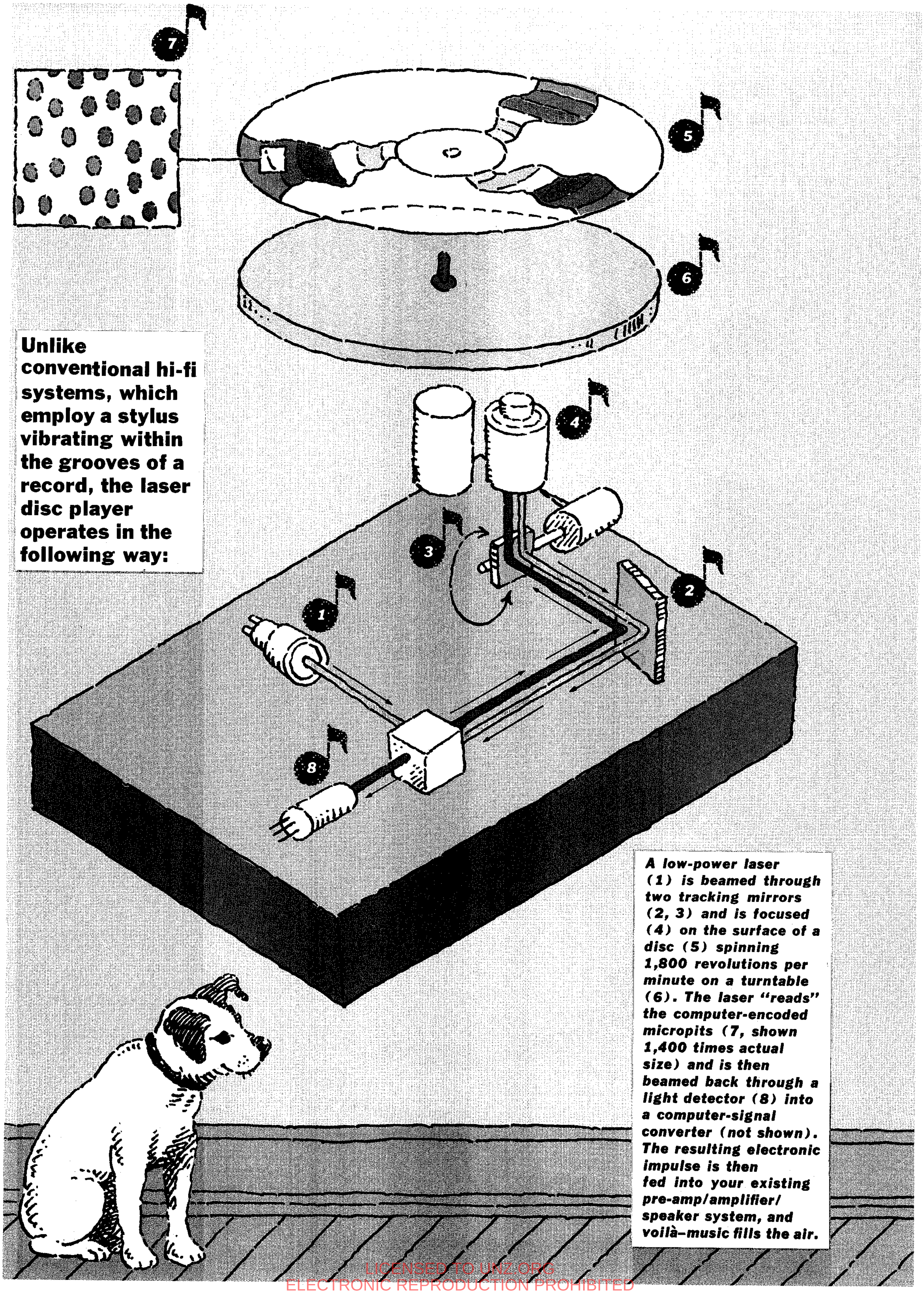
"We're confident that we have the best system," says Hensey.

"We're very much in favor of Philips's getting into the marketplace," says Gibbings.

If you detect just a hint of bravado in this, you are very sensitive. Philips once planned to have a video disc on the market by 1974 but now denies saying that, promising to start selling by this Christmas. If Philips meets that deadline it will be breaking tradition. It made similar promises in 1976 and 1977.

"RCA keeps forcing Philips into decisions and then doesn't do anything itself," says Warren Singer of Thomson-CSF. Originally, Philips promised a one-sided video disc that would play for a half hour. Then RCA announced a two-sided disc with an hour of total playing time, and Philips had to play

Unlike conventional hi-fi systems, which employ a stylus vibrating within the grooves of a record, the laser disc player operates in the following way:



A low-power laser (1) is beamed through two tracking mirrors (2, 3) and is focused (4) on the surface of a disc (5) spinning 1,800 revolutions per minute on a turntable (6). The laser "reads" the computer-encoded micropits (7, shown 1,400 times actual size) and is then beamed back through a light detector (8) into a computer-signal converter (not shown). The resulting electronic impulse is then fed into your existing pre-amp/amplifier/speaker system, and voilà–music fills the air.

catch up. Then RCA announced a disc with two hours of total playing time, and Philips—by making its system considerably more complex—had to follow that act too. And amid all of that, RCA insists that it hasn't officially even made a decision whether to market the new discs at all.

The reason, RCA executives say, is that the real success of any one system will be determined less by its excellence than by whether there is anything for you to play on it. RCA has dispatched Herbert Schlosser, the former president of NBC, to line up a good library of programs. Philips is working on the problem too. It has a symbiotic relationship with MCA, Inc., in which MCA provides the discs for Philips's players. For superstereo, the issue is simple: Load Beethoven and Carly Simon onto discs and show people where the line forms. For video, the issue is more complicated; the marketing is in its infancy. Would you spend $18 to have *Star Wars* on your shelf?

Not everybody is sure, and Thomson-CSF, for one, is planning to go into business in a much less risky way. It will first enter what it calls the "institutional" market—packaged courses for schools, training programs for industry. "We'll offer a doctor programs on how to cure different diseases," says Singer, "and then we'll say, 'While we're at it, here's one on how to improve your golf game.' That way we'll get into the consumer market backwards. We don't have to start with a giant library, and we can avoid the standards issue for quite a while."

Quite a while, but not forever. Every company expects that a battle will be fought eventually, and each is trying to get into position. For a while, several companies were trying to make alliances with Zenith, which has a powerful marketing apparatus, but Zenith counted itself out and will be the first to greet the winner after the war. Some firms have also been trying to woo Matsushita, the Japanese giant, and now they're nervous because Matsushita's system is similar to RCA's. "I'll tell you," says one executive who didn't want me to tell you for whom he works, "if RCA and Matsushita get together, I don't think anybody can beat them."

In the meantime, the multi-million-dollar standoff leaves us mere mortals in a difficult position. Should we stop buying records? If one company finally takes the plunge, should we gobble its player up and risk having an obsolete space-age toy after a competing system wins out? Do we really want better sound anyhow? Take cover. When the new discs start flying, it will be quite something . . . quite something . . . quite something . . . quite something.■

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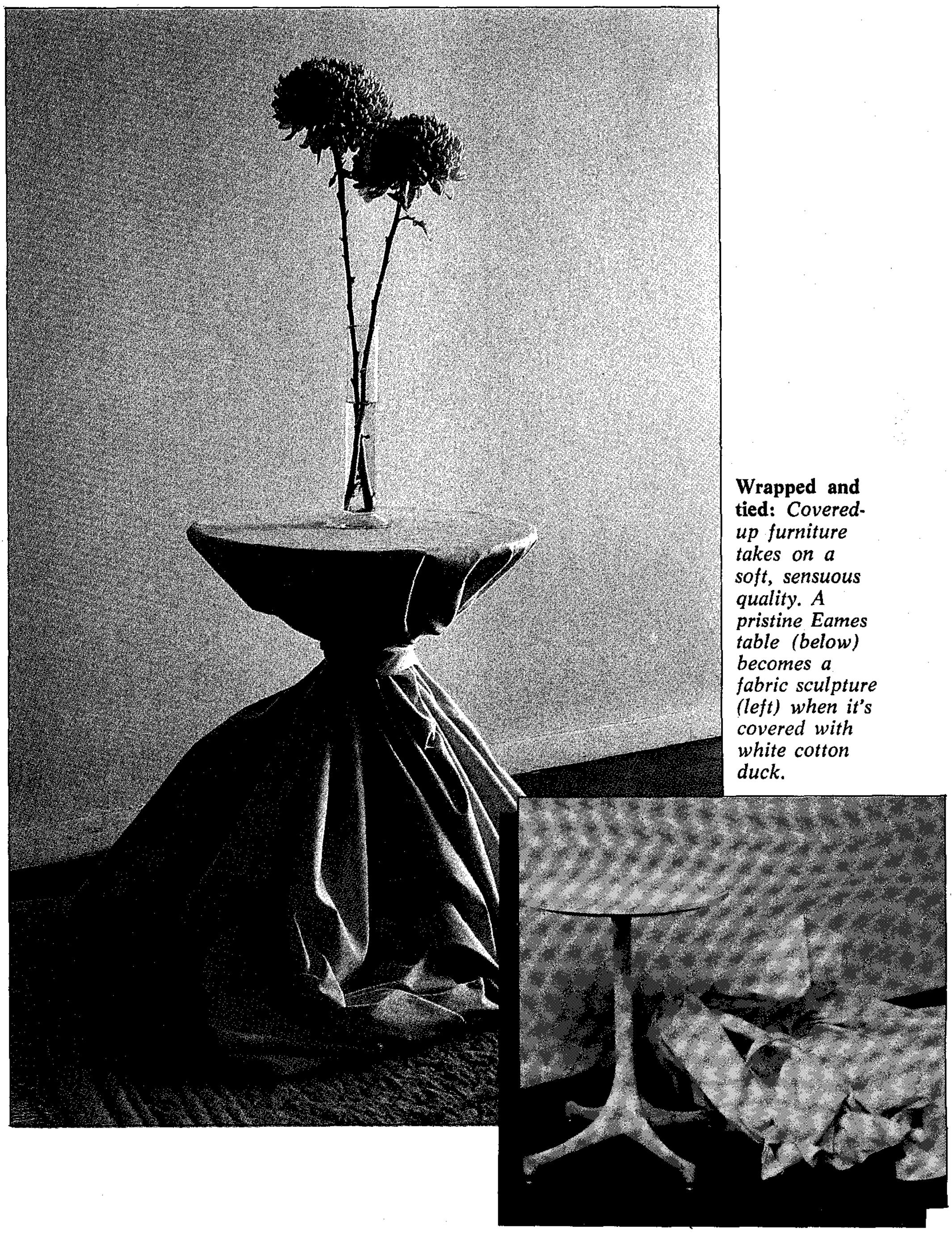
Home Furnishings/Kim Dominique

Final Wrap

When Wall Street broker Marilyn Simon looked around her Standard Modern Boring studio apartment one day, an idea hit her with full force: "Get rid of it." When she assigned Bruce Bierman to redo the room completely, however, he had a different idea: "Wrap it."

Bierman took Simon's existing furniture and transformed it by quilting, scrunching, draping, and tying yards of cotton duck over the various pieces. The look that resulted was one of mystery and tranquillity, with some of the furniture taking on almost a surreal quality. It echoes the new, soft way of dressing—flowing skirts, floating fabrics, pushed-up sleeves. Bierman says it reflects his philosophy that furniture shouldn't be imposing but "should be enjoyable and treated with a bit of whimsy."

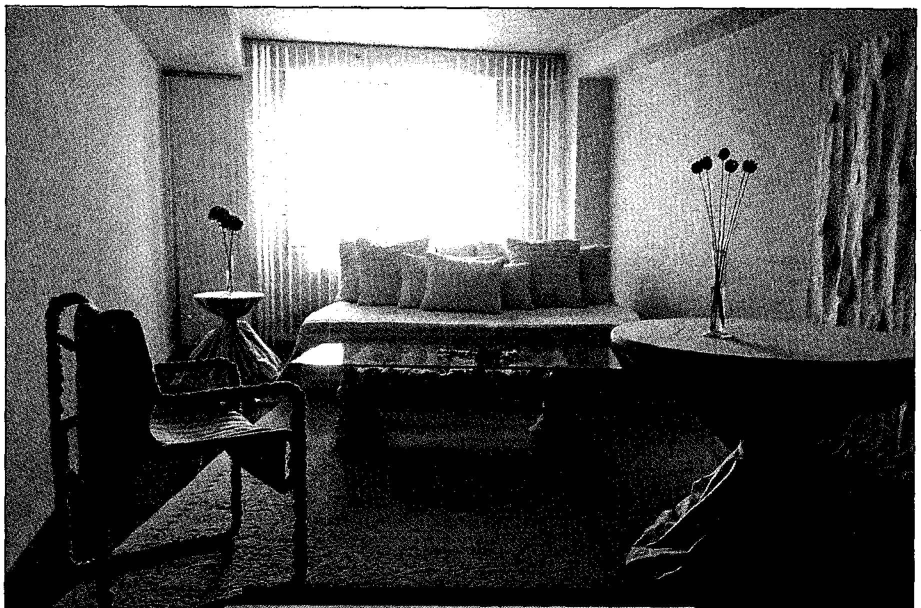
Furniture wrapping can be experimented with by anyone who wants to change the look of an apartment without resorting to reupholstery. Or one can purchase ready-wrapped furniture from Bruce Bierman Design, 29 West 15th Street (243-1935). It will be available sometime in late fall.



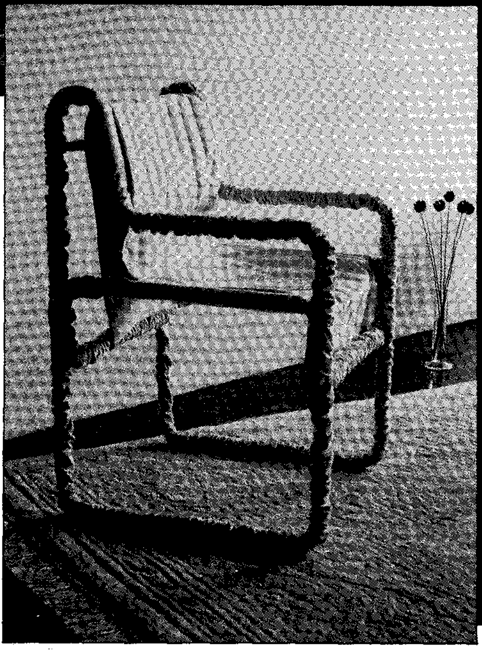
Wrapped and tied: *Covered-up furniture takes on a soft, sensuous quality. A pristine Eames table (below) becomes a fabric sculpture (left) when it's covered with white cotton duck.*

Photographed by Peter M. Fine

"... Bierman transformed the furniture by quilting, scrunching, draping, and tying yards of cotton duck over the pieces ..."

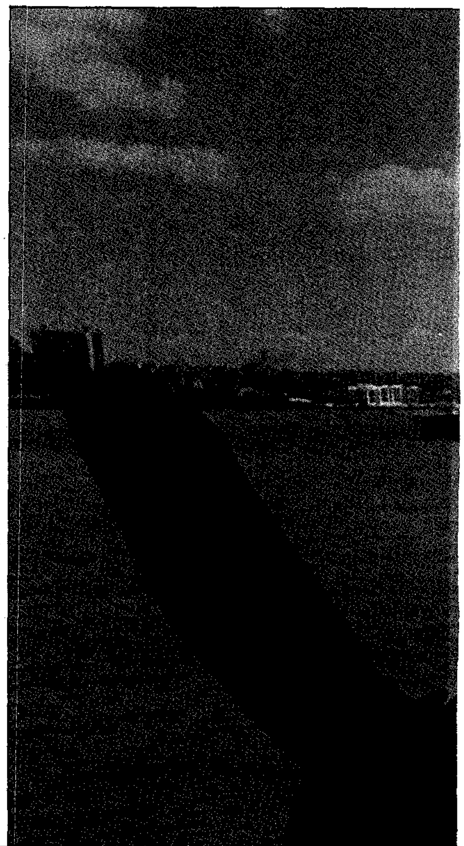


Whole cloth: *In the finished studio (above), couch, tables, and chair are gently swaddled in fabric.*

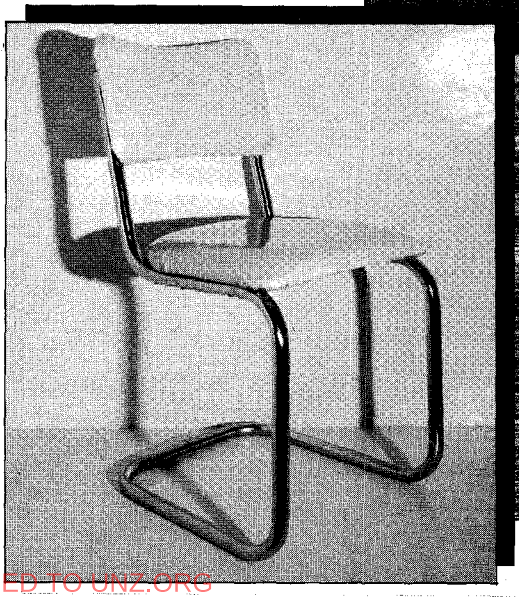


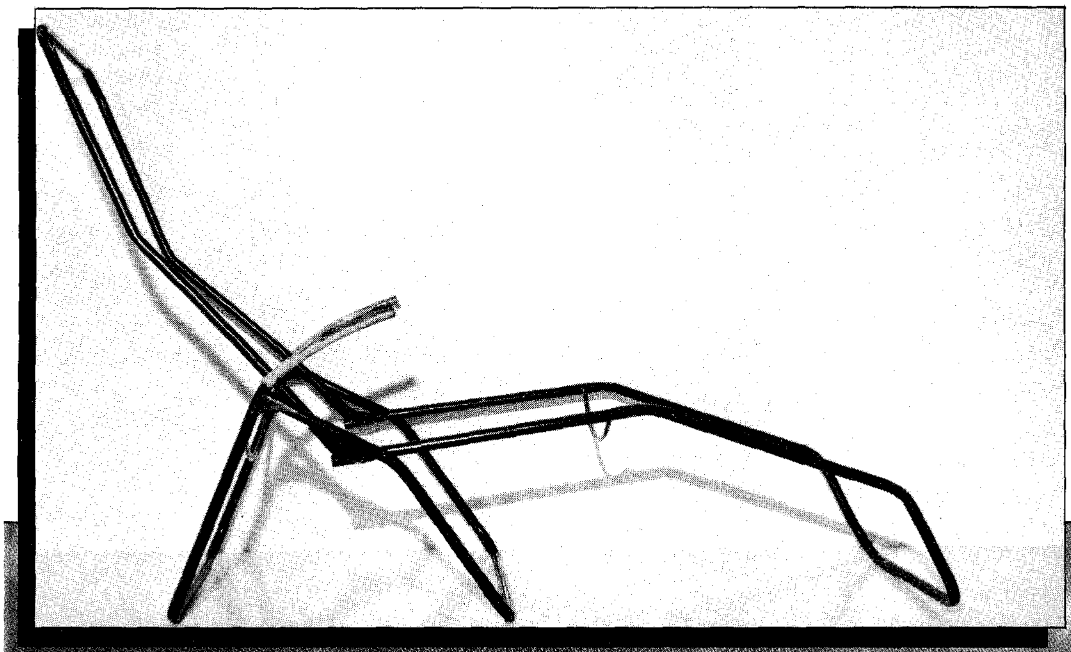
Slipped covers: *Simon hated this chrome-and-leather chair (left), so Bierman replaced the leather with channel-quilted canvas and crumpled canvas on the arms and legs.*

A drape to the shape: *Covered in black cotton "pillowcases" (right), the chairs are a striking addition to Bierman's black-and-white loft.*



Uneasy chair: *Bierman found nine of these imitation Breuer chairs with plastic seats (right) at a Salvation Army store in Rhode Island. Total cost: $6.*



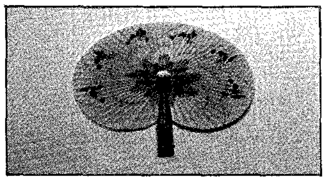


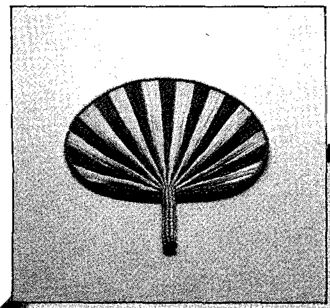
Pickup on 15th Street: *Bierman found this metal frame of a lounge chair outside his apartment, waiting for the garbage men.* ■

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern





Hue and Cry

"New York really used to be fun in the summer. Now it's dull. Buildings are gray, and people should wear *color,*" says Elena Solow, who has a solution. She has brought to town a batch of flamboyant one-of-a-kind blouses from villages in Guatemala and Mexico (where she lives nine months a year in a palm hut). Some are made of synthetic satin and are downright sleazy ($13); some are flowery, lacy, and elegant ($60); some are somewhere in between. "Indian people have no fear of color," Elena goes on. "Nobody has to tell *them* what goes with what."

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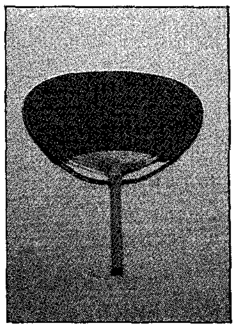
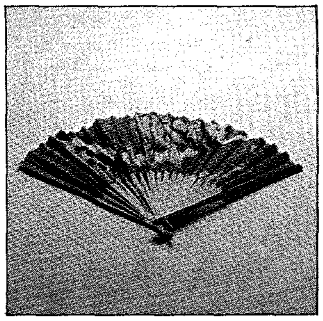
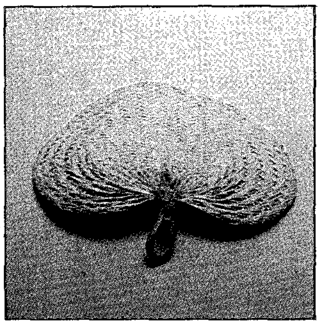






Photos: top, Ken Shung; bottom, Dick Frank

Pride of Lyons

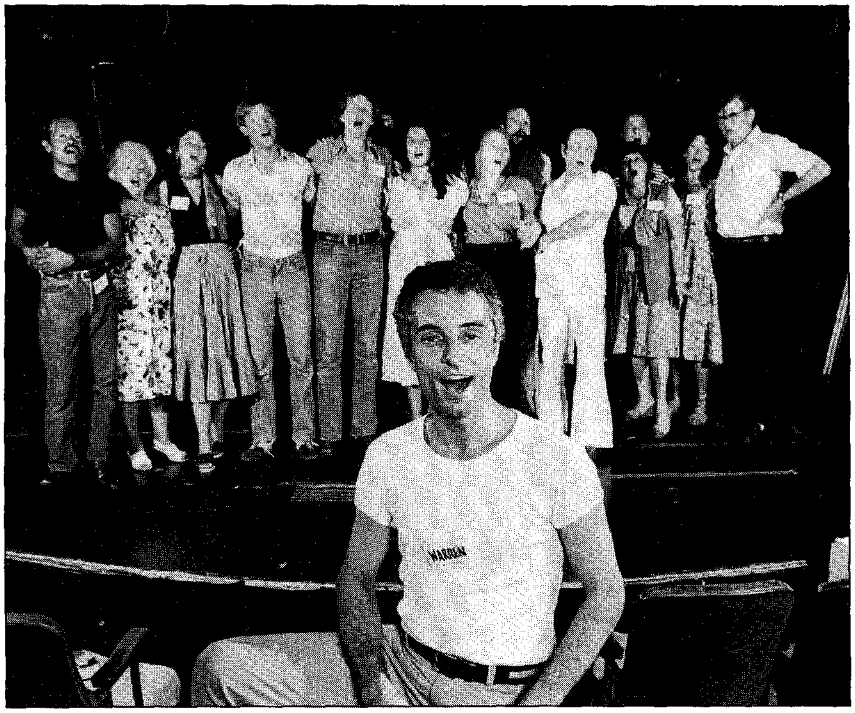
"I want you to know the two rules of the workshop. One: Know your song. Two: Use your power, even if you don't think you have any." Thus did Warren Lyons (below) address the scrambled egos assembled before him the other night in a tacky little Village theater. There were sixteen singers, sort of, who in four sessions hoped to gain confidence enough to perform before an audience.

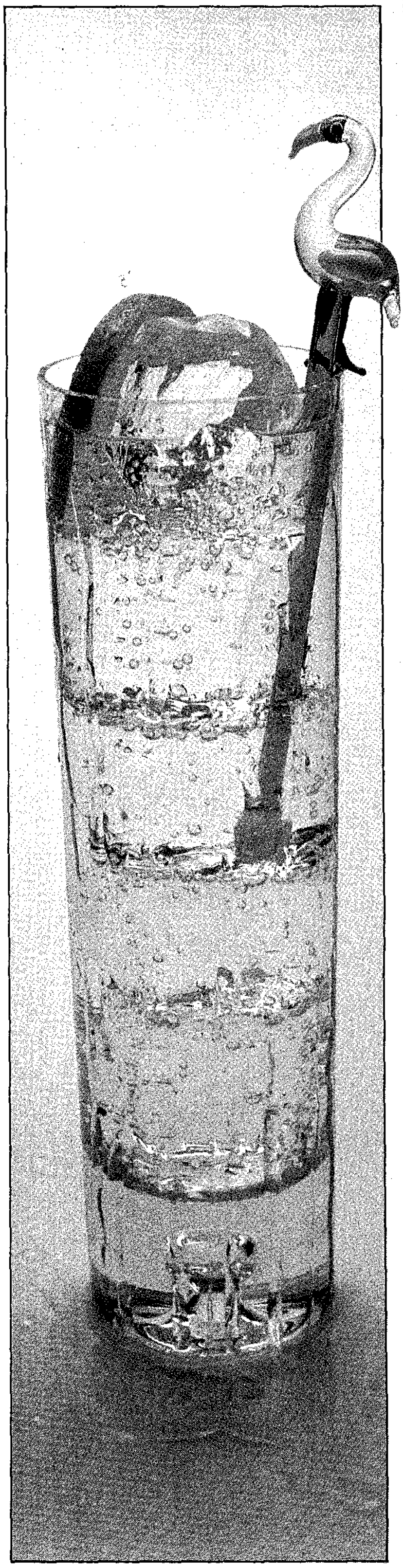
The young Lyons is a producer (*House of Blue Leaves*), a pianist, a son of Broadway, and wonderfully warm. He is also an impassioned graduate of est—and of an Actualizations workshop, which was his inspiration. "I had to sing three songs," he remembers of the experience. "A hundred people stood up in their chairs and yelled, 'Bravo!' It was a revelation to me that nobody said shut up, or even threw up. So I had an idea that I could set up a workshop for other people to sing without their minds being there, just like I had." Thus, the Joy of Singing.

They went up onstage one at a time and sang (to any tune) their names, occupations, and something interesting they'd done during the week. They were jewelry designers, out-of-work actors, tax accountants, art directors, and voice teachers. They had gone to Florida to visit their fathers, seen *Heaven Can Wait*, and picked up unemployment checks. Next, they sang songs together, while Lyons circled the group, shouting out the lyrics, urging that they *listen* to the lyrics, coaching. And then, they went solo. This was the scary part. They sang their songs once, we clapped consolingly, and Lyons did his stuff. *This* was what we were here for. "Do your Jolson bit, Robert," he called to an unrelaxed fellow who had just sung "Let Me Entertain You" in a most unentertaining manner. "And don't forget the *smile*." To Alan, a sloppily handsome chap who was underselling "Beauty School Dropout": "Is your body having fun up there?" And to Sally, an uncertain Circe with sultry voice and downcast eyes: "Are you an actress?" "No," said Sally, "I'm an artist." "Are you committed to it?" "I think I'd rather be an actress." "Well, find out with this song. This song is *nothing* if it's not about commitment." The song was Sondheim's "Losing My Mind."

And so it went for four hours, with many repeats and much compassion. Eventually, we applauded like proud parents. "The most embarrassing part is not singing," says Lyons, "but accepting the acknowledgment, standing there and taking it." Real transformations happen here; quavering, off-key silliness gives way to actual singing. These are not stars, and they probably never will be. But with Lyons's help, they glow for a while.

JOY OF SINGING/*Next workshops begin August 7 and 8/Warren Hay Lyons 580-2620/$75*





Pickup Sticks

Go stir crazy and pick up a set of these handmade crystal swizzle sticks ($12 for four). In addition to flamingos, there are palm trees, tennis racquets, hearts, and stars.

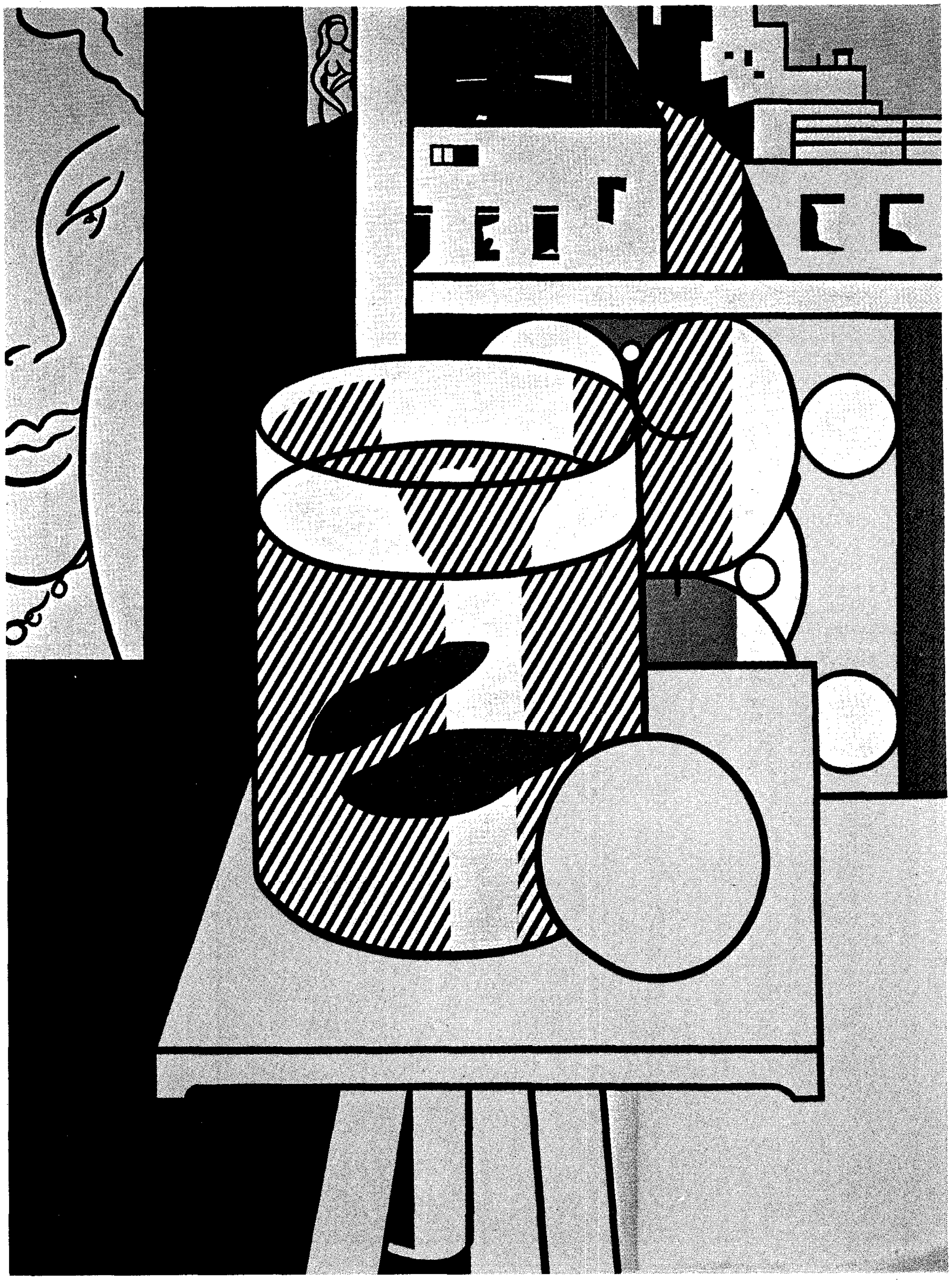
SARSAPARILLA/*1179 Second Avenue, near 62nd Street*

Photos: left, Bill Hayward; right, Dick Frank

Art/John Ashbery

SOMETHING BORROWED, SOMETHING NEW

"...Time has had a mellowing effect on Pop. In attempting to deflate our received notions of art, Pop has become art..."



Fishing expedition: *Roy Lichtenstein's* Still Life With Gold Fish *(1974), oil and Magna on canvas, 60 by 80 inches, is the painter's own kind of homage to Matisse's* Goldfish *(1915); it incorporates fragments from other Matisse paintings as well.*

Art About Art, the Whitney's new show, is like a musical with a lot of spiffy numbers and very little book. Actually there is a book, a book called *Art About Art,* by Jean Lipman and Richard Marshall, published by Dutton, which is not exactly a catalog, since it takes in much work not included in the show. In fact, Leo Steinberg's elegant and funny introductory essay, although it deals with none of the work on view but is instead a sort of capsule history of artists' "borrowings" from one another down through the ages, is one of the best things about the whole enterprise.

On closer inspection, the announced theme turns out to be little more than an extremely long and flexible peg on which are draped a number of art-inflected works from the recent past, mostly the Pop period. That's okay, since there is enough good stuff to keep the show alive even through its duller stretches. These are provided by artists who were brought in to further footnote the theme but whose contribution is negligible apart from this.

The problem seems to be that almost all the artists are somewhat subversive in their attitude toward art, and when you get a situation where everybody is a subversive, sabotage becomes status quo. Marcel Duchamp really did it once and for all when he put the mustache on the *Mona Lisa.* Duchamp was a genius at discovering cul-de-sacs which succeeding generations have turned into crowded thoroughfares, forgetting that art can be destroyed only once. Tout le reste est littérature.

In this context the true subversives turn out to be artists like Larry Rivers, whose long and obsessive involvement with certain paintings of the past while sometimes satirical is also ambivalent enough to allow us to experience the obsession with him. There is humor in Rivers's work, but it is often enigmatic. (Why is his reworking of David's *Napoleon in His Study* titled *The World's Greatest Homosexual*? His explanation that he found Napoleon's pose in the David affected hardly seems to justify the "world's greatest" rating.)

In any case, the work cuts deeper than its humor, whereas John Clem Clarke's careful re-creation of out-of sync reproductions of old-master paintings are like one-liners: One glance tells you all you need to know. The same applies to much of the work in this show, including Tom Wesselman's familiar send-ups of Middle American interiors, Peter Saul's horrendous parodies of Rembrandt and Picasso, and Mel Ramos's de Kooning–esque portrait of Farrah Fawcett-Majors (though I did find Ramos's playmate-of-the-month version of Manet's *Olympia* exquisitely meretricious).

Rivers's work, which was long misunderstood and criticized for not quite making it as Pop art, when in fact it was never intended to be any such thing, has improved with age and is looking better than ever. His well-known *Dutch Masters With Cigars II,* after Rembrandt, is included, as are lesser-known works such as his own solution to the racial issues implicit in the same Manet, *I Like Olympia in Blackface.*

Joseph Cornell's *Medici Slot Machine* also strikes a dissident stance, although, as its title implies, there is something ambiguous in Cornell's attitude toward Moroni's portrait of a young prince of the Este family. It is accorded no less, but no more, iconic importance than the other contents of the glass-lidded box: marbles, jacks, wooden counters, a toy compass.

For the rest, the show is dominated by others among today's acknowledged masters: Lichtenstein, Johns, Warhol, Dine, Rauschenberg, Segal, Grooms. In some cases they are represented by examples which have been overexposed, but more often the selections are offbeat, of works which have been more discussed than seen (Warhol's *Mona Lisa* and his do-it-yourself, painting-by-numbers pictures; Dine's messy, painterly double take of his palette called *My Cincinnati Studio*).

Lichtenstein is another artist who comes off very strongly; the abundance of his work on display almost constitutes a mini-retrospective. His cool but solemn dissection of accredited modern masterworks, their brilliant industrial color undercut and anesthetized by the institutional off-white of the canvas ground, look more and more impressive and impassive.

Time has had a mellowing effect on Pop, considered so scandalous barely a decade ago. In attempting to destroy or at least deflate our received notions of art, it has become art. (It isn't, in fact, all that easy to destroy art: Once you have done so, something always rushes in to fill the vacuum, and that something usually bears a close resemblance to art.)

Most of the works in the Whitney show do honor to the museum space that is sheltering them, but at the same time they wear their laurels a bit restlessly, as though nostalgic for the scrappy sixties. That, perhaps, is why there is a note of pathos lurking in the wings. No sooner has the artist dealt with his reactions to the art of the past than he finds himself being wound on the spool of art history and is done unto as he would do unto others. (Through September 24.) ■

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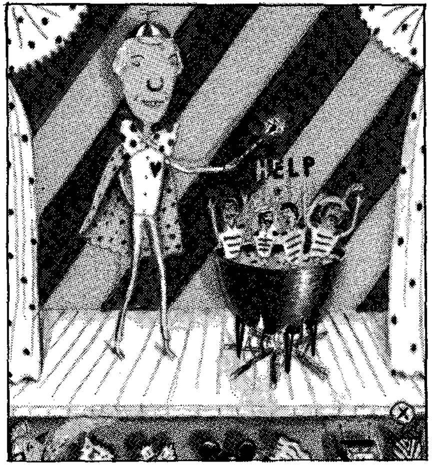
Movies/David Denby

CANNIBALIZING THE BEATLES, GLORIFYING HOLLY

> "... *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* is so amorphous and puerile that you begin to blank out on it after a half hour..."

Rock music is the most fragile of all art forms—the most easily destroyed by caricature or indifference. Yet, at the same time, precisely because quality in rock 'n' roll is so rare and fragile, it is wildly overpraised by rock critics and historians whenever it appears. Two new rock movies are classic examples of this destruction/glorification split: Producer Robert Stigwood's $12-million disaster, **Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band,** cannibalizes the Beatles and their most famous album without a moment's remorse, while the affecting little B movie *The Buddy Holly Story* turns its rock-pioneer hero, only 22 when he died in 1959, into a profoundly original genius, a rock 'n' roll John Keats.

Is Robert Stigwood trying to destroy adult interest in rock music? His recent movie production of *Grease* softened fifties rock culture into bubble gum, and *Sgt. Pepper* (hereafter known as Stigwood's Folly) is nothing more than a huge kiddies show that got out of hand. Let us say that Stigwood has a vested interest in convincing very young moviegoers that soft rock is their music. But what about the rest of us? For *Sgt. Pepper,* Stigwood hired the former rock critic Henry Edwards to concoct a plot line out of 28 musical numbers (from the title album and *Abbey Road*), and Edwards has come up with a fable so amorphous and puerile that you begin to blank out on it after a half hour or so. The setting is Heartland, a clean-scrubbed, studio-back-lot "town" that looks like a defunct corner of Disneyland. The place is a paradise ruled by the spirit of music and by the memory of the original Sgt. Pepper (the Beatles' album had a World War I, music-hall sound). Now Pepper's grandson (Peter Frampton) has formed a new band, and as crowds of young and old go wild, out come rock stars Frampton and the Bee Gees, who immediately launch into the title song.



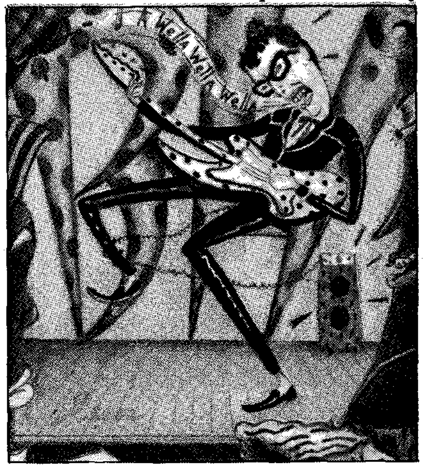
HOLLY HOLLY HOLLY HOLLYWOO

Up to this minute one might have given the movie the benefit of the doubt. True, the lighting is scorchingly bright and the crowd over-reacts in that fake big-musical way that went out of date with *Oklahoma!,* but one hoped that this super-dull beginning was setting us up for a joke, a reversal into irony. Once the boys start singing, however, all hope collapses. In place of the Beatles' sound, with its exhilarating lift and surge, we hear blandly impersonal pop crooning and conventional dance-rhythm arrangements (it was hard to dance to the original *Sgt. Pepper* album, but Stigwood clearly doesn't intend to lose any sales for the soundtrack album on that count). And not only must we listen to Peter Frampton's slack, bodiless voice, we must also watch him making sad eyes at us in close-up. The effect is rather like being vamped by a blond basset hound.

In a cynical puff piece he wrote for the movie in the July 16 Sunday *Times,* screenwriter Henry Edwards admitted that he and Stigwood had decided to fashion the movie around Frampton because his "gentle, folk-flavored romantic approach was breaking LP sales records as they'd never been broken before. Old-fashioned sentiment and melody were in, and it seemed to me that a contemporary pop movie should reflect this return to romance." With similar logic, an opera impresario of 1875 might have revived *The Magic Flute* by commissioning a revised version of the score from Camille Saint-Saëns. If *Sgt. Pepper* becomes a hit, will Stigwood and Edwards begin work on a movie version of Bruce Springsteen's album *Born to Run* with Shaun Cassidy as a return-to-romance Springsteen?

In mass culture, cynicism and sanctimoniousness are often opposite sides of the same coin. Edwards's fable has the band going off to Los Angeles to be wooed by a satanic record producer (Donald Pleasence). And what blandishments does the producer use to sign the boys up? *Sex and money.* (We can be sure that dozens of rock performers will rally to the cause of eradicating these twin evils of the music business.) Later on, Heartland is destroyed by a vicious rival—a punk-rock band—and turned into a tacky, noisy town in which kids wear *jeans* and play *pinball.*

Doubtless the filmmakers will explain that all this is meant facetiously, although it's impossible to say what any of it might be ridiculing, except the filmmakers' own bad taste. Facetious or not, *Sgt. Pepper* is a rock musical calculated to please Sunday-



Illustrated by Georgeanne Deen

school teachers. Years ago, the Beatles produced the mock-innocent fable *Yellow Submarine,* but the movie was done as animation, a natural medium for fable, and the sophistication and beauty of the visuals made it easy to accept the moral simplicities of the story. In *Sgt. Pepper,* the director, Michael Schultz, seems to be trying for the physical freedom of animation with live actors. None of the actors speak (except for George Burns's narration, the entire soundtrack is music), but they carry on like cartoon figures—mugging at the camera, contorting their bodies, and throwing themselves all over the sets. The results are incoherent and unbelievably tedious.

Michael Schultz scored a big success a couple of years ago with the low-budget disco comedy *Car Wash,* but he got in way over his head this time, just as TV director Randall Kleiser got in over his head with *Grease.* Like so many big-shot producers, Robert Stigwood doesn't think that selecting the right director matters very much. What matters is getting "the elements" right—the music, the performers. Teenagers and subteens are so crazy about Travolta (so am I, for that matter) that they made the incompetent *Grease* a huge hit. Will they also respond to a travesty like *Sgt. Pepper*? There must be some hip twelve-year-olds out there ready to say, "No."

The Buddy Holly Story might be subtitled "A Portrait of the Artist as a Clean Young Man." This gently clichéd musical bio-pic follows its exemplary hero—white, well mannered, and sober—from his early days in the mid-fifties in Lubbock, Texas, where he performed at skating rinks with friends, through his short but incredibly productive recording career, his marriage, and tragic death in an airplane crash. Overall it's pretty conventional stuff, but you've got to see it anyway for the astonishing performance by Gary Busey. And who is Gary Busey, you ask. Well, he was the big lug with ratty blond hair who played Dustin Hoffman's junkie sidekick in the recent *Straight Time,* and he has also appeared in *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot, A Star Is Born,* and other movies. For the role of Buddy Holly, the quintessential fifties boy with Clark Kent glasses, Busey lost a lot of weight, cut and dyed his hair, and learned Holly's guitar and vocal material well enough to perform it with complete assurance right on camera, without the usual lip-synching to a pre-recorded track. (A part-time musician, Busey has occasionally played the drums with Leon Russell.)

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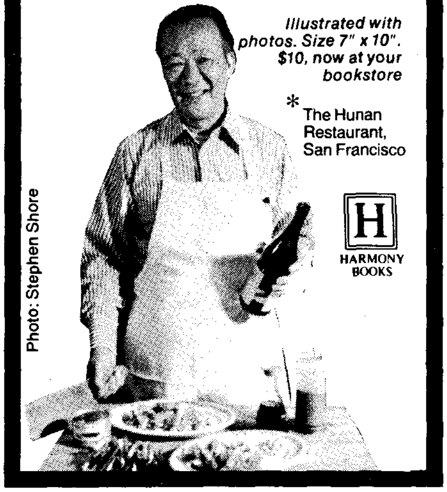

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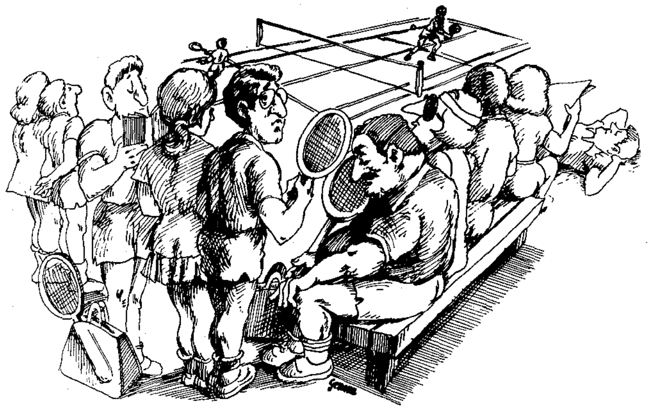

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Busey's Buddy Holly is an awkward but immensely self-assured young artist, a singer-composer with a revolutionary sound in his head and a galvanic performing style that leaves one stunned and rather baffled. Here is this big, smiling boy—to all appearances a high school senior badly dressed for prom night—who suddenly extends his legs like a huge grasshopper, vibrates wildly all over the stage, and then darts back to the microphone and flashes that goofy, reassuring smile, as if to say, "Surprised you, didn't I?" Busey's smile is enchanting, but what does it mean? Is he telling us that Holly was a show-business shrewdie who knew exactly what he was doing? Or that he was an early-rock-music primitive, unconscious of his effects, even a little sheepish about the way people responded to him? In either case, the musical numbers generate a lot of heat. Busey has a thicker voice than Holly, and he can't duplicate the famous vocal technique (the "hiccups," the falsetto, the dizzying dips into baritonal sexiness), but when he's onstage performing (with actors Charles Martin Smith and Don Stroud doing their bit as the other members of Holly's group, the Crickets) you don't really notice the vocal inadequacies because the spirit of the numbers is so authentic.

Fortunately, it's possible to enjoy this movie without fully accepting its canonization of Holly. For instance, I don't believe screenwriter Robert Gittler's pretense that Holly generated his rock sound without help from a record producer and that Holly was so unaware of what his contemporaries were doing that the words "rock 'n' roll" meant nothing to him as late as 1956. Nor can I find anything in the Holly biographies about the Crickets as the first white act to play the Apollo Theater in Harlem. Holly's widow, Maria Elena Holly, who controls the rights to his work, has successfully discouraged two previous efforts at film biographies, so she may have nixed this one until the aura of totally original genius began to emerge around Holly in the nine successive drafts of the screenplay.

Director Steven Rash, a TV veteran directing his first feature, has a pleasing light touch. An immensely good-hearted movie, *The Buddy Holly Story* might have been a minor classic if Rash had given it more texture and color, a feeling of show-biz hustle going on around the edges. It's as if messy, complicated life would interfere with our contemplation of the hero. But at least in this movie, despite the inflated claims for Holly, there's something genuine to contemplate. ■

The Urban Strategist/Ed Frost

HOW TO RENT A SAILBOAT IN NEW YORK CITY

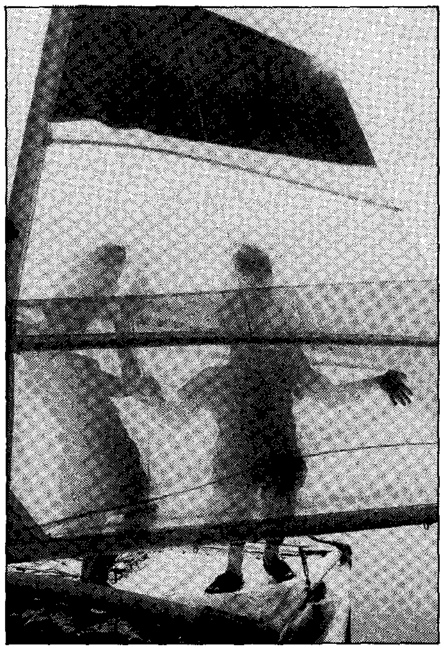
"... By the end of the summer, your friends will be calling you skipper as you cut through the chop on Long Island Sound ..."

It may be hard to remember as you pound your way up some hot New York pavement this summer, but you *are* on an island, and only a hundred yards away there is a nice cool breeze, sunshine, and salt water. You can even rent a sailboat at several places in and around New York, and you don't have to be a very experienced sailor to get in on the fun.

If you've rarely sailed, you should start with a small boat, such as a Sunfish. This fourteen-foot craft carries one sail and two people, and is best sailed in sheltered waters, such as lakes, rivers, and bays. Your space may be limited, but this small boat is very responsive, maneuverable, and fun to sail. This is seat-of-the-pants sailing, and when the wind picks up you may get wet, but some swear it's the best sailing there is. You'll never get nearer the water than in these whippy little boats.

As you learn more about how to handle a boat in varying kinds of wind, you can move up to an intermediate class of sailboat, a "day sailer." These run from about 16 to 21 feet in length, carry a mainsail and a jib, and seat four comfortably. Day sailers can leave protected harbors and venture safely onto Long Island Sound. Before you sail out there, though, you'd better know traffic right-of-way rules and how to read buoys and the weather. Getting caught in a squall is at best uncomfortable, at worst fatal.

The top of the line is a cruising boat, with an inboard engine, bunks, a head (a toilet, that is), and a small galley (a kitchen). These range in length from 22 to 41 feet. They can sail on the ocean, and the larger ones sleep six to eight people. By the time you get into one of these, you should be able to rig all the sails without a mistake, know the difference between a 75 percent jib and a Genoa, read charts, and be able to find safe anchorage when overnighting. You should also know how to maneuver in tight spots—these boats weigh over 10,000 pounds, and they don't stop easily or fast. A 41-foot Morgan and a Sunfish are as different as a big truck and a Volkswagen.



One of the better-equipped places to rent a small boat is the **Longshore Sailing School,** Longshore Club Park, 260 South Compo Road, Westport, Connecticut (203 226-4646). Unlike most sailing schools, Longshore rents to anyone, not just its graduates. With about 50 sailboats, this is one of the biggest sailing schools in the country and the only rental outfit in Westport. Longshore will rent you a Sunfish or a Phantom for $5 an hour, $22 a day; other small boats are $6 to $9 an hour and $24 to $38 a day. You'll have to pay a deposit and have a driver's license or its equivalent for identification. Sailing instruction is, of course, available here. Take I-95 to Exit 17, or Conrail to the Saugatuck station, where you can pick up a municipal Maxi-Taxi.

The **Cranford Boat and Canoe Company,** 250 Springfield Avenue, Cranford, New Jersey (201 272-6991), generally rents only canoes and Sunfishes. For sailing, you've got to have a car, since the only sizable bodies of water around are two nearby reservoirs. The company will lend you roof racks, help you load your boat on, and direct you to the reservoir for $25 a day, $40 for a full weekend. A $20 deposit is required. Cranford began as a canoe-rental company in the 1890s and still looks like it's out of another century. It rents about 100 canoes on a placid river that used to be known as the "Venice of America." Take the Garden State Parkway to Exit 137, then go to the intersection of Springfield and Orange avenues. You can also take the Somerset bus from the Port Authority Bus Terminal to downtown Cranford and take a short walk to the "canoe club."

As you progress in sailing ability, you might try either of two affiliated companies, in Piermont, New York, and West Milford, New Jersey. **Sailhaven,** 599 Piermont Avenue, Piermont (914 359-6070), is three miles south of Nyack. The bulk of its fleet consists of medium-size boats that a seasoned beginner will find comfortable. Sailhaven rents a Sunfish or a Phantom for $7 an hour, $40 a day; a Hobie 14 or 16 or a Knockabout for $12 an hour, $70 a day. In addition, you can rent a Catalina 22 or a 21-foot Paceship for $110 a day. Each of these two cruising boats sleeps four. You'll need a reservation several days in advance and a deposit reflecting your choice of boat and your sailing experience. Sailing instruction is also available. Take the Palisades Parkway north to Exit 4, then proceed north to the Piermont business district.

The **South Shore Marina,** 1880 Greenwood Lake Turnpike, West Milford (201 728-1681), Sailhaven's sister company, has a smaller selection of boats but is geared to the same sailor. Located on Greenwood Lake, the marina rents a Sunfish for $7 an hour, $40 a day; a Hobie 14 for $9 an hour, $50 a day; a Hobie 16 or Island 17 for $12 an hour, $70 a day. Again, reservations and a deposit are necessary. Over the George Washington Bridge, take I-80 to Route 17, go north and follow the signs to Greenwood Lake in West Milford.

Long Island Sound is rivaled only by Chesapeake Bay for fine sailing for the experienced. Two companies rent day sailers on the Sound. These boats, ranging from 16 to 21 feet long, carry four adults comfortably.

We recently rented a Rhodes 19 from

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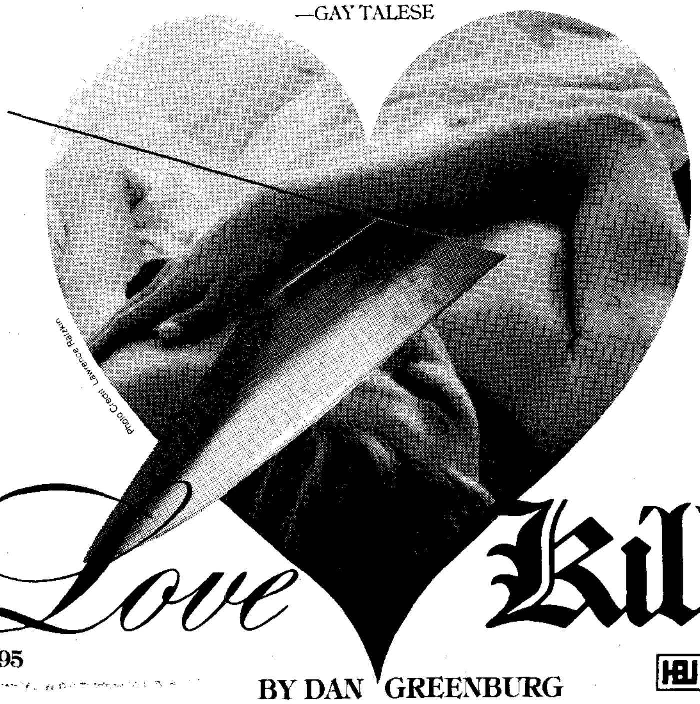

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BY DAN GREENBURG

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RTY Sailboat Rentals, 225 Fordham Street, City Island, Bronx (864-8000). RTY's fleet of day sailers consists of nine Rhodes 19s and two 22-foot Pearson Resolutes. The friendly staff is quick to explain anything you find unfamiliar about their boats, which rent on weekends for $35 a half day, $60 a day; a weekday evening sail, 4 to 8 P.M., costs $25. A $100 deposit is required, as is a reservation for weekend sailing. A sailing-instruction course is offered for $175. It consists of five three-hour sessions on consecutive Saturdays and Sundays, and if you still can't sail by the end, additional lessons are free. Take the Triborough Bridge to the Bruckner Expressway, to I-95, and exit at City Island, or take the IRT No. 2 to Pelham Parkway or the No. 6 to Pelham Bay Park and transfer to the City Island bus (Bx 12).

If you yearn for a longer sail, which means an overnight cruise, but don't yet feel comfortable going out alone, try a new program called "supervised cruising" at **Offshore Sailing School,** 820 Second Avenue, at 44th Street (986-4570). Each Sunday evening through the first week in September, a fleet of four Columbia 9.6 sloops will leave Offshore's City Island marina for a six-day cruise of the Sound, accompanied by a larger boat crewed by Offshore staff. The program is open to anyone with sailing experience. The Columbias sleep six, and the crews are screened so that each boat will have experienced sailors on it. The cost is $249 for the six days; for groups not sharing their boat, it varies from $249 each for a group of six to $289 each for five and $389 each for four. This includes dinners served on board the "lead boat," all breakfasts and lunches, and provisions of soda and beer.

Unsupervised overnight cruising is also available on the Sound. This requires a lot of experience, good judgment, some navigational ability, and an urge to go it alone on the open sea. **Steadman Sail Boats,** 78 Shore Road, Port Washington, Long Island (516 883-0505), specializes in larger cruising boats. Most of the customers are regulars. If there is any question about your ability, you'll be taken out in a nineteen-foot Mariner for a ten-minute "shakedown cruise." Three Mariners rent for $20 each for two hours, $55 a day. The rest of the fleet consists of one 21-foot Corribee, $22 for two hours, $60 a day; one 25-foot Westerly at $45 a half day, $75 a day; one 26-foot Pearson at $55 a half day, $85 a day. All of these sleep five or six. For the 26-foot boats, the weekend and overnight damage deposit is $300; for day sailing, the deposit is $100. Steadman's has been

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operating in Port Washington for over fifteen years and offers sailing instruction in addition to rentals. Take the Long Island Expressway to Exit 36, then drive north to Port Washington, or take the LIRR to the Port Washington station, which is a mile from the dock.

It's smart to check out the liability coverage each company carries on its boats, since there are no standard insurance policies written for boat rentals. Although the owners are careful to rent only to qualified sailors, some will ask you to sign a release for a deductible amount of damage. Find out what you're liable for before you sign.

And always remember that sailing can be dangerous, though it needn't be, and should never depend on luck. Here are some guidelines for minimizing the risks.

☐ Don't go out without telling someone where you're going and when you'll return.

☐ Don't go out in bad weather if you've never sailed in a storm before. Squalls at sea are much more powerful than on land and can be terrifying if you don't know what to expect. If you do go out in weather that's at all threatening, be sure to carry foul-weather gear.

☐ Be sure your boat is properly equipped and seems well maintained. It should be clean and have strong lines and good sails. Check for an anchor, a paddle, a bucket, spare lines, and life jackets.

☐ At the slightest hint of trouble, turn back. If you are inexperienced, stay close to shore.

☐ Most important, whenever conditions get dangerous, wear a life jacket, no matter how well you swim. You can't tread water if you're exhausted or unconscious.

No one we talked to was willing to rent a boat to a complete novice, and all had procedures to check out renters. Some will use a short cruise in a small boat, some will watch you rig a boat and sail away from your mooring, and some will send a dock boy out with you. None of these rental companies has had an expensive or harmful accident in years. If you are new to sailing, you can take lessons at almost all of these places, as well as at the **New York Sailing School** on City Island (864-4472). Lessons cost from $50 to $175 for a complete course, and graduates are eligible for discount rentals where they learned.

So, good sailing. By the end of the summer, your friends will be calling you skipper as you crack a beer and cut through the chop on the Sound. You don't have to spend August landlocked anymore. ■

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Music / Alan Rich

NORTHWEST PASSAGES

> "... If Helmuth Rilling's presence in a remote American college town strikes you as anomalous, it did me, too—until I arrived ..."

To some, the state of Oregon occupies a position somewhat analogous to that of New Jersey: a large and intrusive landmass separating two cosmopolitan and culturally sophisticated centers. But you *can* find culture in New Jersey if you know where to look, and a recent visit to Oregon turned out to be an adventure in total cultural immersion—as exhilarating and exhausting as any week in New York in high season. Along the 300-mile axis from Portland in the north to Ashland in the south, with Eugene at the approximate midpoint, I found music and theater not merely commendable for Oregon but excellent by any standard. This was my itinerary: a festival of choral music centered in the music of Bach, at the University of Oregon in Eugene; an orgy of chamber music on the campus of Reed College in Portland; and the venerable Shakespeare Festival at Ashland, which also included musical events. My report on Ashland—plus a quick side trip to Seattle for part of that city's *Ring*—will have to wait until next week.

At Eugene, the summer choral festival has now been running nine years. The town is small and attractive, with the University of Oregon its major industry. For the festival, an orchestra and chorus are assembled, partly of local people and partly of brought-in professionals, who work under the direction of **Helmuth Rilling,** whose Stuttgart Bach Choir is known in New York mostly from records and from one personal appearance several years ago. If the idea of finding a man of Rilling's background in a remote American college town strikes you as somewhat anomalous, it did me, too—until I arrived. After nine years of summering in Eugene, Rilling has become a local hero, and for good reasons.

The festival consisted of Bach cantatas rehearsed and then performed every afternoon by student conductors under Rilling's supervision, with Rilling himself explaining the music with charm, wit, and knowledge. There were also evening events including, in a handsome nearby church, a Lutheran service with a cantata worked into the service as it would have been in Bach's time. Meanwhile—finding time God only knows where—Rilling also prepared a complete performance of the *St. Matthew Passion*, given first in Eugene and then brought up to Portland.

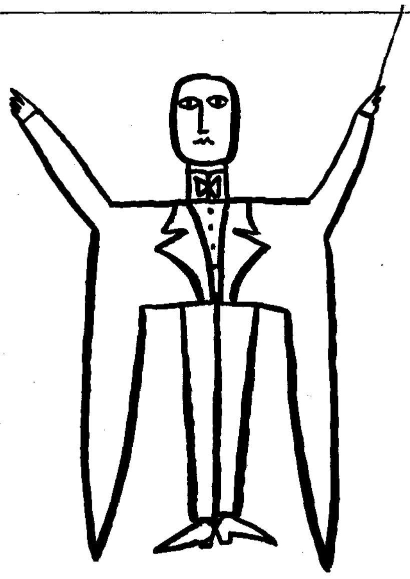

Illustration by John Rombola

It was an extraordinary, if murderously concentrated, festival. Not the least of its merits was that Rilling, working with an assemblage of heterogeneous but excellent performers, could create in a few days' time an ensemble in which a 7-member chorus sang with balanced tone and clear, polished diction, and in which the 40-member orchestra also played with great elegance. Rilling's *St. Matthew Passion* was a stunning performance. The work was given uncut, in German, and with a marvelous projection of the dramatic sense that underlies this awesome score. The soloists were also exceptionally good. If I single out the soprano, Arleen Augér, for special praise, *prima inter pares,* it is only because her singing of the "aus liebe will mein Heiland sterben" ranks among the sovereign vocal experiences of my brief lifetime. Watch for Augér; she's a big talent. She makes her Met debut, as Marzelline in *Fidelio,* on October 2. I would also urge all choral conductors, current or hopeful, to acquire Rilling's excellent monograph on performing the *St. Matthew Passion;* it is published, in English, by Peters. It isn't very long, but the information it contains is worth the price.

Chamber Music Northwest has been running in Portland for seven years, under the direction of Sergiu Luca, the Rumanian violinist who is known in New York mostly for his concerts using an authentic Baroque bow. Luca, a man of enormous if antic charm, has been annually assembling a small group (fourteen this summer) of first-rate young chamber musicians from around the country and bringing them to Portland, where they live and work communally and give concerts three or four times a week through the summer. Being a Rumanian by birth and profession, Luca chats volubly with his audience at these events; his gift for salesmanship is fully equal to his skill as a musician and an organizer. The crowd—700 on most nights—sits on the floor in an attractive campus common room. The programs are wittily organized; those this summer have been devoted to "Brahms and His Friends" and "Brahms and His Enemies"; the level of performance has been such that even Brahms is bearable in the caressing Oregon night air.

The event might be compared to a less populous Marlboro; the Marlboro spirit exists in the informality of the concerts, and in the dedication of the players. Like Rilling in Eugene, Luca has become a Portland hero; he has even started a Chinese restaurant downtown, with chamber music (live or on record) as background. I get the impression, from one of the Portland prime movers I talked to during my visit, that the city is developing culturally without the self-righteous provincialism of San Francisco; the people are willing to be taught—and when necessary led—by outsiders.

When I lived and studied in the West, people used to tell Portland jokes, which ran a little like Hoboken jokes. Now that has changed. The city supports a good symphony orchestra, led by a hometown conductor named Lawrence Smith; its opera company is also beginning to attract attention; its all-

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purpose Municipal Auditorium is better than most of its kind. The key word here is "support"; the city's cultural appetite is strong.

En route I stopped off at the **Blossom Festival** in Ohio, where the Cleveland Orchestra gives its summer concerts. Blossom is a little like an urban Tanglewood; midway between Cleveland and Akron, about fifteen miles from each, its atmosphere is not altogether free of the aroma of industry. Yet the setting itself is pleasant; the concert hall—open on three sides and with surrounding lawns, as at Tanglewood—is an acoustical marvel. Blossom's big problem is that it is reachable only on two-lane roads. On a capacity-crowd night, I'm told, one is lucky to get his car back onto the highway by 3 A.M.

Like Tanglewood, Blossom also maintains a music school, small and excellently run. Since there are no facilities on the grounds, the school meets at nearby Kent State; this creates difficulties by preventing the easy mix between students and orchestral musicians that makes Tanglewood rewarding. At the school I watched some superlative teaching: a master class for singers, run by Phyllis Curtin, that made the elements of vocal interpretation a matter of communicative drama; a splendid opera workshop directed by John Haber that will result in two full-scale productions later this summer; a lovely class in ensemble vocal music directed by Vance George.

At the festival itself, I heard two concerts led by Klaus Tennstedt, who, with practically no New York reputation as yet, has become the most talked-about new conductor on the American scene. Now in his late forties, Tennstedt is a remarkable blend of solid German tradition and a sense of the drama that lies in the musical line. A gawky, angular, unlovely figure on the stage, he has nevertheless made himself loved wherever he works, by audience and also by performers. He led a vivid, adventurous performance of the Schubert C major Symphony (the Ninth—remember?), full of warmth and with some daring tinkering with tempo that could, in lesser hands, have spelled disaster. There was also a *Carmina Burana*, with every goddamned repeat, that was far more vivid and controlled than this awful score deserves.

By Tanglewood standards, the concerts were sparsely attended—about 5,000 people on nights with the weather, according to Ohioans, good. Yet, there are fine vibrations at Blossom to which the splendor of the Cleveland Orchestra, it goes without saying, contributes richly. ■

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NO FEAST, NO EPIPHANY

"...Gerald Freedman's production of *Twelfth Night* at Stratford is too superficial and bland, and lacking in sexual daring..."

Producers and interpreters of **Twelfth Night** have tended to take its subtitle, *What You Will,* literally. Hence the play is sometimes viewed as a luminous and festive comedy, sometimes as a social statement about rising Puritans and declining aristocrats; sometimes as a dark comedy with unpleasant undertones sharing the climate of *Measure for Measure* and *All's Well That Ends Well,* and sometimes as mere dandelion seeds to blow wheresoever your fancy wishes them. Gerald Freedman's production for the American Shakespeare Theater of Stratford, Connecticut, takes two major liberties (not necessarily impermissible): It places the action in the eighteenth century, and it adds music right and left, so that we get a neoclassical musical comedy.

Now, there is some problem with shifting the play into Oliver Goldsmith territory: The implication is that nothing dangerous, nothing sanguinary can happen here; that the lyricism is merely polish; that villainy is just nastiness; that love is fundamentally playful. This takes the bite out of a play in which brothers and sisters may have perished at sea, duels might kill somebody, and unrequited love could prove to be a living death. Interpolate musical numbers, and inflate those that already exist into production numbers with extra characters, or have even the entire cast make inapposite, sometimes dancing, appearances onstage, and you've got something that is too superficial and bland, and lacking in sexual daring.

Still, all need not be lost. Ming Cho Lee, in a welcome departure from his previous Shakespearean designs, has come up with a very handsome Palladian ballroom that palatially stretches into a teasing near-infinity; the rear part is sometimes blocked off by tapestries or potted shrubs to suggest a less stately locale. But when the set is opened up, the staging does not make use of its depth; when it is closed in, it works well enough except when it is supposed to be a wild seacoast, to which it is unable to adapt itself. Add to this Freedman's customary farcical approach: Sir Toby making his initial entrance from the orchestra pit and drunkenly falling right back in; or Toby, trying to seduce Maria on a tabletop but sliding off the table—not once but thrice; or Malvolio's letter-reading scene dragged out with all kinds of mugging and slow, heavy belaboring of the tetragrammaton M,O,A,I. Besides being ponderous in itself, such clowning undercuts the airy insouciance Freedman is after the rest of the time.

Then there is the acting. Lynn Redgrave is doubly unsuited to the part of the heroine: She is not feminine, pretty, and poetic enough when she is the girl, Viola; and she is not masculinely winning enough when she is the supposed youth, Cesario. As a boy, Miss Redgrave plays a kind of British child actor in the awkward age—say, Mark Lester making a fool of himself in the movie *Crossed Swords;* as a girl, she is as gawky as other Violas are when trying to be boys. Her reading of the impassioned passages is embarrassing: Viola mourning for Sebastian exclaims, "Broooooother!" ending in a shrill falsetto, the whole thing sounding like an inept takeoff on Olivier's famous battle cry in the movie *Henry V.* She does a similar thing with "Oliiiiviiia!"—a kind of cute, cackling tremolo slithering up and down the scale, and I can only hope that no dog wanders into the auditorium: It would drive him wild.

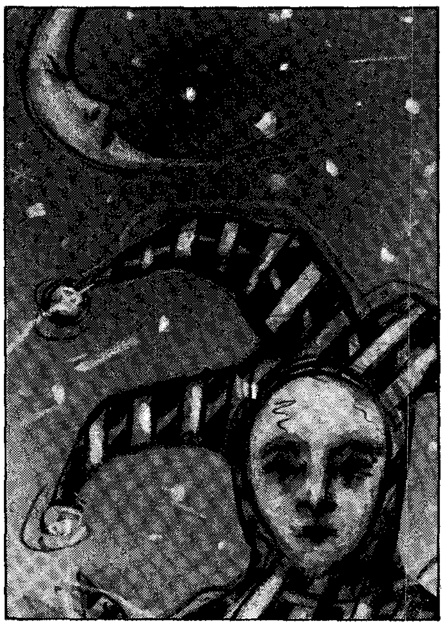

Illustration by Cathy Barancik

Worse than that is the way Miss Redgrave kills the two greatest poetic passages in the play: the "Willow cabin" speech and the "My mother had a daughter" speech. Again, and here the director is likewise to blame, it does not occur to her that when she does her "I left no ring with her" soliloquy, though she is wearing men's clothes, she can revert to being a woman, wherein lies much of the humor and poignancy of the scene. By continuing to act the boy even though no one is watching her, she loses a whole dimension. I have become increasingly convinced that the actress should restrain herself to roles that have something anomalous, eccentric, grotesque about them (as in *Georgy Girl, My Fat Friend, Mrs. Warren's Profession*), or can be played as straight farce—a few farcical moments came off very nicely here too.

Laurence Guittard, very good in other kinds of roles, is a typical road-company Shakespearean as Orsino, mouthing in the Woolworth version of the grand manner; Penny Fuller, an often outstanding actress, plays a cliché Olivia, generally even swallowing her consonants in what may be a misplaced attempt at flightiness. Joseph Bova, a dependable comedian, is, unfortunately, not various enough, and lacks even the largeness we associate with Sir Toby. Bob Dishy is a vastly funny contemporary comic, but his Second City technique, although amusing here too, is so in a grossly out-of-place-and-period way; moreover, nothing of Malvolio's ominousness is conveyed. Philip Kraus is rather more girlish than Viola as Sebastian, and plentifully inept to boot; Robert Stattel is an insignificant Antonio; and, as the other sea captain, Theodore Sorel gives a performance that, within seconds, establishes him as an amateur.

But Stephen Vinovich is quite the most wonderful Sir Andrew I have ever seen: not the usual effete bumbler verging on the imbecile, but a sweetly silly young man, quietly self-assured in his stupidity, which, from the inside, seems to him serenely satisfying. Very apt, too, is the Maria of Mary Louise Wilson, who starts out slowly and does remain a bit too modern Middle American throughout; still, she has such comic poise, can convey so much wit with expert timing and almost subliminal facial play that one cannot help savoring her. It is unfair to that gifted young actor Mark Lamos to saddle him with the conflated roles of Fabian and Feste, calling for too much, and too inconsistent, foolery for a single performer to carry. Yet, until he is forced to overextend and repeat himself, he offers a most distinctive Fool, in whom joviality and sinisterness are pertinently commingled.

Jeanne Button's costumes are restrainedly elegant in soothingly cool colors; I wish, though, that she had not made all heels break loose in bright red, so that everyone looks like Achilles shot by Paris. John Morris's music would be fine if it stuck to any one period, if there weren't so much of it, and if it did not accent the wrong syllables (e.g., "*That* can sing both high and low" instead of "That *can* . . . etc."). David Segal's lighting is good, though perhaps he could have done something to make the seacoast scene more dramatic, since no one else did. Inappropriate as they are, the four singers whom Freedman has interpolated into the proceedings have charm and grace, especially Christine Radman, who, if she can act as well as she sings and moves, might make a suitable Viola.

One last sample of the confusion in Gerald Freedman's thinking. Take Malvolio's great line "Daylight and champian discovers not more." "Champian" is an old variant of "champaign"; why not, as long as you are playing fast and loose with period anyway, say "Daylight and champaign" (the title also of a splendid collection of essays by G. M. Young) and make clear to the audience what is meant?

Space prevents me from doing a proper review here of **Whoopee**, the pleasant revival of the fluffy 1928 musical at the Goodspeed Opera House. Let me now say only that it is done with taste, good humor, and polish, and that some of the material is still remarkably fresh, while the rest is creeping up on having historical interest. Old musical buffs and straw-hat-circuit revelers should be steadily exhilarated; for the rest, there are morsels of merriment and some delicious songs ensconced among the longueurs.

Frank Corsaro has directed with surprising unfussiness in John Lee Beatty's whimsical décor, and with Dan Siretta's dances a triumph over crimping space. The only weakness lies in the acting and singing of Bonnie Leaders, but she is the director's wife. ▬

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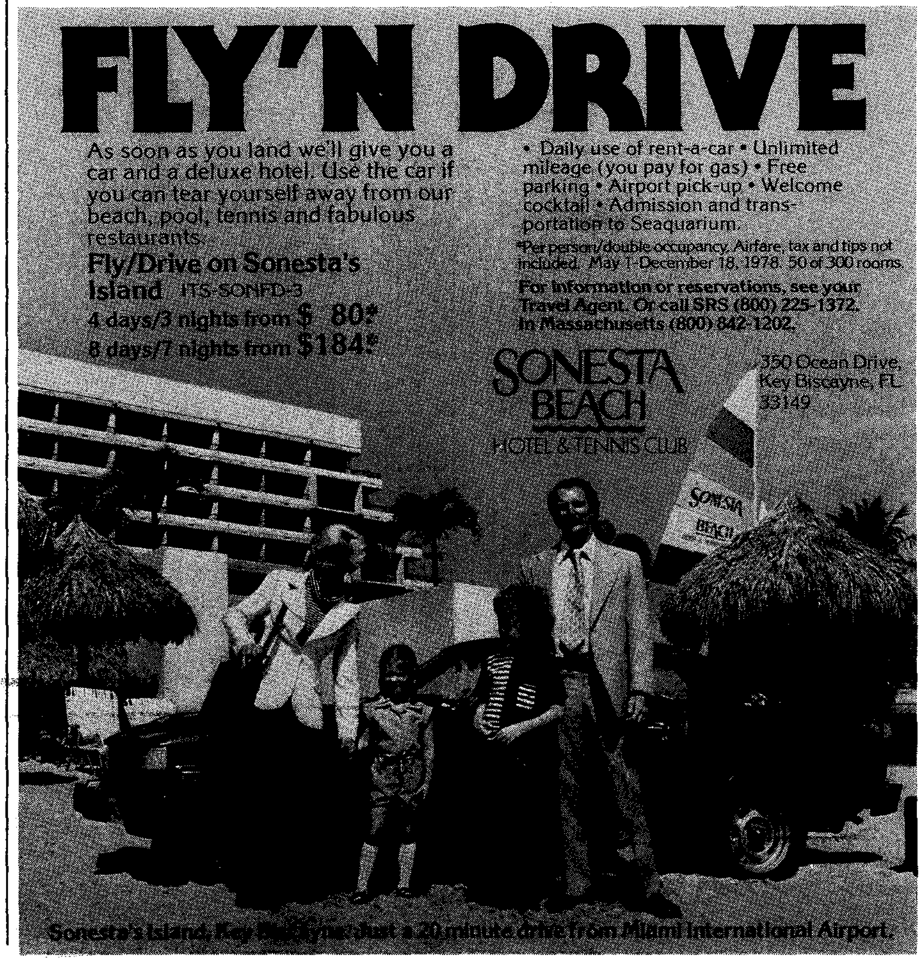
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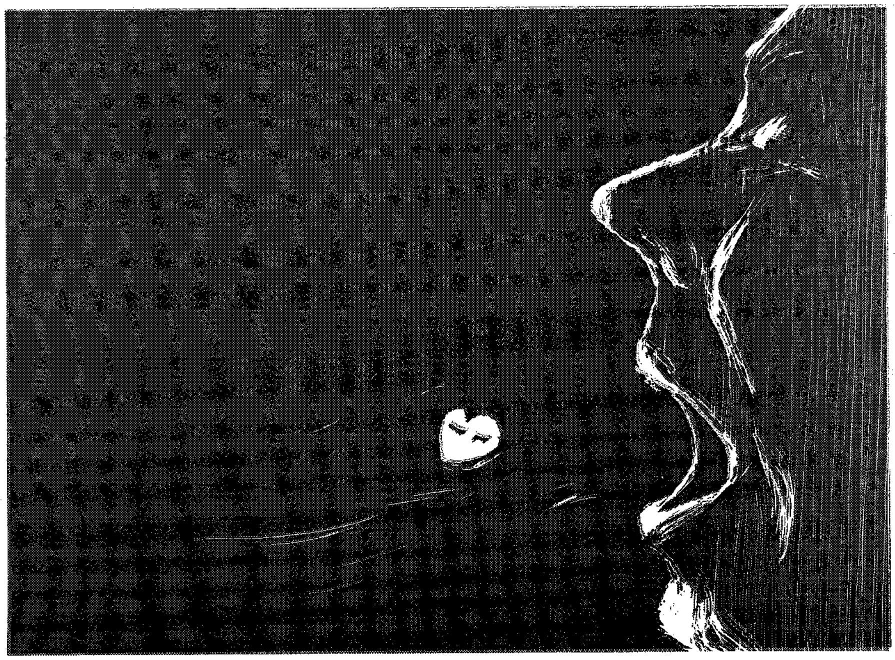
THE POLITICS OF QUAALUDE

"...The American people would sleep better if they knew the president's men were on pot or coke instead of 'luding out'..."



If Dr. Peter Bourne had prescribed an ordinary sleeping pill for his insomniac assistant, he would still be in the White House deciding national policy on drug abuse. Instead, Dr. Bourne wrote up Quaaludes—a much abused, legally controlled, and medically disputed sedative-hypnotic. The controversial history of this pill supposedly induced him to falsify the name of the patient on his prescription pad—a third-rate cover-up that led quickly to his resignation. Though Jimmy Carter has warned White House staffers to break their cannabis and cocaine habits—habits oddly revealed by Dr. Bourne in parting—no mention was made of the far more dangerous substance that started this chain reaction. Quaaludes may be legal, but anyone familiar with the drug would sleep much better knowing that the president's men preferred getting high on pot or coke to "luding out."

Quaalude is actually a brand name of the William H. Rorer drug company for methaqualone or 2-methyl-3-o-tolyl-4(3H)-quinazolinone. A team of Indian doctors first synthesized the formula in 1951, while searching for a treatment for malaria. Soon, methaqualone's excellent hypnotic or sleep-producing effects were noticed and tested in England. Simple nervous tension or anxiety disappeared with a low dosage of 75 milligrams, but it took 150 to 300 milligrams to beat insomnia. In 1965, Rorer introduced Quaalude as a critical advance over barbiturates for ensuring a night's rest. As opposed to pills from the barbituric-acid family, Quaalude appeared both to be non-addictive and to have little potential for abuse. Not only did the mysterious methaqualone seem to cause no hangover, it reportedly—unlike most popular hypnotics—left dream-stage sleep uninterrupted. Despite occasional undesirable side effects like a dry mouth, dizziness, and diarrhea, Quaalude was the perfect sleeping pill. And owing to the dreamy moods coming from methaqualone, even more perfect unions occurred in bed. The alleged aphrodisiac quickly earned the name "love drug" but was known only to a relatively small group of insomniacs.

College students seized on methaqualone in the late sixties. The craze began at Ohio State, according to *High Times*'s news correspondent Craig Copetas, when football players who were taking the drug to wind down after Saturday's game turned other students on. Quaaludes soon became as available as marijuana on many campuses. Huge jars of the pills decorated frat-house shelves. Obviously, kids weren't trying to get a good night's sleep before exams; they were after methaqualone's distinctive and relaxing high, usually achieved with a little help from wine. Dr. S. A. Ager described precisely this state in the *New England Journal of Medicine:*

> The combination [of methaqualone and alcohol] directly produces a pleasant sense of well-being, an increased pain threshold, an impairment in proprioceptive sense [sense of touch], which induces severe ataxia [loss of muscle coordination], and a pins-and-needles paresthesia [prickling] of the fingers, lips and tongue. Rather than alarm the user, the painless, pleasant ataxia frequently gives him feelings of indestructibility, which, in turn, lead to euphoria.

The title of Dr. Ager's 1972 article was "Luding-out." (Where euphoria is found, sexual disinhibition is not far behind—Quaalude is the drug of choice for first-time female swingers.)

In a very brief period methaqualone became widely abused. Eighty-eight persons died from overdoses involving Quaaludes in this country in 1974, the year after the Food and Drug Administration declared it a "controlled drug." Related deaths were down to 61 in 1977, though emergency-room visits associated with Quaaludes jumped to an estimated 5,500 between May 1976 and April 1977, up from 1,671 in 1974. Twenty-seven 300-milligram pills can be fatal alone, but most overdoses happen with alcohol, which increases methaqualone's depressant action on brain function.

The promise of non-addiction also failed as psychological as well as physical dependence was gradually observed. Freddie Prinze was addicted to Quaaludes, generously provided by a Las Vegas doctor; Prinze popped a half dozen pills the day he shot himself. The Drug Enforcement Administration lists methaqualone in the same category

Illustration by Nina Duran

(Schedule 2) as cocaine, amphetamines, and the popular barbiturate Seconal. Had it no medical application, this drug would probably be ranked with heroin in Schedule 1. Last year, the DEA confiscated 874,986 bootlegged pills and closed down nine clandestine factories. The federal penalty for trafficking is fifteen years in prison; possession is punishable with one year.

In New York State, all methaqualone prescriptions are filled out in triplicate. The physician keeps one, the pharmacist retains another, and the third is sent to the Bureau of Controlled Substances in Albany. No national file exists, but the records of individual doctors and druggists are available for DEA inspection. The Controlled Substances Act of 1970 requires pharmacies to order supplies by official form and to inventory each pill every two years. The paperwork and the risk of costly mistakes tend to discourage drugstores from bothering with Quaaludes. A random survey of ten Manhattan apothecaries showed only two that carried it. However, a druggist on the Upper West Side admitted to major business. "I could retire on what I make on it," he said. "A lot of drugstores will deny they carry Quaalude on the phone. You tell people you have it and an hour later they just float in here, their feet hardly touching the ground. Most of the people who come in have phony prescriptions. Sometimes, I'm forced to say I've already sold out."

Legitimate methaqualone generally doesn't reach the black market. Most of the pills sold on the street, at $3 to $5 each, are bootlegged—that is, pressed illegally from stolen or privately synthesized formulas. Only two pharmaceutical companies market the product, and security regulations are strict. Rorer, which has approximately 90 percent of the American trade, has sealed off its Quaalude assembly line and keeps its workers honest with periodic searches and undercover surveillance. However, there are ways of getting the real thing. A few physicians in the city, so-called "script doctors," prescribe "vitamin Q" quite liberally. One New York City doctor is currently under investigation for prescribing 45,000 tablets in one month. And in New York State, an estimated 60 percent of the 40,000 prescriptions stolen and forged every year are made out for Quaaludes.

A spokesman for Rorer says that sales and promotion have decreased since Quaaludes became a public enemy of the DEA in 1973. "We don't have salesmen out trying to drum up Quaaludes," he commented from Rorer

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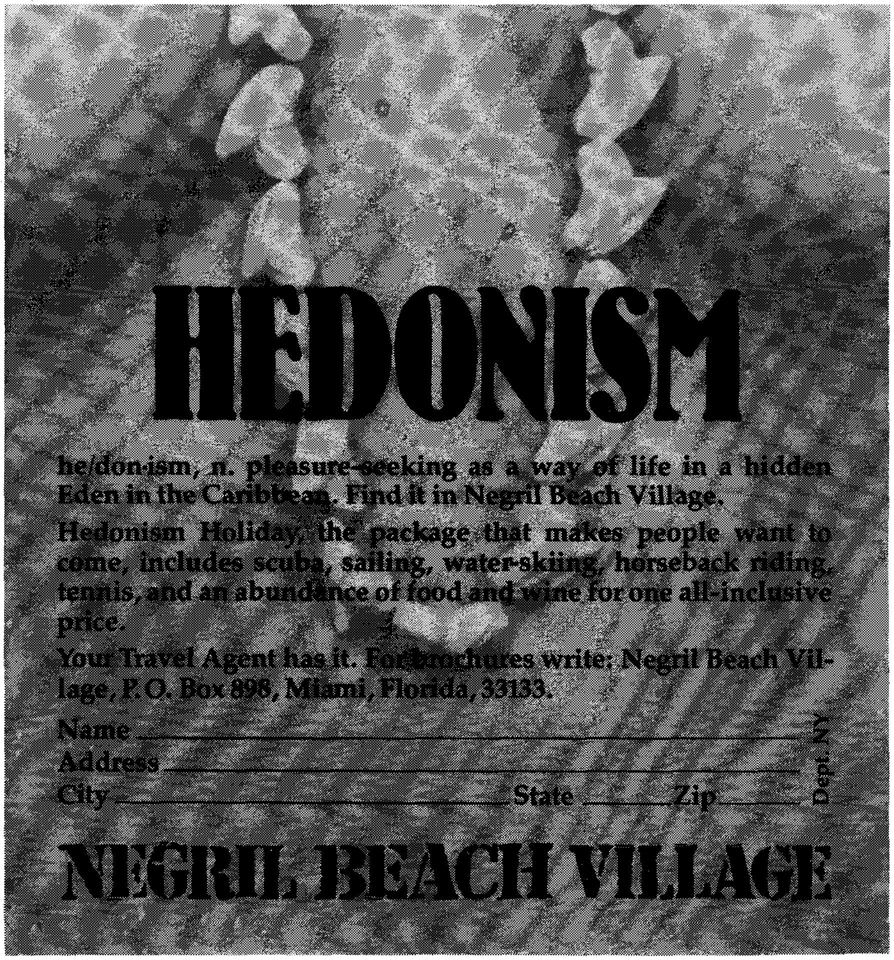
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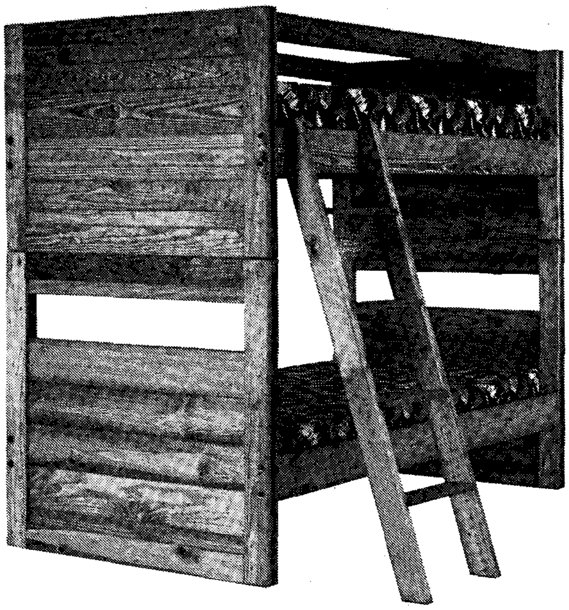

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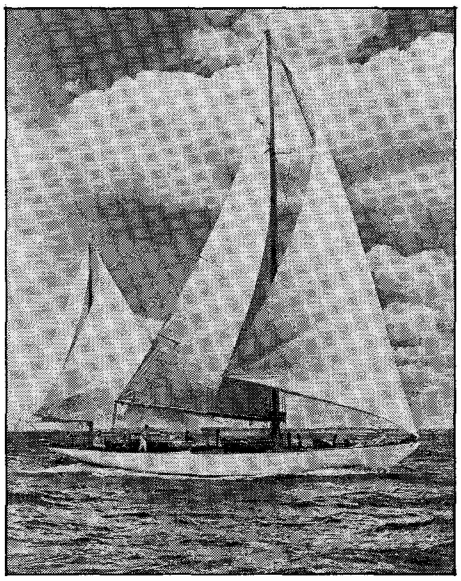

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headquarters in Fort Washington, Pennsylvania. "It's not a product that we want to appear to be pushing." And Rorer could not push very hard anyway, since the government has placed a quota on the purchase of methaqualone. According to a reliable source in the pharmaceutical industry, the FDA once pressured Rorer to cease manufacturing Quaaludes altogether. This the company denies.

While methaqualone scares off doctors who worry about addiction and abuse, medical opinion seems to be shifting against the drug. "Quaalude is a gratuitous medication," argues Dr. Allan Cott, a New York City psychiatrist. "So many other sedatives—like Dalmane—do the job better. A person would do better with any tranquilizer which has a relaxing effect. Besides, insomnia is usually a symptom of depression. If a doctor merely prescribes a sleeping pill for such a patient, he's missing something."

Dr. Lester Grinspoon has revised received opinion of both cannabis and cocaine in *Marijuana Reconsidered* and *Cocaine: A Drug and Its Social Evolution.* But this Harvard Medical School professor feels that methaqualone was never the miracle it pretended to be: "I am unconvinced that Quaalude has a significant advantage over some of the short-acting barbiturates as a sleeping medication," he says.

Withdrawing from the substance—after prolonged daily dosage of 600 milligrams to 3,000 milligrams—is complicated by insomnia, headache, abdominal cramps, anorexia, nausea, irritability, and anxiety. In an article for a forthcoming edition of *The Comprehensive Textbook of Psychiatry,* Grinspoon and co-author James B. Bakalar observe that "some users [of methaqualone] report the feeling that they will lose their minds," even suffer "hallucinations and nightmares." Simple overdose may lead to restlessness and delirium, but in extreme cases, convulsions and death can follow. Quaalude, then, would not win an election among physicians versus other sleeping agents. Certainly, it is not the sort of pill the informed citizen wants around the White House. Better a pothead than a vitamin-Q head in high office.

Dr. Bourne attempted to diminish his wrongdoing in the press by noting that he was only faking for fifteen tablets out of an estimated 50 million Quaaludes dispensed last year on 1.3-million properly composed prescriptions. For a doctor in Bourne's position, being a little dishonest with Quaaludes is like being a little "luded out." The euphoria can turn into depression. ■

SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Designer clothes—This Brazilian designer's clothes are usually found in famous department stores, but she's opening her workroom for one week to sell summer overstock at prices below wholesale. Skirts of Swiss batiste cotton, were $78, now $35; blouses of same, many trimmed with handmade lace, were $72, now $35. Silk items, in limited quantity, are also on sale: blouses, were $120–$150, now $50; skirts, were $120, now $50; dresses, were $260–$290, now $95–$100. Sizes 4–12. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Inia Fashions, 242 West 30th St., third floor (244-9598); open daily 9 a.m.–5 p.m.; 8/4–11.*

Pipes—This midtown pipe shop is putting its pipes on sale this month, including Charatans, were $45–$225, now $36–$180; Gilbert's own straight-grain pipes, made of pre–World War II briar, were $40, now $28. Selected accessories, including ashtrays, humidors, and pouches, now 10–40 percent off. Each pipe purchase over $20 comes with a free pouchful of your choice of tobacco; also, ask for your free bowlful while browsing. American Express, Master Charge, Visa accepted; no checks; exchanges possible. *Gilbert's Pipeline, Ltd., 122 East 42nd St. (687-6907); Mon.–Fri. 8 a.m.–5:30 p.m.; 8/1–31.*

Summer fashions—Creations 'n Things is having a week-long sale with 50 percent off on most summer clothes, shoes, and accessories. On the clothing racks, in sizes 4–14: bathing suits, including Cole, Elon, Gottex, were $20–$46, now $9.95–$22.95; Jones two-piece dresses, were $56, now $27.95; vests, were $20–$40, now $9.95–$19.95; T-shirts, were $15–$25, now $7.95–$12.95; blouses, were $20–$60, now $9.95–$29.95; skirts, were $25–$50, now $12.95–$24.95; dresses, were $30–$80, now $14.95–$39.95. Assorted cotton-gauze items in the New Hero line: dresses, were $34, now $24.95; drawstring pants and narrow pants, were $26, now $18.95; skirts, were $38, now $28.95; big tops, were $40, now $29.95. Shoes, including Jacques Cohen, Shoe Strings, and Joan and David, not all available in all sizes, were $22–$46, now $9.95–$22.95. Tote bags and straw hats and bags are all being reduced by up to 50 percent. New fall clothes are not on sale, but, this week only, the store will pick up the sales tax on those items. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Creations 'n Things, 265 West 72nd St. (SC 4-8800); Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 8/5.*

Small sizes—Brief Encounter specializes in clothes in women's sizes 3–11, and summer clothes are now at least one third off. Viceroy jeans, were $21–$24, now $14; cotton skirts, in florals and solids, were $24–$29, now $18; coordinated tennis and jogging sets, were $26, now $15; cotton polo shirts with removable collars, were $14, now $9; long- and short-sleeved blouses, were $24–$29, now $15. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Brief Encounter, 1594 Second Ave., near 83rd St. (628-2663); Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–9 p.m., Sat. 10:30 a.m.–6:30 p.m.; through 8/16.*

Skin care—Georgette Klinger is having her annual August sale on skin treatments and cosmetics. Six facials for women, were $180, now $138; six facials for men, were $156, now $118; six scalp treatments, were $120, now $99.50; six peelings, were $81, now $62.50; six body massages, were $122, now $99.50. Also, up to 20 percent off on more than 200 cleansers, moisturizers, masks, scalp preparations, shampoos, and makeup. American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted. *Georgette Klinger, 501 Madison Ave., near 52nd St. (838-3200); Mon. and Wed. 9 a.m.–9 p.m., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. till 6 p.m.; 8/1–31.*

Small gifts—A storewide 50-percent-off sale is being held for one week in this West Village shop. Decorative tableware, including mugs and serving pieces, was $2–$45, now $1–$22.50; stationery, was $4–$12, now $2–$6; satin pillow sculptures, were $5–$100, now $2.50–$50; plastic and ceramic jewelry, was $2–$50, now $1–$25; greeting cards, were $1 and below, now 50 cents and below. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Pizazz, 384 Bleecker St., near Perry St. (924-9284); open daily 1–10 p.m.; through 8/16.* ▬

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

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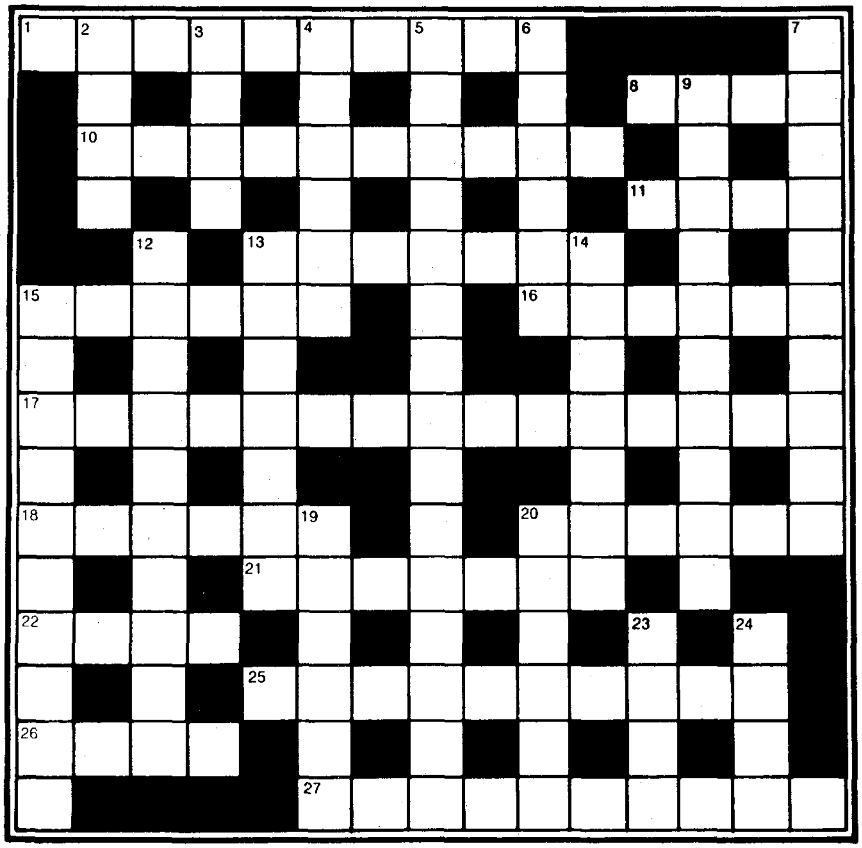
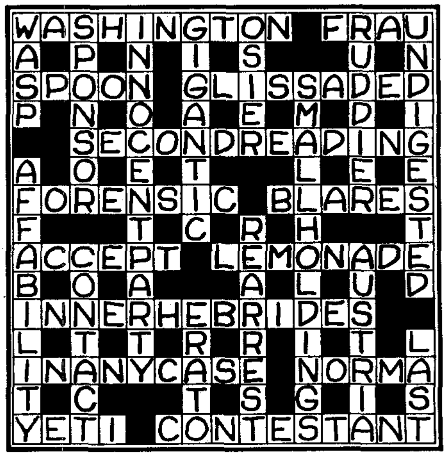


Solution to last issue's puzzle:



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Clues

ACROSS

1 A prince sat awkwardly with his pet. (7, 3)

8 Among and in the middle of purely sham ideas. (4)

10 Certainly not a grossly fictitious detective in old movies. (3, 4, 3)

11 Likewise a piece of news. (4)

13 Ink spilt—and the rest all around one—due to motion! (7)

15 Value of a horse? (6)

16 It will take a picture of a cream concoction. (6)

17 Kindly gesture in a piece of amiable legislation? (3, 2, 10)

18 A right bit of bombast—out-and-out! (6)

20 Listen to the directions for the late carrier. (6)

21 Little animals, little appendages? (7)

22 Bath with a piece of brass. (4)

25 As high as the trees grow—by rank? (6-4)

26 Just average and not a great number in it. (4)

27 Signal to get going for the jealous and frivolous! (5, 5)

DOWN

2 Takes food in the great salons. (4)

3 Stop with family? (4)

4 His endless past turns out to be hollow. (3-3)

5 Bit of furniture with other uses—among them an arithmetical use? (10, 5)

6 Most sad to see American soldier in overturned vehicle. (6)

7 The first temptation to stick in the throat? (5, 5)

9 Something that is amiss above the Cape—so incredibly high above it? (10)

12 Where the the snooker men take a drink near London? (7, 3)

13 Cutting example of treachery in politics perhaps? (7)

14 Sweet language of the U.S.A.? (7)

15 A mother, one who toils in the East so hard! (10)

19 Adding up and carrying. (6)

20 The lady's almost a semi-rentier among the Germans. (6)

23 Tuning up, apparently, in opera? (4)

24 Network of the same shape. (4)

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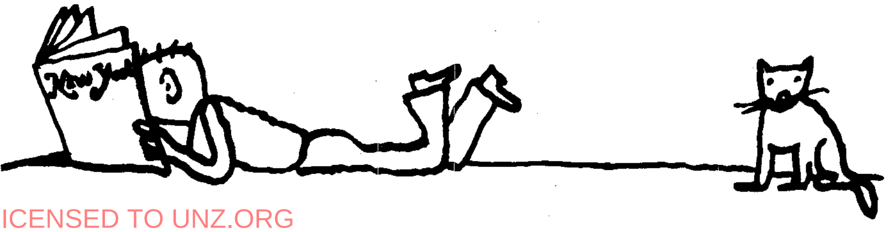

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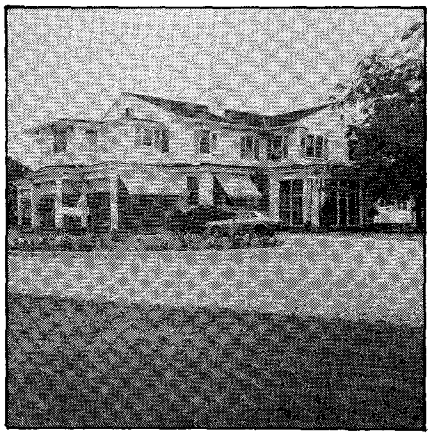

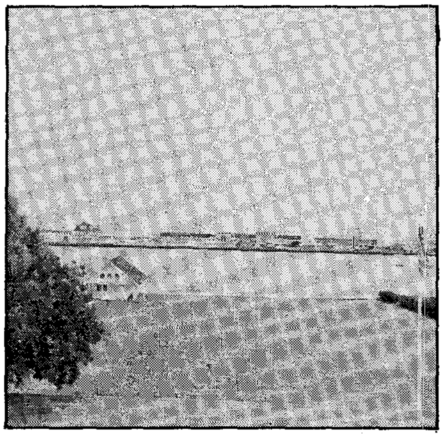

Situated on a high bluff overlooking the river and ocean, Quandam Quay is an exceptional seashore Victorian. Impeccably maintained, with handsome appointments, no expense has been spared in both interior and exterior decoration. First floor offers a lovely 21 x 40 living room, a 20 x 29 formal dining room, a large den/family room, a solarium, a tiled kitchen, and a breakfast room with spectacular views. The master bedroom suite has 2 full baths and there are 4 other bedrooms each with a bath on the second floor. A saltwater pool with terraced lawn leading to a unique boathouse. 270' of bulkheading with boardwalk. Deep water docking. Commuting via the water to Manhattan is feasible. A home in this Rumson location is seldom available, so we suggest an early appointment. Conservatively priced at $450,000.

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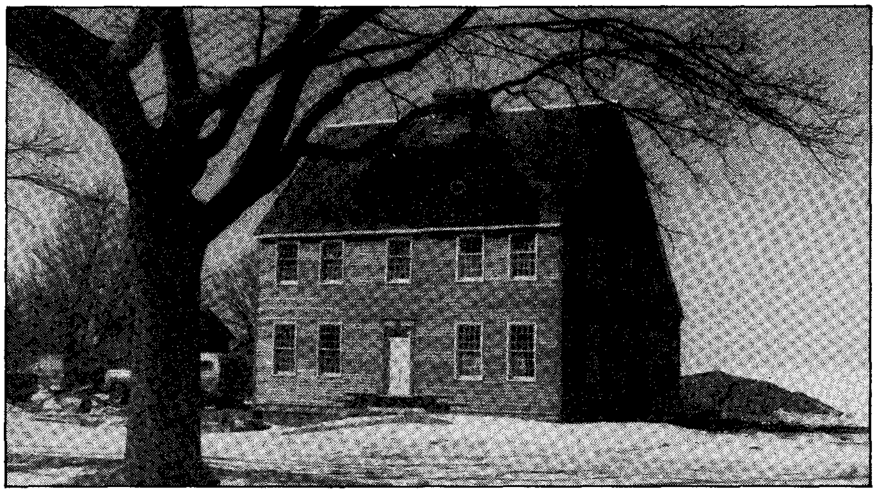

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67+ A. Rolling Fields, N.J.

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136 A. Sussex Estate

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Impeccable Small Farm 13+ A., N.J.

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 326

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

She ran toward him, her eyes promising—what? forgiveness? hope? more treachery? and he held her close and thought, "this is possibly forever."

Above, coming to a bad end. Competitors are invited to compose the concluding sentence of a forgettable novel. Limit 50 words.

Results of Competition 323, in which you were asked for the epitaph of a well-known person.

Report: Amid the dead reckonings, a grave number of repeats (some from previous epitaph comps): Here Lies RICHARD NIXON (one out of every ten entries). Heeeere's JOHNNY. VAN WINKLE, R.I.P. Th-th-th-at's All, Folks!—PORKY PIG. Here Lies a MINNELLI. Decomposing—MOZART. Alone at Last—DON JUAN. Couldn't Wait—WARREN BEATTY. Thanks for the Super Funeral—THE GRATEFUL DEAD. I Said *Wife!*—HENNY YOUNGMAN. All Dressed Up and No Place to Go—MADALYN MURRAY O'HAIR. On Second Thought . . .—PATRICK HENRY. This Desirable Space Available—WILLY LOMAN. ASHE Is to Ashes. Dead Beat—ALLEN GINSBERG. The Plot Thickens—SHERLOCK HOLMES. Back in Fifteen Minutes—H. HOUDINI or DRACULA. Do Not Disturb—CONRAD HILTON. Filling in for Johnny Is DAVID STEINBERG. Pest in Reace—REV. WM. SPOONER. Rest in Peas—JOLLY GREEN GIANT. Rest in Pieces—HUMPTY DUMPTY. Rust in Peace—TIN WOODMAN. Rest in Pizza—CHEF BOYARDEE. Here Leis DON HO. Recalled by Manufacturer—RALPH NADER. SAHL Mort. And SAMUEL MORSE encoded, BENITO MUSSOLINI upside down. There were others, but you may take them for granite.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

Here Misstates SENATOR EDWARD BROOKE
James W. Penha, Jackson Heights, N.Y.
sp. ment.: L. Terry, Brighton, Mass.

MARABEL MORGAN—The Totaled Woman
Alvin B. Blum, NYC

What Does ART FLEMING's Epitaph Say?
Elisa Doyle, Reston, Va.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

JUAN TRIPPE—Occupado
Ann Roth, Bangor, Pa.

SANDRO BOTTICELLI—Male. Italian. Painter. Not Living.
Jerry Engelbach, NYC

RODNEY DANGERFIELD—No Litter $50 Fine.
M. Hathaway, Ramsey, N.J.

And Honorable Mention to:

GOMER'S PILE
M. J. Glick, Kinnelon, N.J.

PAUL NEWMAN
IS
DEAD
Sybil Adelman, NYC

HOWARD CLARK—Do You Know Me? I Was Chairman of American Express....
Unsigned, NYC

e L l y P
r i l a
e e o rt
H s D on
Jerry Weddigen, Detroit, Mich.

BRODERICK CRAWFORD—X IV
Rich Scaife, Phoenix, Ariz.

C. W. POST—Note: Contents May Settle During Shipping
R. Wolf, L. Weisman, Greenwich, Conn.

DON KNOTTS—Passed Tense
Marty Rubenstein, New Orleans, La.

RICHARD NIXON—I Am Not a Corpse
Ellis Schein, Reading, Pa.;
Ronald Armstrong, Sioux Falls, S.D.;
Shelia Kaplan, Brooklyn

HESTER PRYNNE—"X"
Oliver M. Neshamkin, M.D., NYC

KING TUTANKHAMUN—Admission $10
Lucky Weddigen, Detroit, Mich.;
Marcie Felser, NYC

ANN MILLER—Tapped Out
Gloria Gonzales, West New York, N.J.

CELESTE HOLM
Arthur Weller, Interlaken, N.J.

MONTY HALL Or, If You Prefer, What's Under Tombstone Number Three?
Carl Lutton, Cresswell, N.J.

SKY MASTERSON—His Marker
Jerold Zieselman, Scarsdale, N.Y.

FREDDIE LAKER—Starting August, Round Trip London to Purgatory $243!
Susan Salter, Southfield, Mich.

STEVE RUBELL—I'm Sorry, but You Can't Mourn. This Is a Private Grave.
Jim Rowbotham, NYC

BABY JANE—Now You Know
Edward B. Newton, Winthrop, Mass.

CRAIG CLAIBORNE—Fed Up
Linda Janklow, NYC

Dead! From New York! It's JOHN BELUSHI!
Ellen Blickman, Englewood, N.J.;
Anna Lambiase, Brooklyn

KRESKIN—Guess Who?
Ron Pianin, Doak-Na, Israel

GARFUNKEL—Formerly One of the Lively Arts
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

BERT LAHR—End of the Lion
Catherine Peckman, Clark, N.J.

MARCEL MARCEAU Where to Begin? *Alors,* They Say I Stammer as a Child. Not True. One Day, Accident, I Fall Into a Bin of Pastry Flour. *Voilà,* Mr. Bip. Reminds Me of Another Story. Two Frenchmen, How You Say, Looking for Girls in the Bois de Boulogne . . .
Larry Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.

Here Lies ANNA KARENINA Parts I and II
Angelo Papa, Trenton, N.J.

DR. FRANK FIELD—Under the Weather
Joel Frome Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

THE INVISIBLE MAN—Remains to Be Seen
Russ Rubin, Wayzata, Minn.

JANE POWELL—In Dry Dock
Becky Boardman, Wayne, N.J.

EVEL KNIEVEL—Wreckquiescat
Ross Allen, Bloomington, Ind.

SY SYMS—Died With His Suits On
Sandra Hecht, Bronx

GEORGE METESKY GEORGE METESKY
GEORGE METESKY GEORGE METESKY
GEORGE METESKY
Anne Lopez, Croton Falls, N.Y.
sp. ment.: Ashley Adams, Amherst, Mass.

JOHANN GUTENBERG—Out of Print
Helena Piccolis, Unalaska, Alaska

THOMAS WOLFE—You Can?
Reuben Tam, Mohegan, Me.

GEN. FRANCISCO FRANCO 1892–
Leslie Miller, Randallstown, Md.

APOLLO—Beloved Sun
Dr. Arnold Diamond, Bay Terrace, N.Y.

PERRY COMO—No More Mr. Nice Guy
Penny Boardman, Wayne, N.J.

LIZA MINNELLI—(Tombstone by Halston)
Jay McDonnell, NYC

THE ENCHANTED PRINCE—Croaked
Bill Regner, Scarsdale, N.Y.

LUISE RAINER In the Good Earth
Tim Sacco, Des Moines, Ia.

THE WHITE RABBIT—I'm Late
Charlotte F. Curtis, NYC

LASSIE—Doggone
Msgr. A. V. McLees, St. Albans, N.Y.

CHEVY CHASE—I'm Dead and You're Not
Sara K. Alterman, Denver, Colo.;
Robert and Jane Schapiro, NYC

CHARLES H. GOREN—Hold My Hand
Steve Dines, Hollywood, Calif.

JIMMY THE GREEK—Faded
Candy Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

EDITH BUNKER—Stifled
Anita Schaff, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

LUCILLE BALL and NEIL DIAMOND—Lucy's In the Sky With Diamond
Debby Maltzman, NYC
sp. mention: Connie Walker, Salt Lake City, Utah

MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK—The Soong Is Ended
Martha H. Freedman, Sarasota, Fla.

BARRY GOLDWATER—In Your Heart You Know He's Left
Joel Darrow, White Plains, N.Y.

ROSE MARY WOODS—Res   ce
Michael Stein, NYC
Carol Cummins, Newport, R.I.

GERONIMO
o
o
o
o
Linda Quirini, Greenville, R.I.

JACK AND JILL—Kicked the Bucket
Peggy Salamon, Hartsdale, N.Y.;
Rebecca Spitz, NYC

ALICE GHOSTLEY Is
James Cannici, Passaic, N.J.

WALT FRAZIER—I'd Rather Be in Cleveland
Fran Ross, NYC

ALBERT FINI
Charlotte Levine, Bronx;
Robert Heller, Brooklyn

POLLYANNA—Have a Nice Day
Chip Chapin, NYC

JOAN GANZ COONEY—D Is for Dead
Miles Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.

MARY ANN MADDEN—No Flowers, Please, Postcards Only
Carl A. Pforzheimer, Scarsdale, N.Y.

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 326, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by August 11. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive two-year subscriptions to *New York*, and runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of September 18. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. **Postcards, please.**

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Page of Lists / Sol Chaneles

THE HOUSE ON 37TH STREET

"...Secret agents need secure places in which to transact their business. These were some of New York's busiest 'safe houses'..."

Although secret agents operate under false identities, they need especially secure locations in which to receive messages, transact their business, or just relax a little. New York has long been a haven for spies and revolutionaries, from Nathan Hale to Trotsky, and it is dotted with many of these cells, optimistically called "safe houses." Here are some of the most interesting of these monuments to obscurity.

1. 184 Grand Street. From this red brick building, Abner B. Newcomb, an intelligence agent who later became one of the chief Secret Service operatives in the New York area, kept watch during the Civil War on people suspected of being southern sympathizers. Posing as a reporter for the New York *World*, Newcomb often traveled to Canada to ferret out New Yorkers whose business fronts there provided support to the armies of the Confederacy.

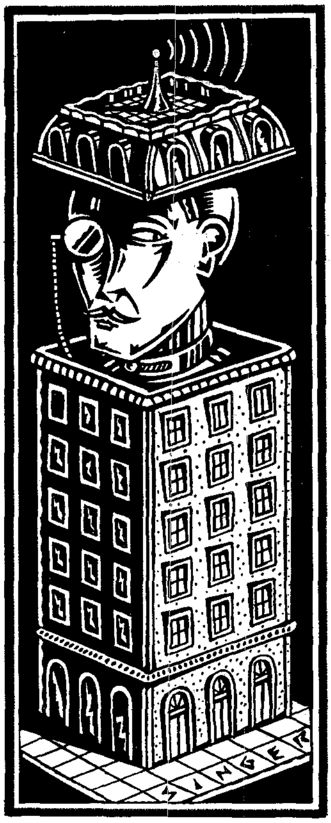
2. The Ansonia Hotel. The Beaux Arts hotel at Broadway and 73rd Street was a haven for German spies during World War I. One of its frequenters was Franz von Rintelen, who reportedly sent the famous Zimmermann telegram—part of a plot to keep America out of the war—to Berlin.

3. 44 West 75th Street. In the early thirties, the fabled Frederick Joubert Duquesne maintained a safe house on the upper floors of this handsome white limestone building. Duquesne, whose loyalty was bought by any number of foreign governments, was reputed to have caused the sinking of the HMS *Hampshire*, in which Lord Kitchener went down in 1916. Moving out of the country many times, Duquesne is believed to have returned to the United States permanently as a German agent with the rise of Hitler.

4. The University Club. This elegant gentlemen's club at 1 West 54th Street was used as a safe house for many years by U.S. intelligence agent Nelson O'Shaughnessy, a career diplomat who reportedly tried to overthrow the government of Mexico in 1913. He stayed at the club between his missions abroad and maintained another apartment there for operatives checking in for new instructions, which they would receive from O'Shaughnessy in the club's oak-paneled dining room.

5. 141 East 37th Street. "Gentlemen do not read each other's mail," said Henry L. Stimson, so after he became secretary of state in 1929, he showed his distaste for the United States Army's Signal Intelligence Service by moving its headquarters from a well-appointed East Side townhouse into this old Murray Hill brownstone. American agents, who were later to become the backbone of the Office of Strategic Services, used the "Black Chamber" as a center for intercepting and decoding foreign communications. William Stephenson—code-named "Intrepid"—who served as the British intelligence office's chief liaison in America, would occasionally move from his Rockefeller Center office to use the cipher station on the fifth floor of his brownstone.

6. The Hotel Latham. The quiet Mr. Martin Collins, who rented a $29-a-week room in this East 28th Street hotel, had reason to seek anonymity: His real name, as New Yorkers learned when he was arrested on June 21, 1957, was Colonel Rudolf Ivanovich Abel, and he was alleged to be the head of Soviet intelligence in the United States. In Room 839 at the Latham, FBI agents found two false birth certificates, a shortwave radio, and bits of graph paper bearing encoded messages. Abel had no TV set (50 cents extra per night), although agents found $6,500 in cash in his room, as well as the key to a safe-deposit box holding an additional $15,000.



7. 67 East 2nd Street. Although he seemingly had little interest in sending coded messages, Sam Melville busied himself with the art and science of building bombs. In his three-room sixth-floor walkup, Melville, using the alias "David McCurdy," conducted meetings with fellow activists, who in 1969 bombed the Manhattan Criminal Courts Building. Melville was arrested after an attempt to bomb the National Guard Armory on East 26th Street on November 12 of that year. Two years later, he was killed during the Attica uprising—shot by a guard while attempting to blow up a gasoline tank.

8. 18 West 11th Street. At noon on March 6, 1970, West 11th Street was rocked by three explosions that leveled the 1845 brownstone on this lot within minutes. That was the first indication residents of the street had that the building had been used as a safe house—and bomb factory—by the Weathermen. The house was owned by James Wilkerson, the head of a chain of midwestern radio stations; his daughter had, without his knowledge, made the place available to the Weathermen terrorists.

9. 303 West 76th Street. "They made a very positive impression," said neighbors of Zvonko and Julienne Busic, who lived at this West Side address in 1976. Those neighbors were, understandably, startled when the Busics joined four other members of the Croatian National Liberation forces in September of that year in hijacking a plane at La Guardia Airport. After appealing for the independence of the Croatian Republic, the Busics surrendered in Paris and were returned to New York to face a number of criminal indictments; a year ago, they were sentenced to life imprisonment. ■

Illustration by Steven Singer

New National Smoker Study:

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Results Confirm Breakthrough

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Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers confirm taste satisfaction of low tar MERIT.

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Confirmed: Overwhelming majority of MERIT smokers say their former high tar brands weren't missed!

Confirmed: 9 out of 10 MERIT smokers not considering other brands.

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This ability to satisfy over long periods of time could be the most important evidence to date that MERIT is what it claims to be: The first major alternative for high tar smokers. © Philip Morris Inc. 1978

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

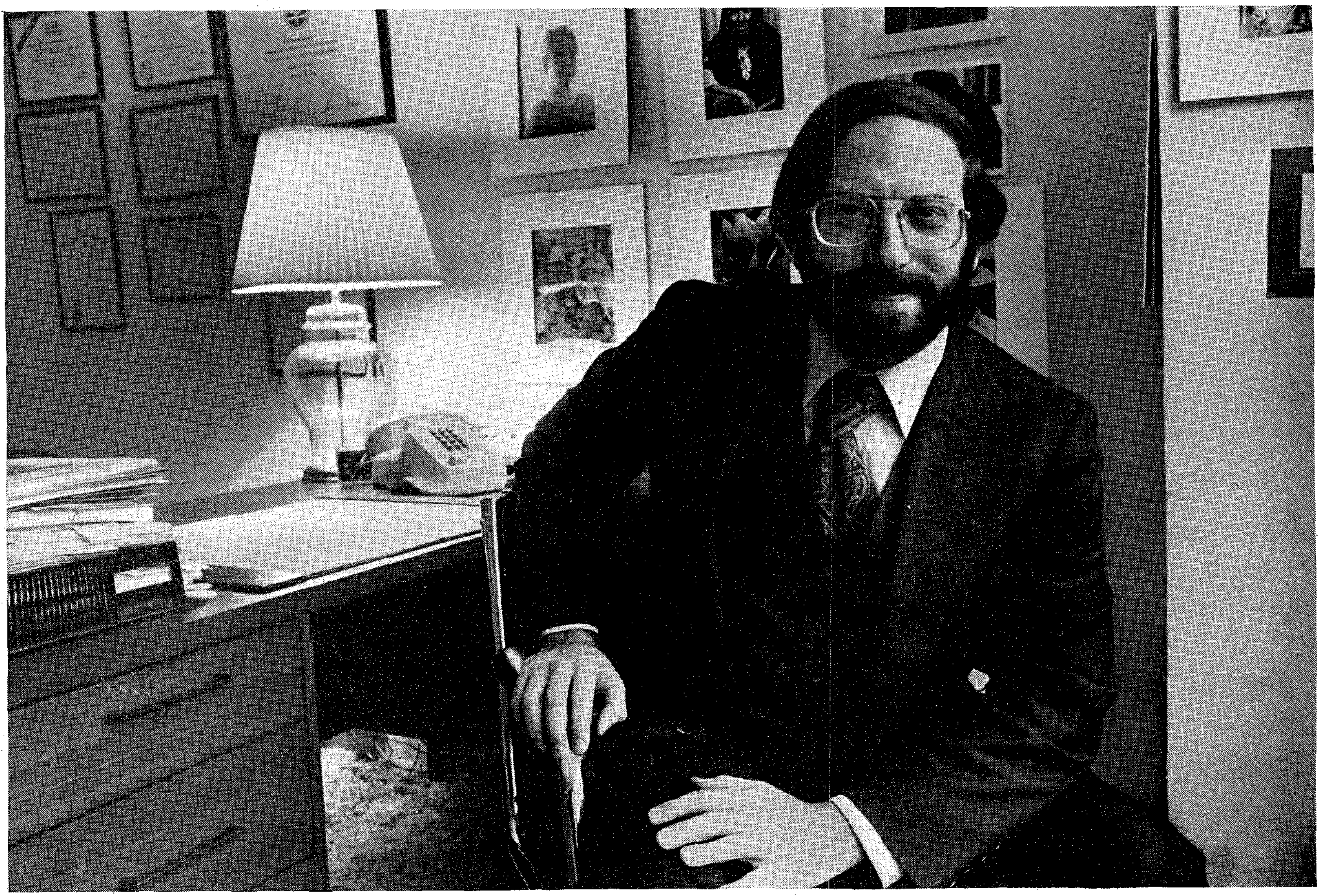
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT

Kings & 100's

DEWAR'S® PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

REID J. DAITZMAN

HOME: Stamford, Connecticut

AGE: 30

PROFESSION: Clinical psychologist

HOBBIES: Photography, poetry, jogging.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "The Naked and the Dead" by Norman Mailer

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Received a Major Award from the Society for the Psychological Study of Social Issues for his investigation of the relationships between hormones and personality.

QUOTE: "The names given the different sciences are merely arbitrary divisions. The integration of all sciences should facilitate the potential that one day man will 'know thyself'."

PROFILE: Energetic and extraordinarily capable. His enviable combination of enthusiasm and intellectual ability makes him the classic "accomplisher."

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"®

50 Gold and Prize Medals
"White Label"
DEWAR'S
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100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH SCOTLAND
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A heritage
of uncompromising quality.
Dewar's never varies.
The Dewar Highlander.